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An Irish Quarterly Review

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SOME ASPECTS OF THE PEAT PROBLEM

BY HENRY KENNEDY, M.A., D.SC.

IN this paper[1] I shall endeavour to present, in a manner necessarily incomplete, some aspects of a subject full of scientific and engineering interest and of first class importance to the economic life of this country. I use that expression advisedly. In the statistics of production in An Saorstát the value of the turf produced annually is estimated at about $3\frac{1}{3}$ million pounds sterling. That represents an industry of considerable magnitude. The renewed interest in turf in recent years is directed towards widening the circle in which turf is used as a fuel and effecting greater economy and greater convenience in its utilisation. The industry of hand-winning of turf is greater here than in any other country—mainly as a result of the absence of alternative forms of fuel: coal, lignite and wood. In a number of countries, as well as here, in the last few years there has been an increased interest in turf—notably in Russia, Germany and Latvia. On account of the relatively greater importance of turf in this country, as a result of the very limited resources in alternative fuels, we cannot expect that solutions to all our problems of turf production will be found ready-made elsewhere, and it is to be hoped that this country will in time take its part in research and experiment into the many problems associated with the industry.

In the first place, it is necessary to consider some characteristics of the raw peat in the bog, which is the raw material from which turf is produced. I think there is no more vivid method of presenting to you a real conception of the poverty of this raw material than by the statement that in a raw undrained bog the water content of the peat may be as high as 93 per cent. The dry matter would then be 7 per cent. The first step in the economic production of turf is, therefore, to

[1] Address delivered at a meeting of the Scientific Society of University College, Dublin

reduce by drainage the moisture content of the raw peat. There is, however, a definite limit to what can be done by drainage. The moisture content can be reduced to, say, 90 per cent.—which means that one is still dealing with a very low-grade raw material. But this reduction, small as it is, has its importance, as may be seen from the following consideration. In the wet undrained bog one ton of dry matter is associated with $13\frac{1}{2}$ tons of water, while in the drained bog it is associated with 9 tons of water. To produce one ton of 30 per cent. air-dried turf from the undrained bog 9 tons of water must be evaporated, while only two-thirds of that amount (6 tons) has to be evaporated when the bog is drained to, say, 90 per cent. of water. For the air-drying of turf, therefore, drainage is of fundamental importance.

Having considered the nature of the raw material, I shall refer to the methods of turf production. Enormous sums of money have been expended from time to time in experimentation with mechanical methods. At present all commercial methods of turf production depend on air-drying.

In the first place comes hand-winning, and as that system has been developed in this country to a greater extent than in any other, I do not propose to dwell upon it. It has worked well in producing household fuel for generations.

The second method is machine-winning associated with air-drying, and as this method has undoubtedly succeeded in Germany in producing turf at a very low price, it is worth while describing it in some detail. Its main features are as follows. The bog, which for economic working must be extensive, is first drained by parallel drains about 90 metres apart and, in order to expedite the drying, by closed cross-drains about 30 metres apart. This done, the machines come into action.

These machines consist of a dredger on caterpillars, travelling parallel to the main drains and driven by an electric motor fed from power lines erected on the bog. The dredger-buckets tip the raw peat into a hopper, from which it passes to the macerator. The latter, which consists of a number of rotating knives, thoroughly kneads and mixes the various

layers of peat. From the macerator the peat is delivered through orifices in the form of uniform sods, which are received on an endless conveyor running at right angles to the bog face and carried on the spreader, which moves with the dredger. When the conveyor plate with the first sod reaches the end of the spreader, all the sods carried by it are automatically tipped on to the spreading surface ; the spreader at the same time moves forward to make room for the next line of sods—and so on. For the smooth working of the mechanism a level surface on the spreading ground is essential.

The weight of the machine is about 35 tons, and the power requirements are 75 k.w. The spreader may be up to 70 metres. For economic working it is essential that the bog should be extensive, so that the machine shall have as long a run as possible before returning on another parallel face. The turning after each run takes 12 to 24 hours ; and as time in such a seasonal operation is of fundamental importance, the runs are made as long as possible—from three to four miles.

I now come to a point of very great importance—namely, the stripping of the turf banks. This is done by a machine—either working separately or attached to the dredger. The main thing I want to emphasise is that a minimum of 50 cms. of the top layer must be removed and placed on the " cutaway." This serves two purposes. The top layer is made of peat moss —vegetable matter in a still non-humified condition. It is porous and serves as a suitable surface for turf drying when, as the work progresses, it is necessary to use the " cutaway " as a spreading ground. But in addition, this treatment of the " cutaway " is a requirement of German law, whether turf is cut by hand or by machine, in order that the bog may be left fit for agriculture. For this the top layer is essential. I may be allowed to suggest that similar provisions would be desirable here in Ireland. If turf production develops, that development will be associated with a very desirable increase in the acreage of cultivable land.

The advantage of machine turf consists largely in its greater density and in the fact that drying is facilitated by the maceration. The machines are manufactured to a capacity

of 90-100 cbm. per hour, corresponding to about 13 tons of dry turf per hour. Each machine of the kind may be counted on to produce, say, 25,000 tons of turf per annum. Machines of this type are in operation at Wiesmoor and Meppen in N.W. Germany. In each of these enterprises some 100,000 tons of turf are produced annually.

While there are some differences in bog conditions between this country and East-Friesland, there seems to be no reason why this mechanical method should not be successful on suitable bogs in this country. It is likely that our higher rainfall and relative humidity may be offset by a longer working season on account of our relative freedom from severe spring frosts. In Germany the working season is 90 to 100 days. In this country it is likely that the season would be 120 to 130 days.

This method of machine-winning is considered the most suitable for German conditions. It produces at a low cost an excellent fuel. But in recent years there has been developed another system of turf winning, referred to as the Frästorf method. It is practised in one bog in Denmark, and is the method applied by the Peat Fuel Company in this country. It is in Russia, however, that it has reached its greatest development. Indeed it is this method which has rendered possible in that country the great increase in production in the last few years. The method consists in stripping a very thin layer from the surface of the bog over a very wide area, harrowing this layer from time to time until the turf dust formed has reached a dry matter content of from 50 per cent. to 60 per cent. The dust is then collected by special methods and stored in great stacks, until it is finally fed to boilers or used for other purposes such as briquetting. This method is especially suited to a continental climate such as that of Russia.

Any method of turf production dependent on air-drying has the disadvantage of being a seasonal occupation and of being subject to weather conditions. Much investigation has been made and very considerable sums of money have been lost in the attempt to remove the water from the raw turf in other ways. Methods involving the application of heat to

evaporate the water in the raw peat are impossible, because the heat value of the dry matter in the peat is not adequate to evaporate the water in it. Attempts to solve the problem by freezing the raw turf, by the application of electrolytes, by various electrical methods, by bacterial action, and finally by pressure have all failed. The colloidal condition of the raw turf renders the extraction of the water a very difficult problem.

Within the last few years there has been developed in Germany a modification of a method on which already large sums of money had been lost. The raw peat is brought to the factory, cut into small pieces the size of a lump of sugar, and mixed with a certain percentage of very dry turf dust. The mixture is then subjected to a very high pressure, with the result that it leaves the press with a dry matter content of slightly over 50 per cent. It is then put through a special drying process, the water being evaporated by artificial heat. Portion of the dry dust is recirculated to be pressed with fresh raw peat. The rest is briquetted. The method was investigated two years ago by an independent group of experts, who reported favourably on it. The process may possibly be of interest in this country where bogs of too small acreage for the machine-winning method are available. A modification of this so-called Madruck process—namely, the manufacture of turf coal-dust briquettes—has its interest also for Ireland. Instead of the dry turf-dust, coal-dust is used. This method merits consideration when coal or anthracite deposits are adjacent to turf bogs.

There is good reason to believe that turf can be produced by mechanical methods in this country in large quantities and at a price which will enable it to be delivered over wide areas at a price more favourable to the consumer than the price of imported coal. But unfortunately there is a considerable prejudice against the use of turf for domestic purposes as against its powerful rival, coal. There are some grounds for this prejudice, owing to the design and construction of the ordinary domestic grates and ranges. These apparatus, which are as a rule of low efficiency for coal, are of still lower efficiency for

turf, because the problem of the combustion of turf is very different from that of coal. However, with new apparatus of recent design, the problem of the combustion of turf has been solved in a very satisfactory manner. I have personal experience of a new type of slow combustion stove, totally enclosed, which operates with extraordinary efficiency, cleanliness and economy. Burning day and night, this stove has run for 100 days on two tons of turf. Equally efficient cooking ranges have also been developed, and I have no hesitation in saying that they do their work with greater efficiency, greater cleanliness and greater economy than the ordinary coal-fed range. At present three million tons of turf are consumed both inefficiently and wastefully every year by the rural population of Ireland.

When we come to central-heating boilers, equally satisfactory results are obtainable; and, as regards larger boilers for industrial purposes, recent developments in the construction of boiler furnaces have put it beyond a doubt that turf can be burned with an equal efficiency to that obtained with the best steam coal. In the Wiesmoor bog the turf is used to fuel a 10,000 k.w. power station, and a similar station of 6,600 k.w. is fuelled with turf in Meppen. In Russia in recent years turf production, mainly by the Frästorf method but partly as machine turf, has developed very rapidly. In 1934 the production was estimated at 17·2 million tons, of which some 40 per cent. was used in power stations. Some of these power stations are very large—the Shatura plant having in 1935 a capacity of 180,000 k.w.

Good air-dried turf, whether won by hand or by machine, may be taken as containing 30 to 35 per cent. of water. Where the turf is used on the bog for power purposes or at no great distance from the bog for power or heating, the quantity of water ballast carried does not create any serious problem. When, however, transport and distribution costs represent a considerable percentage of the total cost of the fuel, as in the case of the consumer in large urban centres, the turf briquette offers very considerable advantages. The moisture content of the briquette is from 12 to 15 per cent., as a result of which

its calorific value is about 30 per cent. higher. The density of the briquette is 40 per cent. higher than the density of machine turf. In addition, there are the further advantages of higher temperature of combustion and greater cleanliness. The briquette is made from turf produced in any form and in any way. The turf is first milled to a fine powder, the rough fibrous material produced being sieved out and used in the boilers of the factory to provide power and heat. The milled turf is dried till it contains only from 12 to 15 per cent. of water and is then subjected to a high pressure to produce the briquette. Owing to its lower ash and sulphur content, the turf briquette is a more suitable fuel than the German brown-coal briquette, which it resembles and of which some 40,000,000 tons are used annually in Germany—mainly for domestic purposes.

I come now to consider some products obtainable from turf; but I must emphasise that the possibilities of these products are primarily dependent on the fundamental problem of the cost at which turf can be produced. When turf is heated in a retort to about 500°C, three products result: gases, which may be used for heating the retort; tar, which varies in amount up to 10 per cent. of the turf; and coke, the yield of which is about one-third of the weight of the turf. What are the uses of this coke? In the first place, whether in the form of the lumps as it comes from the retort or in the form of pressed briquettes, it is an excellent smokeless fuel, suitable for open fires or as a substitute for anthracite in closed stoves or cooking ranges. A new process recently devised for briquetting brown coal gives uniform firm briquettes of coke after carbonisation. There is good reason to believe that the same method is applicable to turf. There is a steadily growing demand in Great Britain for fuel of this type made from coal, which is certainly not superior in any way to turf coke. As a domestic fuel, turf-coke in a suitable form should find a ready market here. But there is another use for this coke which is of very great interest. For the past ten years, in practically every European country without natural mineral oil resources, there has been an intensive

search for home-produced petrol and Diesel oil substitutes, so that transport may be made secure in case of war or blockade. All sorts of fuels—solid, liquid, gaseous—have been and are being tried. Of the solid fuels which have been tested—namely, wood, charcoal, turf-coke, coal-coke, anthracite—turf-coke occupies a very favoured place on account of its high reactivity and its low ash and sulphur content. The fuel supplied to the engine is producer-gas obtained from the glowing charcoal in a small plant installed on the vehicle. The vehicle is generally started on petrol, and is then switched on to the charcoal gas. As a result of many tests, it may be said that a stone of turf-coke is approximately equivalent to a gallon of petrol. In a recent trial in Germany of lorries driven on home-produced fuels, thirty-eight vehicles took part, of which two were driven on turf-coke. These two lorries travelled 12,000 miles in the trial, the consumption of turf-coke being slightly over six tons each.

The charcoal-driven vehicle may be definitely regarded as having passed the experimental stage; so much so that various inducements by way of tax remission and otherwise are being employed to encourage its use in Germany, France, Italy and Sweden. In Germany a year ago there were already some 250 "Tankstellen," where wood-charcoal (and turf-charcoal is equally suitable) can be obtained. The fuel is made up in paper sacks, each holding 15 kg. (corresponding to something over three gallons of petrol). In fuelling the gas-producer the whole sack is dumped into the bunker, so that it is not necessary to touch the charcoal by hand. Owing to tax remission, economy of fuel, and grants towards the purchase of the gas-producer for installation on old vehicles, there is a steady development in Germany in the use of charcoal as a fuel for motor transport—particularly for heavy vehicles. For the last year or so a new tug on the Rhine has been driven on producer-gas.

The investigations on gas-producers for motor vehicles have given a new interest to the gas engine as a stationary power unit. With such a highly reactive fuel as turf-charcoal the time of starting the engine has been reduced to less than

ten minutes. There seems to be a future for turf-charcoal in stationary engines. Turf itself has from time to time been used to provide producer-gas for such engines—but the difficulty of cleaning the gases and the tarry deposits formed on valves, etc., prevented its development for this purpose. Recently, however, a new type of producer, which operates very satisfactorily with turf, has been put on the market; but it is desirable that the turf should be very dry.

The replacement of petrol by solid substitutes such as turf-coke is only one direction in which a solution is being sought for the problem of home-produced motor fuels. The I. G. Farbenindustrie has for many years been producing petrol, mainly from tar obtained by the carbonisation of brown coal, and more recently Imperial Chemical Industries have been manufacturing petrol both from solid coal and from creosote. These great industries at present work under protective measures. The tar from turf, with the other necessary ingredients (*v.g.*, hydrogen) which can be produced from turf, would form a basis for the production of motor fuels according to the processes to which I have referred as already in operation. Another process for the production of petrol and lubricating oils is being developed on a large scale in Germany and other countries—namely, the Fischer-Tropsch process, which uses a mixture of two gases, carbon monoxide and hydrogen. It would seem that these gases can be readily obtained in the proper proportion from turf.

Theoretically, therefore, it is possible to produce liquid motor fuels from turf. Whether petrol or other liquid fuels will be commercially produced from turf is a matter for speculation. It will depend on national policy and on the cheapening of the production costs in the various processes. But it will depend above all on the cost and on the scale at which turf can be produced for such essentially large-scale industries. If continental costs of production can be reproduced here, one can say in general that there is reason to believe that turf will be at least comparable with the coals or lignites of Great Britain and Germany as a raw material for oil production.

Finally, recent developments in the German gas industry

make it clear that standard town gas can be produced from turf. Incidentally, such gas compressed in steel bottles is one of the substitute fuels for motor transport which is receiving much attention at present in many countries. The relative costs of coal-gas and turf-gas will of course depend on the cost at which turf can be produced.

So much for turf as a fuel. But turf has other uses. The so-called white turf forming the top layers in lowland bogs has long been used in the form of peat-moss litter as bedding for farm animals and in the form of peat-mull for packing fruits, tomatoes, etc. Another important use for this white turf is in the manufacture of compressed slabs, which as a heat-insulating material are as effective as cork, and for sound insulation in the building of flats and apartment houses. The industry is carried on in Germany, where the processes originated, and also in Russia and Latvia. Finally, I can only make a passing reference to the possibility of extracting, with the aid of certain solvents, a wax similar to montan wax. This possibility is being investigated at present.

In this short paper it is impossible to deal with every aspect of peat as a fuel and as a raw material; but I hope I have succeeded in emphasising the importance of the new appliances for the domestic use of turf, which enables that fuel to be used for cooking or heating with cleanliness, efficiency and economy. I have endeavoured also to arouse interest in the possibilities—some immediate, some remote—of the products of turf as a contribution to the solution, sought all over the world to-day, of the problem of home-produced fuels for road or light rail transport. Before one can go further than to indicate possibilities, two things are essential: the first is an investigation of the characteristics of the varied turf deposits in this country; the second is an answer to the all-important question as to the minimum cost at which, by bringing the machine to the aid of the man, turf can be won.

In dealing with the peat problem, the ideal attitude of mind is a certain measure of enthusiasm tempered by a great measure of prudence. I emphasise again that in peat we are dealing with a very poor raw material. The engineering

problems of its production and transport are complicated; the winning problems are subject to those vagaries of climate to which the farmer in this country is so accustomed. Above all in this latter connection caution is needed. One cannot assume without trial that economic results obtainable in one country can be repeated here under different climatic conditions. If the turf business were easy, the financial people would be at it long ago. I suggest, therefore, that the proper line is first to experiment, with all speed, on methods of production. It is of the nature of the problem that some mistakes will be made and some failures experienced; but one may hope that these mistakes will be merely incidental to the development of a method or methods which will lead to the economic exploitation on a large scale of this inert mass of bog covering one-fifth of the surface of the country. That end is of importance in so far as it concerns the provision of excellent home-produced fuel; but it is also important because a properly organised programme of turf utilisation will leave behind it a permanent asset of the highest value in the newly won land.

HENRY KENNEDY

Comments on the foregoing Article

No. 1—Chemical Products from Peat

BY JOSEPH REILLY, M.A., D.SC., F.I.C., F.INST.P.
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THE Editor of *Studies* has asked me, at a few days notice, to comment on Dr. Kennedy's article and to restrict my remarks to "Chemical Products from Peat." Many aspects of peat as a source of fuel, either directly or indirectly, have been excellently dealt with by Dr. Kennedy; but, beyond a passing reference to peat-wax, the chemical problems involved in its utilization are almost entirely ignored. It is true that mention is made of coke and tar from peat—but, again, principally as a source of power. To the chemist, however, the winning of peat and its utilization as a fuel is not a complete solution of the problem.

Peat is a chemical product no less complex than coal or lignite, and yet the commercial chemicals so far obtained are comparatively few and of low value. Less than a century ago a large amount of a tar-like fluid was obtained in the manufacture of coal-gas. It was

then of little economic value and served merely as a fuel or low-grade disinfectant. The inventive genius of such chemists as Perkin, Graebe, Runge, Vidal, and others completely altered the position. This uninviting material has been made to furnish intermediates which form the basis of great modern industries, embracing pharmaceuticals, dyes, explosives, and others—all of vital importance to the economic life of progressive nations.

The main hope of industries in this country is centred in the development of native raw materials. Nature has endowed our land with a superabundance of peat, covering one-fifth of the total area of the country and providing a raw material which can be worked under pleasant conditions in the open air—in contrast to the many disadvantages associated with coal-mining in the depths of the earth. Other nations endowed with special resources have utilized these to the utmost in an effort to increase their national wealth. We, in Ireland, are situated close to a country enriched with huge coal reserves and with the costly by-products resulting from this coal. In the past, this proximity to the English coal-mines has delayed the full utilization of our peat resources. Can we say, even at present, that a serious effort is being made to exploit these resources?

From the chemical point of view, peat offers certain attractions as a raw material. It is a complex mixture of organic substances of a cellulosic nature, resulting from the bacterial decomposition of plant and vegetable life. In the decay of plant life the original stable wax-like materials often survive; and in many deposits, especially in mountain peat (*e.g.* in Donegal and Kerry), the wax content is high—say one-tenth of the total dry mass. The residue, after the wax has been extracted, is still suitable for generating steam in the extraction factory. This wax, which appears to be very similar in properties to the valuable Montan wax from German lignite, certainly merits further investigation. The Montan wax market is of the order of half a million pounds annually; if even a small part of this market could be captured by peat wax, the advantage to our economic life—and especially to our western seaboard—would be considerable. Such a project, once started, would be certain to grow in more than one direction. Peat-wax, however, is only one of the possible chemical applications. It is mentioned first, because it is at present being investigated in the Chemical Department of University College, Cork, with financial aid from the Industrial Research Council.

As I have already hinted, our aim in peat research should be to endeavour to isolate, from this raw mass of little economic value, chemical compounds of greater worth. It is along those lines that compensation for such a low-grade material as peat is most likely to be found. The most pressing need, therefore, is a chemical peat-

research centre subsidised by the State—something on the lines of the Northern Ireland Linen Research Association. Such a centre, which would offer inducements sufficient to attract trained scientists to work in its various fields of research, could help in the utilization of peat as just outlined—taking this as simply one example. It could collect and make accessible in convenient form all information on the subject—including patent literature on this and cognate problems. It could arrange for a chemical survey of particular bogs to discover the best areas for high wax-content peat. It could experiment on the extraction of the wax and develop the best process to the semi-technical scale. Finally, it could set itself to find suitable uses for the peat-wax in industry. This is only one of the numerous problems that would occupy the attention of the centre. Other investigations might require attacking in a different manner. The proper utilization of peat is a difficult problem. As Dr. Kennedy truly states, "*if the turf business were easy the financial people would be at it long ago.*" Until the State realizes that more attention must be given to organised research, progress will be slow.

I will attempt to review briefly a few of the possible topics worthy of investigation. The newer turfs, which are more akin to wood than to coal, contain up to 30 per cent. of cellulose. Chemical treatment converts this into rayon and other commercial products, such as the basic material for cellulosic paints. In the raw state, with mild treatment, it is suitable for the manufacture of coarse paper and cardboard and as a filler in linoleum and insulating materials. There is a difficulty here owing to the hygroscopic nature of the material; but research could overcome this difficulty. Again, by hydrolysis and using the newer technique, the cellulose may be converted into fermentation sugars and, indirectly, into various solvents—thereby supplying an alternative source of fermentable material for our industrial alcohol factories. In the older methods of fermentation of the less resistant carbohydrates in turf there was a difficulty in dealing with the pentoses; but this can now be overcome successfully. Mild bacterial inoculation—an interesting subject for investigation—can destroy the colloidal nature of peat and so facilitate drying. Increased uses might also be found for peat mosses after processing.

Activated charcoal, which is a quite distinct product from the ordinary charcoal mentioned by Dr. Kennedy, can also be obtained from turf. In its manufacture certain inorganic salts are employed as activating agents. It is then carbonised and the inorganic residues subsequently removed. This charcoal is extensively used in the purification of gases, for decolourising in the sugar industry, in the recovery of solvents, and in other industries.

Certain processes of carbonisation appear to offer distinct possi-

bilities, especially those in which wet peat is employed, for in such processes the problem of economic drying does not arise.

The by-products of carbonisation include combustible gases, ammonia, tars rich in light oils, creosote oils with very high antiseptic power, paraffin, asphalt and coke. Cracking or hydrogenation of the peat-tar leads to increased yields of low-boiling hydrocarbons.

The gases evolved on distillation of peat more closely approximate in composition, as regards carbon dioxide content, to those from wood than from coal; but the actual amount depends on the nature of the turf and its age. The presence of this gas is objectionable if maximum calorific value is to be obtained, and it is removed by absorption with burnt lime. A better process would be to partly convert it to carbon monoxide by passage over heated coke or other materials. Provided the tars and ammonia are recovered, the manufacture of producer gas or peat gas should be remunerative even with present-day methods of winning turf. The ammonia content from peat distillation is generally higher than from coal.

It must be borne in mind that peat is not the uniform product it is popularly supposed to be and that the recovered by-products also differ. Thus peats varying widely in wax-content and cellulose can hardly be expected to yield anything like the same quality and quantity of products. The older peats are more akin to lignite than to wood, and on thermal decomposition they yield less acetic acid and more phenols than the newer peats. Methyl alcohol is usually obtained in the distillation of the newer peats.

The extraction of producer gas from peat-coke or from moist peat could serve as a means of synthesising methyl alcohol and other organic products. No outside source of hydrogen is necessary as the gas is rich in hydrogen. Dr. Kennedy has referred to this point. By varying the conditions of the reaction, gaseous hydrocarbons can be obtained instead, and these approximate in composition to the natural gases of the American oil wells. The hydrogenation of black peat or of peat-tar seems to be a possible source of oils. Its hydrogenation, from the commercial aspect, may resemble that of coal. In spite of the cost, coal is so worked in countries where the demand for oil has given rise to serious consideration due to possible exhaustion or to withholding of supplies in time of war.

Certain peats may also contain up to 50 per cent. of humic acid. By "ammoniation" this acid can be used as a fertilizer, and greater nitrogen utilization by plants is claimed for it than for an amount of ammonium sulphate of equal nitrogen content. Humic acid has also applications in tanning, especially in bichromate tanning. Another field of chemical research is opened by the hydrogenation, oxidation or other treatment of this humic acid, which may lead to the discovery of more useful chemical derivatives.

The development and nature of industries based on peat must naturally depend on our resources of peat and on the quality of the peat. If supplies were liable to appreciable exhaustion within (say) a century, it would be advisable to make the most economic use of our peat. A new survey, therefore, of our bogs—of their extent, of their depth, of the chemical nature of their peat—must be undertaken before extensive development can satisfactorily proceed.

I hope I have given sufficient examples to show that the chemical aspect of the peat problem is worthy of further study. I thoroughly agree with Dr. Kennedy that, in the development of our peat resources, the first essential is experimental work—but not on the methods of production alone, for the chemical nature of peat and the winning of useful by-products, as a distinct and separate problem, is worthy of equal consideration. Fuel being the more pressing and obvious need, this second line of attack has not in the past received sufficient attention or encouragement. Until an organization, somewhat on the lines suggested above, is undertaken progress will be comparatively slow.

In conclusion, the whole position may be briefly summarised by saying that peat is a product capable of utilization in more remunerative ways than as a fuel and that investigation should proceed simultaneously on engineering and chemical problems—but not necessarily in one centre.

J. Reilly

No. 2—Peat Fuel Briquettes

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It has long been the object of those interested in peat development to do away, as far as possible, with the seasonal operations generally connected with the industry. The " Frästorf " or Milled peat system, which is an attempt in this direction, aims at rapidly drying a thin layer of peat from the bog surface. This thin layer, which is milled to a finely divided condition, dries rapidly under favourable conditions ; but on the other hand it is very vulnerable to adverse weather. However, once it has dried to 50 or 55 per cent. moisture during the summer, it can be stored in large " stock piles " where it is, comparatively speaking, immune from weather. This partially air-dried milled peat can then be used as boiler fuel for power production, or it can be taken from the stock piles during the winter and dried down to 10 per cent. moisture for briquetting. But if the briquetting is to be in any way economic, it must be remembered that much the larger part of the original moisture has to be eliminated under air-drying conditions.

While the object of the large experimental undertaking of the Peat Fuel Company at Lullymore is directly the production of Peat Fuel Briquettes for domestic use, the fact must not be lost sight of that the preparation of milled peat in its raw form is being fully investigated. In the light of the Russian experience this would be a very suitable and economic form of peat fuel for power production, and as a matter of fact it is the form in which the fuel for running the Lullymore factory is used—a flue gas drier, worked by the exhaust gases from the boiler, being employed to reduce the moisture content from 55 to about 35 per cent.

Notwithstanding some statements as to the practicability of using peat fuel with moisture content running up to 60 per cent., there is no question that the lower the moisture content the more efficient the utilisation will be. In Russia a moisture content of 40 to 45 per cent. is aimed at for boiler fuel,and while this figure seems low for milled peat produced under our less favourable climate, some recent tests with improved milling technique would indicate that a figure of 45 to 50 per cent. may be attained. If this should prove to be the case, valuable data will be available when the question of the construction of a large thermal power station for the national network is being considered in the future.

Household coal as delivered in Dublin has a net calorific value of 11,500 B.T.U. per pound, whereas turf with 10, 25, 30 and 35 per cent. moisture content has a net calorific value of 8,530, 6,920, 6,380 and 5,850 B.T.U. per pound. These values represent 74 per cent., 60 per cent., 55 per cent., and 51 per cent. of the available calorific value of coal for equal weights. Again, a ton of coal in the bulk occupies a volume of 45 cubic feet, a ton of hand-cut turf 120 cubic feet and upwards, a ton of machine peat some 90 cubic feet, whereas a ton of turf briquettes of a specific gravity of 1·25, when strapped and stacked, will occupy only 40 cubic feet—or less space than is occupied by a ton of coal in bulk.

As milled peat can only be briquetted when the moisture content is around 10 per cent., we see that the volume required to be stored for equal heat is only 20 per cent. greater than in the case of coal. For machine peat (30 per cent. moisture) 3·6 times the volume of coal are required for equal heat value, whereas with hand-cut peat 5 to 6 times the volume of coal are required.

This is one of the main arguments for the production of peat briquettes—the saving in weight and volume for transport, stowage and utilisation. Peat, particularly hand-cut peat, has often been marketed with high moisture content, and this has prejudiced many, not alone against the use of hand-cut but against the use of peat in general. As briquettes cannot be produced with more than 15 per

cent. moisture, the public are automatically protected against high moisture content in peat briquettes. Since these briquettes have become available locally, they are much appreciated by those who use them, and their use eliminates many of the tarry odours which arise where wet peat is consumed.

The work which has been done on the large-scale use of peat in Russian power stations has definitely proved: firstly, that peat can be used just as efficiently for power production as coal, and, secondly, that there are no inherent difficulties in its use provided its moisture content is reasonably low. The moisture associated with peat and the problem of getting rid of it is the only real difficulty in the way of its greater utilisation. Nearer home, Dr. John Taylor, Professor of Mechanical Engineering in University College, Dublin, has shown, as the result of some interesting work on turf-burning apparatus for domestic purposes, that high efficiencies can be and are regularly obtained when the primary and secondary air required for its complete combustion are properly supplied. He has succeeded in bringing, to the common heating stove and also to the kitchen range, efficiencies in the utilisation of turf which had only previously been associated with the more scientifically controlled power stations running on coal.

The common coal-burning range used in these countries is the most inefficient type of apparatus employed in the general life of the community, being adapted more for the destruction and waste of coal than for its economic utilisation. Dr. Taylor has secured results which, if availed of, will place it in a different category, and he has laid for ever the bogey that, to utilise turf, fire-places and furnaces with huge capacity are necessary. As these new stoves and ranges can be made equally suitable for the efficient combustion of coal, their general use might go a long way towards reducing the consumption of the $1\frac{1}{2}$ million tons of coal imported for domestic purpose in the Irish Free State. If a 33 per cent. saving were attainable by the installation of more efficient domestic cooking and heating apparatus, this would mean a reduction of half a million tons of coal per annum imported for domestic purposes.

While the peat briquette is a very desirable form in which to market peat fuel, particularly in the cities, there is no good reason why the production and use of machine-peat fuel, as advocated by Dr. Henry Kennedy, should not be actively pursued. For many years Sir John Purser Griffith has played his part in advocating and in carrying on the production of machine-peat fuel, and we all hope that, from the experience which has been made available at Turraun and which has been gathered abroad, the large scheme of development undertaken by the State will prove a success.

PIERCE F. PURCELL

No. 3—The Economics of the Peat Problem

BY LIEUT.-COL. K. E. EDGEWORTH, D.S.O., M.C., M.I.E.E.
Chairman, Institution of Electrical Engineers of Ireland

The Editor has asked me to comment on the "Economics of the Peat Problem." As an engineer, I find this restriction somewhat irksome, and I hope that I may be excused if I do not adhere precisely to my terms of reference.

From the broad economic standpoint, the development of mass production has placed the small State in a position of considerable difficulty. Small local industries are unable to compete, on equal terms, with large factories abroad, and a free trade policy leads to unemployment. A policy of fostering local industries behind a tariff wall, on the other hand, raises prices and lowers the standard of living. In either case there is a strong tendency for the more enterprising members of the community to emigrate to countries in which the industrial conditions are more favourable.

From this dilemma there is only one means of escape—the local industries must be operated on an economic basis, that is to say, they must be operated, within a reasonable period of time, at a degree of efficiency which compares favourably with that which prevails elsewhere. In the last resort the remedy for the emigration difficulty is in the hands of the engineer and the technician, and the economic problem merges into the technical problem.

Let us consider how closely the proposals which we are discussing may be expected to approximate to the ideal which we have just defined.

Firstly, there is the proposal that peat should be utilised for generating electricity; and, for the sake of argument, let it be assumed that the power station would be erected in the centre of a group of bogs. The cost of coal is about 21s. per ton, and it is hoped to produce peat fuel having half the fuel value of coal at a cost of about 8s. or 10s. per ton, so that peat fuel would be as cheap as coal.

On the other hand, allowance must be made for the fact that the power is generated at a distance from the centre of the market, and that the power stations might have to be smaller and therefore less efficient than coal stations, but the extra cost would not be serious.

Compared with the alternative of generating electricity on the Shannon it is difficult to express an opinion without going into the matter in detail; but in a general way steam power stations compare favourably with hydro-electric stations. Moreover, there is the important consideration that the supply of peat will be good in dry years when the supply of water is low. The proposal that peat should be used as a fuel for generating electricity is therefore deserving of very careful consideration.

Secondly, there is the proposal that peat fuel should be used to replace coal for domestic and other purposes. In this case the circumstances vary rather widely. Assuming that the cost of coal to the consumer is 42s. per ton in Dublin and 52s. per ton in the country, we get the following comparative table showing the *value* of peat fuel when compared with coal.

Coal	42s. ..	52s.
Peat, 15 per cent. moisture ..	28s. ..	35s.
Peat, 35 per cent. moisture ..	20s. ..	25s.

Taking the cost of peat at 9s. per ton on the bog, transport to Dublin 10s., cost of distribution 19s. (the cost of distributing coal), we get a total cost of 38s. per ton for a product which is only worth 20s. This is clearly not workable.

On the other hand, if we take some place in the country and assume that the peat is distributed direct from the bog to the consumer, the cost of transport and distribution should not exceed 10s. or 15s. per ton within (say) 20 or 30 miles from the bog, so that the final cost might be from 19s. to 24s. In this case peat fuel would compete on equal terms with coal. And it would compete on even better terms, if the moisture content of the peat could be reduced to 15 per cent. at an additional cost of some 6s. per ton ; and there are good grounds for believing this to be possible.

It appears therefore that peat fuel ought to be an economic proposition within a certain radius of the bog ; and, if determined efforts are made to reduce the cost of transport and distribution, the area in which peat could compete with coal would no doubt be extended.

Thirdly, there is the proposal that motor vehicles should be operated with peat charcoal as a fuel instead of petrol. In this case the difficulty is not the cost of the fuel, for charcoal is a cheaper fuel than petrol. The difficulty is that, with charcoal as fuel, a much larger and heavier type of apparatus is needed in order to develop the same amount of power. Consequently the amount of useful load which can be carried is seriously reduced, and the cost of transport is increased.

So far as I know, the special type of power plant which is necessary for using charcoal in motor vehicles has never been made the subject of any intensive scheme of research, and one may hope therefore that there is some scope for improvement. An adequate endowment of research into this particular problem might yield valuable results.

Fourthly, there is the proposal that peat might be converted into motor spirit by a process similar to that which is used for coal. It seems clear, however, that the cost of motor spirit obtained from coal is appreciably higher than the cost of imported petrol and that the various processes hitherto employed are definitely uneconomic. In view of the very large sums already expended on research, the possibility of extracting motor spirit from peat is not very hopeful.

The four proposals which have been referred to above appear to be of outstanding importance, and the possibility that peat might replace coal is of particular interest in view of the fact that about £3,000,000 is spent annually on imported coal. There are, of course, various other proposals which are also worthy of serious consideration. But perhaps the most important thing to realise is that the whole business bristles with unsolved and partially solved problems which need to be elucidated by research before new industries can be developed on a satisfactory commercial basis. Too much haste can only lead to disappointment and waste of effort. K. E. EDGEWORTH

No. 4—Some General Considerations

BY FELIX E. HACKETT, M.A., PH.D.

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WHAT is the peat problem discussed by Dr. Kennedy? Turf has been won and burnt in Ireland for generations. In its traditional use no problem is presented. It is only when set in competition with its rival coal that we are confronted with a peat problem. Sir Robert Kane in his classic, *The Industrial Resources of Ireland* (1844), gives ample data to show that in those days turf was just as efficient as coal in converting water into steam for use in steam engines. He concludes that 100 tons of turf were equivalent to 43 tons of coal, which is approximately the correspondence to be expected from the exact determinations of their calorific values. At that date, surprising as it may seem, turf could claim to be as cheap as coal for use on the steam-boats plying on the Shannon. In 1874 McDonnell reports to the Institution of Civil Engineers that 100 tons of turf were equivalent to 40–47 tons of coal on the locomotives of that day. In the next decade the development of the dynamo acted as a stimulus in the search for greater efficiency in prime movers, and economies were effected in steam boilers which gave special advantages to coal. The growing mastery in the electrical art turned the attention of countries devoid of coal to their peat bogs, and immediately the peat problem became actual: firstly, because a small generating station of 10,000 kW. required large quantities of turf impossible to obtain, by the primitive handwinning methods, at a cost to compete with coal; secondly, because in the boiler plants used for coal no attention can be given to the idiosyncracies of turf, arising from its moisture content, its bulk, and the amount of hydrogen and oxygen combined with carbon due to its more recent plant origin.

Now, as Dr. Kennedy informs us, solutions of both these difficulties have been reached in Germany at the bog of Wiesmoor and, more spectacularly, at the giant electrical generating stations in Russia. In 1928 Russian engineers could announce that "the problem of econo-

mically burning peat in the U.S.S.R. has been satisfactorily solved, since peat (low grade fuel as it is) has been burned with as high a calorific efficiency as the highest grade fuel." Their figure of 80 per cent. efficiency is not challenged. They showed their confidence in their methods by expanding the capacity of their Shatura station from 40,000 kW. to 136,000 kW. In 1934 Monkhouse, on his return from Russia, stated that approximately 30 per cent. of the total boiler plant stations with a capacity of 800,000 kW. operated on peat fuel. These stations have an aggregate capacity ten times that installed at Ardnacrusha on the Shannon. The magnitude of these figures demonstrate that the second part of the peat problem—the production of energy—has been satisfactorily solved. The solution of the first part of the problem —the winning of the turf—though mainly a matter of engineering technique, must be regarded as not yet attained in spite of the undoubted progress made both in Germany and the U.S.S.R. The turf supply used in the huge generating stations in the U.S.S.R. amounts in the aggregate to several million tons per annum ; but according to Monkhouse " neither machine-formed air-dried peat nor that won by hydraulic methods has proved an entirely satisfactory solution of the fuel problem in the northern and central portions of the U.S.S.R. This has been due to climatic conditions and to a certain extent labour difficulties. In 1933, for instance, the peat season was a serious failure in many districts and certain important stations, including Shatura and Ivanova-Vosnesensk, failed to win more than 30–50 per cent. of the peat necessary to maintain them operating at their planned capacity."

Apart from the significant mention of " labour difficulties " in these remarks, we have no information on the cost in economic and social values of this really extraordinary technical achievement. It must be regarded as yet on the speculative edge of engineering carried out in abnormal social and economic conditions, and on quite a different plane from such a fine achievement as the George Washington Bridge over the Hudson—one of the great examples of the precision of modern engineering science which enabled the stresses for this bridge to be determined to an agreement of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. with actual performance. Dr. Kennedy wisely warns us that here in Ireland we cannot expect that the solution to all our problems of turf production will be found ready-made elsewhere. Added to the many uncertainties in continental experience of the methods of the machine-winning of turf, there are the difficulties arising from our insular climatic conditions which can change probably more in the hundred miles across Ireland than the very different continental climatic conditions vary in a band stretching one thousand miles across Europe. Recent experiences have emphasised at some cost the importance of these climatic differences.

The bogs of the world are strewn with the wrecks of the attempts

to develop industry on the lines of the air-dried machine peat. Canada owns up to having spent in vain close on £100,000 on such attempts. The representative of the Canadian Government at a recent congress declared that in his experience, extending over twenty-five years, the very best calculations that the ablest engineers could make in dealing with this subject were most likely to be over-estimates by at least 50 per cent. Science has frequently turned its failures into triumphs, as when the vain searches for perpetual motion brought recognition of the principle of the Conservation of Energy or when Einstein turned the fruitless effort to detect the absolute motion of the earth through the ether into the Principle of Relativity—which adopts as a first principle the impossibility of ever detecting such motion. Cannot a useful lesson be derived from the disheartening and tiresome list of not-entirely suitable appliances which cumber all treatises on bogs? If one might hazard a guess, the lesson enforced by nature is that the technical methods devised for inorganic materials, like sands and clays, are quite unsuited for a material retaining so much of the structure and properties of the plant material from which it has been derived. Dr. Kennedy reminds us that "the attempts to solve the problem by freezing the raw turf, by the application of electrolytes, by various electrical methods, by bacterial action, and finally by pressure have all failed." Here defeat has been transformed into a gain in the recognition that the difficulty of extracting water arises from the colloidal condition of wet turf. This is a classification rather than an explanation, for the colloidal condition is a term for a miscellany of facts which have defied to a large extent any systematisation.

It is not surprising then that Dr. Kennedy, with his wide knowledge of the peat problem, says: "In dealing with it, the ideal attitude is a certain measure of enthusiasm tempered by a great measure of prudence." Though he urges the need for experiment, he seems to restrict experiment merely to methods of production and does not stress sufficiently the parallel need for the scientific investigation of fundamental problems. Nothing is more necessary, it has been said, than to encourage the public to regard scientific research as what it should be—the shortest way of finding out quite ordinary things about the world in which we live. It might be added that scientific research will, in the long run, be found the cheapest way of finding things out, but it must be fundamental research. The words quoted in the first report of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research of Great Britain represent a wide experience: "The difficulties that present themselves to manufacturers or merchants seldom afford an indication of the true nature of the problems to be solved. They are generally secondary in their nature, and a direct attack on them is as likely to be empirical as the symptomatic treatment of disease." It may be surmised, for example, that we should have got nearer the

heart of the problem, if one per cent. of the money spent in the unsuccessful attempts to remove the water from peat had been spent on a thorough scientific study, from the standpoint of the Second Law of Thermodynamics, of the relations between peat and water arising from its colloidal character.

The tests carried out by Professor Taylor on behalf of the Turf Committee of the Industrial Research Council have demonstrated, for the comparatively limited field of turf-burning appliances, the value of such investigations. The trials indicate that appliances are available or installed in Ireland in which turf can be utilised for steam raising or for central heating with efficiencies round 60 per cent. The report on these experiments, given in a Bulletin issued by the Industrial Research Council, directs attention to the important question of the moisture content of turf. The samples of the machine-made turf used in the tests had moisture contents of 30 per cent., 38·5 per cent. and 40 per cent.; those of hand-made turf had moisture contents of 42·5 per cent. and 45·7 per cent., while a mixture of both had 41 per cent. It is usually stated that Irish hand-made turf will reach, under normal conditions, a moisture content of 30 per cent.; and many discussions have been based on the assumption of a moisture content of 25 per cent. for average air-dried peat—two tons of which are the calorific equivalent of one ton of coal, whereas at 40 per cent. moisture content the calorific equivalent becomes 2·6 tons of peat. In Russia 25 per cent. to 30 per cent. moisture content is regarded as normal; and the Latvian National Committee, remarking that the variation of water content in air-dried peat is quite considerable because it is closely bound up with the nature of the peat and its mode of preparation, state that the moisture in machine-made peat varies from 20 per cent. to 35 per cent., in hand-cut peat from 25 per cent. to 40 per cent. It is somewhat disquieting to find that, under the careful conditions of the formal tests of the Industrial Research Council, the samples of turf were found to have the higher limit of moisture content. Here there is a clear case for scientific inquiry, not only to determine reasonable limits for the moisture content of turf offered for public consumption under the aegis of organised production but to examine closely the process of drying and its dependence on the nature of the peat and the climatic conditions. Mention was made at the Fuel Conference London 1928 of a study in the air-drying of peat which showed that "the intensity of the process is inversely proportional to the relative humidity of the air and directly proportional to the intensity of the sun's rays and the strength of the wind." If the process of drying can be expressed in such simple terms, then there is some hope of replacing by definite measurements and observations the vague term "influence of climatic conditions."

Another promising line of fundamental investigation would be the

classification of peat bogs in accordance with the recent advances in botanical research, which have thrown a good deal of light not only on the age of the peat deposits but also on their conditions of formation. Sections of bogs can now be made showing the varieties of plants which contributed to the formation of each layer. Comparisons can thus be made with bogs which have been successfully worked elsewhere, while the analysis of the structure of the bogs may afford useful guidance in any scheme undertaken for their drainage.

Scientific research in connection with industry is a long-term investment. Results may slowly converge and marvels such as trans-oceanic telephony or the sound film may suddenly appear; but most of the triumphs of industrial research have been won in relation to an established industry, just as the horticulturist is usually more successful in grafting his new varieties on to a hardy stock. The hardy stock is represented here by the domestic use of turf, which Dr. Kennedy estimates as equivalent to an industry with a turn-over of $3\frac{1}{3}$ millions pounds sterling. It is always difficult for science to enter a traditional craft to effect improvements; yet when large outputs are involved, small advances may be important. A one per cent. improvement in the use of turf would be equivalent to £30,000 per annum. It may be that the traditional method of using turf in the cottage homes of the country is, in spite of appearances, really economical; but in view of the wider possibilities opened up by investigations into turf-burning appliances and of the greater appreciation of the scientific principles involved, a comprehensive investigation is called for—in which the open hearth would be compared with an efficient turf range working, if possible, under actual conditions. Yet a narrow scientific outlook may miss the significance of the open fire in the Irish home. Leonard Hill of the Medical Research Council has stressed how "the long infra-red rays from dark sources of heat acting on the naked skin not only produce unpleasant feelings but reflexly congest the airways in nose and lungs," so giving a rational basis to the preference for an open fire in this insular climate. It may very well be that it has been the tonic effect of the open peat fire which has kept the Irish living actively and vigorously in regions where, as Dr. Moritz Bonn said, "a mid-European goat would starve."

In conclusion, it may again be said that the peat problem only exists in so far as we want to put peat in competition with coal. If so, we are entering on a stern chase, and a stern chase is a long chase. Peat is a low-grade fuel and cannot withstand the expense of much handling. The immediate advantages arising from the consumption of national resources must always be balanced against the postponed advantages of conservation. Sweden, having exhaustively examined the peat problem, seems to have swung towards the policy of conserving its peat fuel resources.

FELIX E. HACKETT

BEHIND THE LINES IN BARCELONA AND VALENCIA

BY E. ALLISON PEERS

Professor of Spanish in the University of Liverpool

TO any student of Spanish affairs who has friends of long standing supporting either side in the present conflict, it must be a matter of the most absorbing interest to try to discover what the combatants on either side, and their supporters, are really thinking. It is of little use, for this purpose, to go to the newspapers published at Valencia and Barcelona, or at Pamplona and Seville, for completely free expression of opinion is hardly to be expected in territory affected by civil war. But I have been enabled during the last fifteen months to receive a number of visitors from Spain who have been permitted by their respective governments to leave the country temporarily for professional purposes; and these have been able to speak with comparative freedom. From them I gather that, not only are the Whites completely confident of an eventual victory (which, however, they hardly expect to achieve before at least another year has passed), but a great many of the Reds are equally sure of final success, for which, they estimate, at least three years more will be necessary. Some of the latter, of course, are counting on a breakdown of European negotiations, which they believe will favour them. Others, however, make no such assumption, but believe that intensive military training and the increased amount of war material which they are manufacturing or obtaining from abroad will give them the eventual superiority, which, they say, they would have had long ago if they alone, and not their opponents, had received foreign help. "Until the summer of 1938," runs their argument, "our armies will not have reached their maximum strength or have become assured of a regular and adequate supply of munitions. Till then we shall have to remain on the defensive, apart from making such occasional advances on narrow fronts as we have been doing recently in

Aragon. At last we shall begin a general advance : in 1938-9 we shall have the enemy completely on the defensive and in 1939-40 we shall sweep forward to victory."

The psychological reasons underlying this curiously optimistic forecast would seem to be based upon the Spaniard's excessive temperamental idealism. Convinced, as most of them undoubtedly are, of the justice of their cause, they began the war upon the assumption of the invincibility of the " people." At first, they talked of taking the offensive on all fronts immediately, and anyone who suggested that they could not end the war in three months was considered a hopeless pessimist : this was the period in which their authorities endeavoured to keep the news of defeats out of the Press and to announce continual " victories." When, at the end of three months, the Nationalists were seen to be obviously winning, they modified their arguments in conformity with new facts and fears, while still maintaining that they must of necessity be the ultimate victors. The most potent element in their psychological make-up is their apparent inability to contemplate even the bare possibility of victory for the enemy. Even if they became resigned to the hopelessness of expecting to regain the whole of Spain, they would fight tenaciously to hold the territory which they now rule. And should the gradual diminution of this territory push them back into Catalonia, they would fight to the last for the independence of Catalonia as a Red State. No one need hope that they will be easily vanquished in war ; the only possibility of a speedy ending of the campaign lies in the internal disruption of the Popular Front, which, but for the War, would undoubtedly long since have fallen to pieces, since its component groups are only less implacably hostile among themselves than to the common enemy.

What can we learn from recent events, which speak more loudly and distinctly than opinions, as to the likelihood of such a disruption and as to the political conditions prevailing behind the Red lines ? In examining this subject, we may begin with Barcelona rather than with Valencia, not only because the capital of the Popular Front Government has

recently been moved there, so that it is now in name, as it has long been in fact, the headquarters of the Proletarian Revolution, but also because since July 1936 political life has been lived there more intensely than elsewhere in Spain, and the rivalries between the parties and unions have been keener. From the situation in Barcelona we shall turn to that in Red Spain as a whole, the centres of interest in which have been alternately Madrid and Valencia.

I

In an earlier issue of *Studies*, I summarised events in Catalonia from the beginning of the War down to January 1937,[1] at which time, with the hasty emigration to France of Ventura Gassol, one of the most moderate men of the Esquerra, and the formation of a new Catalan Cabinet containing more Anarcho-Syndicalists than either Socialists or Esquerrans, it seemed that further advances in the direction of extremism were imminent. But the capture of Málaga by the Nationalists, in February 1937, together with the failure of the Catalonians on the Aragonese front and elsewhere, sent interest and activity for a time in the direction of winning the War rather than of consolidating the Revolution. A stricter discipline was imposed upon the courageous but intractable militiamen, while the militias themselves were transformed into an "army of the people"—with higher pay for officers than for men and all kinds of such bourgeois inventions which genuine revolutionaries could not be expected to approve. At the end of February 1937, a great recruiting campaign, inspired by appeals to the patriotism of Catalonian nationalists, brought thousands more men into this army. These developments were strongly criticized by the Anarcho-Syndicalists and the Trotskyists, who reproached themselves, and each other, for not having seized full power when they might and consummated the Proletarian Revolution while they had the opportunity. "We thought," says an interesting book recently written from the Trotskyist standpoint, "[that the Generalitat] might have been dissolved, but the fault of that lay with

[1] "Catalonia and the Spanish Civil War," March 1937.

the Anarchists, who at the ripe time, when they held the strength in the street, had let [the Generalitat] go on." They " threw away the power when it fell into their hands because their principles were against taking it."[1] However, such sentiments as these were not expressed publicly in Barcelona during this period: the emphasis was laid rather upon collaboration between the parties, as a round-table conference held two days after the fall of Málaga made clear in the following resolution:

> That, inasmuch as the strictest and most loyal unity is necessary among us, as also between us and the other organizations of the Anti-Fascist front, we agree to ratify our unity on the basis of the pact already established between our four bodies . . . urging the Government to take the measures necessary for a rapid and definite organization of the Popular Army and to intensify war production so that the Aragonese front may speedily meet the exigences of the moment.

Strenuous attempts were also made to consolidate the somewhat superficial alliance between the Esquerra and the Unions —even the most extreme of them—by means of various kinds of Press propaganda and an edict issued from the Generalitat imposing unity of sentiment as a necessary condition both for winning the War and for " completing the social transformation which constitutes the aspiration of our people." Probably the degree of unity achieved during the first months of 1937 was the highest that is likely to be obtained between these divergent parties. Certainly, despite frequent and fervent protestations of brotherly love, nothing approaching it has been seen since.

In March 1937, party strife broke out again with renewed violence, this time between the Unified Socialists (P.S.U.C.) and the Marxists (P.O.U.M.). The cause of the outbreak was trivial—the refusal of the P.S.U.C. to sign a document, drawn up jointly by parties and unions, renouncing recourse to calumny in Press and propaganda—but its very triviality emphasized the tension existing between the two parties. The quarrel was hardly over when a new quarrel between Socialists and Anarcho-Syndicalists overthrew the three-months-old Government, and a week passed before the resultant crisis

[1] *Red Spanish Notebook*, pp. 48, 247.

was resolved by a reduction of seats in the Cabinet from eleven to six, two each being given to Socialists, Syndicalists and Esquerra. The Press continued to urge "unity between Syndicalists and Socialists" as the "unanimous aspiration of the entire proletariat of our country,"[1] but to no effect. In April the murder of a Socialist leader, Roldán Cortada, was attributed by his followers to the Anarchists; and on the day after the funeral a prominent Anarchist was killed. In May came a miniature civil war behind the Red lines. An attempt made by the Generalitat to drive armed Anarcho-Syndicalists from the Central Telephone Building, which they had seized by force, led to a week's street fighting in which from 500 to 1,000 people are calculated to have lost their lives.[2] The Syndicalist Minister of Justice (who resigned with the Popular Front Cabinet ten days later) had to come north from Valencia to attempt mediation; the Government again fell; and power was assumed by a committee of four (representing Esquerra, Socialists, Syndicalists and Tenant-Farmers.) This precipitated trouble between the Anarchists proper (F.A.I.) and the Syndicalist Union (C.N.T.) to which most of these also belonged. Ineffective Anarchist revolutions were declared in half-a-dozen Catalonian towns. The Socialist member of the committee of four was assassinated. Eventually, outward peace was restored, not by moral suasion, but by shock troops, destroyers, and a battleship from Valencia.

This peace lasted for some three weeks. At the beginning of June the Socialists refused to join a Syndicalist demonstration against the common enemy. Shortly afterwards, when the committee of four gave place to a new Cabinet of eleven, the Anarcho-Syndicalists attempted to play the game which the Unions had played so successfully on Sr. Azaña at the beginning of the Civil War [3] by vetoing the appointment of one of the new members. President Companys, however, who for some time had been showing signs of impatience with these dissensions, refused to yield in the way that Sr. Azaña had done. The Anarcho-Syndicalists could come in on

[1] *Solidaridad Obrera*, March 10, 1937.
[2] For the various estimates made, see my *Catalonia Infelix*, p. 283 n.
[3] *The Spanish Tragedy*, 6th edition, 1937, p. 214.

his own terms or they could stay outside.[1] They decided to stay outside, and for the rest of the summer the Government, composed now of Socialists and Esquerrans with one Tenant-Farmer and one Independent, reigned supreme.

The centre of dissension then shifted to the P.O.U.M., whose entire executive was arrested on suspicion of treasonable activities—a matter which it is premature to discuss as the full facts are not yet available. But it may be said at once that the news of the arrests surprised nobody. The P.O.U.M., like the F.A.I. and the C.N.T., is fanatically opposed to the democratic republic at which the Socialists and the still more moderate parties are aiming. "There is no room for the democratic republic in Spain to-day," writes Mr. C. L. R. James in the preface to *Red Spanish Notebook*. "Either Spain must go back to a nightmare of reaction infinitely worse than the old feudalism, or on to the social revolution." The Red Government, according to the authors of that book, "remains entrenched within the limits of the capitalist democratic republic, and presents the struggle against Fascism as an end in itself. This is not in accordance with the aims of the world proletariat, whose interest it is to carry the revolution through to its utmost consequences."[2]

II

Let us now attempt to describe the state of affairs in Barcelona during the second half of 1937. In many respects life there has gone on without incident. "There is perfect order," wrote a prominent Catalonian to me the other day, "and life is quite normal—*except, of course, for the War*." Really, with the Ramblas as animated as ever, with theatres and cinemas functioning as usual, with conferences, celebrity concerts and other peace-time activities in full swing, it is difficult to believe that the War is so near, until it is recalled by recruiting posters, drilling squads and the shortage of so many commodities. But that public order has greatly improved there can be no sort of doubt. The *enfants terribles* were the

[1] These events are described fully in *Catalonia Infelix*, pp. 285–6.
[2] *Red Spanish Notebook*, pp. vi, 151.

Anarchists ; and, now that these have been excluded from the Generalitat Government, it is much easier for the latter to enforce discipline.

One outward sign of this approximation to normal conditions was the re-assembling, on August 18, 1937, of the Catalan Parliament, of which nothing had previously been heard for over a year. Precisely why it met nobody seems to know, unless it was to remind the country of its existence. Two of its members—Joan Casanoves, Speaker of the House, and Ventura Gassol, ex-Minister of Culture—came back for the occasion from France, where they had been obliged to take refuge from the extremists ; and the former was rewarded for his pains by the Socialists, who made an unsuccessful attempt to impeach him. Apart from this, no business was transacted except the approval of some financial resolutions (of the nature of which the Press said nothing) and the decision to postpone the elections which, according to the internal Constitution of Catalonia, fell due in November. On the day after its assembly, the Parliament adjourned to an unspecified date. It has met once since then, in October : only thirty per cent. of its members were present ; the Socialists absented themselves as a protest against the presence of Sr. Casanoves ; the session lasted for exactly seventeen minutes ; and the principal business transacted was the suspension of further sittings till next year.

During the whole of this period, rumours of a separate peace between Catalonia and General Franco have persisted to an extent which would be highly significant were there any chance whatever that terms could be arranged which would be satisfactory to both parties. It is, I think, conceivable that the Generalitat, were it free to do so, might attempt to obtain terms, for there can be no doubt that many Catalonians would prefer even the total loss of autonomy, at any rate under certain conditions, to the Anarchist or Communist domination which would follow a victory of the Popular Front over General Franco. But any attempt on its part to treat openly, or probably even to treat secretly, could only result in the rising of all the Unions against the Esquerra and in the latter's immediate extinction. In any case, whatever Catalonian ideal-

ism may imagine, no parleys, while the Nationalists continue, however slowly, to advance, could have the slightest result.

Another rumour which circulated during the late summer and autumn has proved to be better founded—namely, that Sr. Companys had decided not to present himself for re-election at the end of the year when his four-year term of office ended. An official announcement by the President to this effect in mid-October caused something like consternation in Catalonia: "It was a problem," remarked *La Vanguardia*, "which no one had ever even thought of." One had supposed him to be resigned to remaining in power, just as it had been agreed that the Catalan parliament should remain in being until the end of the War. Though his term of office has been short in years, it has been so full of activities, vicissitudes and achievements that the days of Macià's presidency seem already to belong to history. No successor could be found with either his experience or his hold upon so many of the extremist elements in the Popular Front. Perhaps he may yet remain upon his own conditions.[1] He is an able enough man to obtain them; and, provided that general indiscipline does not again break out, the result might well favour Catalonian nationalism at the expense of extremism. Time will show.

III

The religious situation in Red Spain, and particularly in Catalonia, has undergone no sensible modification. The spectacular opening of a church or two in the early autumn deceived no one in close touch with Spain, though it gave to those seeking for arguments in defence of the Popular Front Government an opportunity which they were not slow to seize. It remains true that there is no freedom of worship in eastern Spain, and there is unlikely to be any until it is conquered by General Franco. "This must never return" is the title of an article which recently appeared, not in some Spanish equivalent of the *Daily Worker*, but in a high-class illustrated periodical published in Valencia.[2] Below the title appears the

[1] While this article is passing through the press, news comes that Sr. Companys has accepted re-election and parliament has held another formal meeting.

[2] *Umbral*, July 31, 1937.

photograph of a statue of Christ with outstretched arms, and below this again are photographs of the clergy engaged in public worship and the administration of the last Sacraments. "Let us outlaw the Church, as has been done in Mexico," is the conclusion of the author of the article. "Let us seize this unique moment which the actions of the masses have offered us so that the churches which they have burned may never be rebuilt." Pages could be filled with similar quotations from the extremist Press which show that the anti-God principles which are an essential part of Anarchism are not being forgotten.

A number of articles of this type, written by one of the Anarchist leaders in Catalonia who are Catalonians by birth and can therefore command a ready hearing, were collected last year in a volume entitled *Peril in the Rearguard.* The author of this book, Joan Peiró, must be rather a thorn in the side of those who are anxious to represent the cause of the Popular Front as that of a "liberal and democratic government," pledged to tolerance and moderation. He "affirms with full responsibility," for example, that the burning of churches and similar acts of vandalism were the work, not only of Syndicalists and Anarchists, but of "all the anti-Fascist sectors, from Estat Català to the P.O.U.M., including Esquerra Republicana and the P.S.U.C."[2] He describes faithfully some of the excesses of which he does not approve, such as the action of a member of a village anti-Fascist Committee who dragged out the whole of his furniture from his house and burned it, appropriating in its place, from a looted mansion, furniture "fit for a prince," together with "clothes, carpets, works of art and a fantastic array of jewellery."[3]

But the most illuminating pronouncements of Sr. Peiró are those which defend the bloodshed and destruction of the Proletarian Revolution. "The greater the bloodshed," he remarks, "the profounder the revolution. Such revolutions as have been brought about without bloodshed have not been revolutions at all, but ridiculous pretences, like that which took place in Spain on August 14, 1931." "Either persons or things" standing in the revolutionary's way must be "ruthlessly

[2] *Perill a la reraguardia*, p. 6.

[3] *Op. cit.*, pp. 145–6.

sacrificed or rased to the very ground." "To kill those whom it is necessary to kill is an imperative revolutionary command." The mistake which has been made by the proletariat is that it did not destroy enough.

We are in the midst of a revolution—the profoundest in the records of our country—and yet, apart from taking lives, the revolutionaries —I mean those who believe in destruction for destruction's sake— have destroyed nothing but churches and convents. Is it possible that any one can suppose churches and convents to be the entire structure of the old capitalist society ? Can it be true that capitalist society . . . possesses nothing more which can be destroyed ?

To kill as one would wish to kill would mean something like the assassinations which once bathed the streets of Barcelona with blood, when men were killed . . . for their ideas. . . . *To kill God himself, if he existed, . . . would be perfectly human and natural.*[1]

IV

How far these sentiments are echoed in other parts of the Popular Front's territory it is difficult to say. They seem to emanate principally from Anarcho-Syndicalism, which is stronger in Barcelona than anywhere else in Spain. Probably, in this as in other respects, Barcelona represents the vanguard of "progressive idealism," but we can hardly doubt that a Popular Front victory would mean a great advance, all over Red territory, of such "progress."

If we turn to Valencia, the seat of the Popular Front Government from October 1936 to October 1937, we shall at once see how much easier has been that Government's task in preserving order than that of the Generalitat. When Sr. Largo Caballero went out of office in May 1937, the Syndicalist members of his Cabinet went with him, and in the new Government Socialism and Communism predominated. Thus from that date any Anarcho-Syndicalist opposition came from outside the Government, and Dr. Negrín suffered none of the embarrassment which Syndicalist Ministers caused Sr. Companys during the early summer. A striking article in *The Times* of October 8, 1937 by a special correspondent in Valencia describes the advances made by the Negrín-Prieto

[1] *Op. cit.*, pp. 8, 11, 179, 63, 55. (My italics).

Government since it took office in the preceding May. "Order is returning to the Civil Service . . . The militia bands have been incorporated into the Army and unity of command established. . . . (There) is a definite reaction against violence from below. . . . The sympathy of the people is to-day with the agent of authority, not against." These are among the writer's conclusions: none will deny their significance.

Once again they may be illustrated by a recent event. On October 1, 1937, the Cortes of the Republic held their statutory sitting. At first it was announced that this re-assembly was intended to initiate a new era of parliamentary government, all hope of which seemed to have been abandoned. Actually nothing of the kind took place. Rather more than one-third of the members of the Cortes—180 out of 470—assembled; Dr. Negrín, who, though appointed Prime Minister five months before, had not met the Cortes, made a long speech reviewing recent events; an immense War Budget was passed; and the party leaders expressed their confidence in the Government. Then, on the following day, the Cortes again adjourned *sine die*. The remarkable fact about this session was not so much that the number of deputies attending the Cortes was nearly doubled but that included in it were several Centre or Right-wing Republicans, whose lives would probably not have been safe in Red Spain a few months earlier, but who returned for this purpose: among these were Don Miguel Maura, the Republic's first Home Minister, and the Radical Sr. Guerra del Río. But the most astonishing fact was the attendance of Sr. Portela Valladares, the Prime Minister under whose rule were held the elections of February 1936 which brought in the Popular Front and who had last been heard of in Spain scrambling for his life over a Barcelona roof-top. From Barcelona he had escaped to Nice, whence General Franco had shortly afterwards received a letter of effusive support over what appeared to be his signature; and of this letter facsimile reproductions were circulating freely, at least on Nationalist territory.[1] Yet it was possible for this man (who, to judge from the fervent adherence to the Republic which he expressed

[1] Cf. *A.B.C.*, Seville, October 6, 7, 1937.

in a speech to the Cortes and subsequently to reporters, had apparently again changed his allegiance) to travel and reside in places where, a few months earlier, all kinds of harmless people were being shot, without trial and on the slightest provocation, on the mere suspicion of their being "Fascists." Whatever one may think of the attitude of Sr. Portela Valladares, his presence in Valencia is an eloquent testimony to the improvement of conditions there.

Dissensions and depositions, nevertheless, diversified by fervid press appeals for unity which only intensified the underlying hostility, formed the chief news from Valencia during September and October. First, there were fresh wrangles between Anarcho-Syndicalists and the Socialist-Communist combination, arising from an attack made by the Communists, in their paper *Frente Rojo*, upon the Anarcho-Syndicalist forces fighting in Aragon.[1] Then attempts to form a new Socialist-Syndicalist alliance broke down: "there is no unity among the proletariat," declared Emma Goldmann, the Anarcho-Syndicalists' representative in England—"there are only schisms."[2] At the same time, the expulsion from the Socialist General Union of Workers (U.G.T.) by its Executive of no less than 200,000 members, for the non-payment of dues, led to a conflict between the Executive and the National Federations of Industry. Insistent rumours of the imminence of a Government crisis now began to circulate, most of them foreshadowing the re-entry into the Cabinet of the Anarcho-Syndicalists; some of these even reached the Press, in the columns of which censorship had of late been increasingly active.[3] No such changes, however, came, and the only events of importance in October proved to be two. One was the sensational arrest, on October 20, of Don José Asensio, Under-Secretary for War in the Largo Caballero Government, together with three other officers in the high command, including the late Chief of the General Staff, on charges arising from the fall of Málaga in the preceding February. The other was the dismissal, a few days earlier, at a plenary session of the U.G.T.

[1] *Vanguardia*, September 3, 1937.
[2] *Ibid.*, September 23, 1937.
[3] *Ibid.*, September 10, 1937.

National Committee, of its entire Executive and the supersession of Sr. Largo Caballero as leader of the party by Sr. González Peña, a miners' deputy who first came to the political front during the Asturian insurrection of October 1934.

This last event was by no means unexpected; for, quite apart from the upheaval of opinion caused by the wholesale expulsions just referred to, Sr. Largo Caballero's stock had for some time been falling rapidly. While still Prime Minister he had threatened to go out of office on the ground that he was receiving insufficient support. His actual resignation, brought about chiefly by the Communists, was received much more calmly than might have been expected in view of the acclamations which had greeted him on his taking office only seven months earlier. At first both Socialists and Syndicalists refused to collaborate in a new Government unless he was at its head. The latter, influenced no doubt also by the check recently administered to their left wing in Barcelona, kept their word; but the former, though belonging to the retiring Prime Minister's own party, made no difficulty about accepting three portfolios. Those who remained faithful to him seceded from the political group responsible for his fall; but, as usually happens in such cases, they were only a small body with but little influence. The rivalry between Largo Caballero and González Peña was of course by no means new. It dates from a year or more before the outbreak of the War, and almost the last important event which preceded the murder of Sr. Calvo Sotelo was the victory of Sr. González Peña over Sr. Largo Caballero by a four-to-one vote in the contest for the Presidency of the Socialist party. With the outbreak of War the "Spanish Lenin," as the latter has been generally but none too aptly named, came back into popularity; but, once the pendulum had again begun to swing against him, it was only natural and logical that his fall should be complete. No particular importance, therefore, need be attached to this development, which, if the Popular Front continues to hold together, is likely to be reversed in the not too distant future.

Though, at the time of writing, the personnel of the Valencia Government remains unchanged, there seems to have been a

good deal behind the rumours already alluded to. Anarcho-Syndicalism is still pressing for representation in the Governments both of the Popular Front and of the Generalitat, and at present it forms a somewhat turbulent Opposition which neither Government, remembering the embarrassments which it has caused, is anxious to take into partnership. No Cabinet containing two members of the moderate Unión Republicana and a Basque Catholic is likely to welcome a quota of Anarchists; and moderation certainly seems to be paying its way at the present. The latest attempt to achieve unity was made at a ten-party conference held at Valencia on October 8, with the object of "co-ordinating activities in the interests of the War and of the social advances achieved thereby."[1] A series of resolutions deprecating controversies and pledging the parties to sink their differences culminated in the decision to establish an "Anti-Fascist Popular Front"—as though that had not been in existence for fifteen months already. It is too easy to read between the lines of such resolutions, which form the most pathetic confession of the weaknesses of Spanish individualism.

One more political development remains to be chronicled—the latest and perhaps the most important of all. On October 15 a grandiloquent announcement was issued from Valencia that at 10.30 p.m. on the following evening Dr. Negrín would broadcast an address "to the Spanish people and to the world," which might "be expected to have a great national and international echo."[2] The hour came, but not the broadcast address, for only a few hours after the announcement had been made it was cancelled, no reasons being given. It was generally believed that the address was to have announced the forthcoming transference of the Red capital from Valencia to Barcelona, though such a subject would hardly have justified the description given. The change was effected by decree on October 30. The reasons for it given by Government apologists have been numerous. All, of course, protest that it has nothing to do with the military situation, which the Valencian paper *Adelante* actually described (a few days, it is true, before the

[1] *Solidaridad Obrera*, October 9, 1937. [2] *The Times*, October 16, 1937.

fall of Gijón) as being "decidedly favourable." The chief reasons given were that the Government would be (1) in closer touch with "national and international centres"; (2) in a city much larger than Valencia and more adequate to the expansion which a gradual return to "normal political conditions" was imposing upon it; (3) more directly in contact with the industries of Catalonia, which are of course, as far as war material is concerned, the most substantial in Red Spain; (4) able to work more easily with the Government of the Generalitat, which would, none the less, remain quite separate from it. It has also been freely suggested (though not, as far as I know, in the Press) that the Government is concerned about the fate of the art treasures now housed in Valencia and hopes that air raids on this city will cease with its departure. But the objective observer would probably give little credence to any of these alleged reasons, unless the first means that Barcelona is nearer than Valencia to France. What the military situation would suggest is that, as the Popular Front Government realizes that all hope of its winning the War has now gone, it will retain Madrid as its first line of defence and make Barcelona its second, in the hope that it may hold Catalonia until either the international situation turns in its favour or it is able to obtain from General Franco the independence of Catalonia and then come to an agreement with the Generalitat on some form of joint rule. This is, of course, merely an exercise in the imagination of anyone who entertains it, but many think that the implications of the continuance of the struggle at all by the Popular Front are little better; few unprejudiced observers can suppose that, without fresh and large-scale Russian intervention, they will be able to win.

E. Allison Peers

A PROPHET OF MYSTIC NATIONALISM—A.E.

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THE simultaneous publication of two excellent books * on the late G. W. Russell (A.E.)—one a lucid and skilful memoir, the other a selection from his latest prose with a reverent prefatory essay—gives an opportunity, and perhaps may be said to impose an obligation, to attempt a preliminary re-assessment of his place in the history of Irish thought. John Eglinton writes of A.E. as a contemporary and friend of long-standing. His *Memoir* has about it that rather deceptive simplicity which has come to be expected from its author. Its tone is more mellow, its view of Irish affairs more tolerant than the views to be found in John Eglinton's earlier writings. He is as healthily sceptical as ever on the subject of A.E.'s mysticism, but shows more understanding of his patriotic fervour. Mr. Monk Gibbon's book opens with a warm and sincere tribute to one for whose personality and thought he has an equal admiration, and then gives us an anthology of A.E.'s best contributions to the *Irish Statesman*. As both writers quote freely from his poetry, and as A.E.'s personality and his expression of it—whether in prose, poetry, or paint—were so much of a unity, his leading ideas being again and again repeated in almost identical terms, we may fairly say that the ordinary reader will find in these two books much of the essential A.E.

His many admirers and friends will find in them also—evoked unescapably as they read the printed word—the clear memory of his endless conversation, and even the rich monotone of his gentle but extraordinarily impressive voice. For his manifold activities were all of a piece, and to those who only knew him in his later years it seems singular how little

* *A Memoir of* A.E.—George William Russell. By John Eglinton. London: Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.
The Living Torch: A.E. Edited by Monk Gibbon. With an Introductory Essay. London: Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.

his busy life had changed him from the days when he preached idealised co-operation to farmers reached in remote corners on his bicycle, or even from the yet more distant time when he passed in the twilight from Pim's counting-house to commune with *Anima Mundi* on the Dublin Hills. His character, his thought, and his actions were one; the deep sea was enriched from time to time by some new inflowing stream, but its waters remained unchanged. An unusually retentive memory—he often said that he could remember every line of his own poetry—added to his proneness for "brooding" (one of his favourite words) caused him again and again to echo himself, so that in the end his voice and his writing had almost the effect of a recurrent natural phenomenon—the boom of the tide in a cave or a waterfall heard in the distance. And like a natural phenomenon, his voice was always a kind of incantation.

Striking examples of this peculiarity in A.E.—a peculiarity to which he owed so much of his power—may be easily found by anyone who opens almost at random any two of his books in succession. Mr. Monk Gibbon provides us with a couple; for instance, when he quotes a friend's story of how, during his last visit to America, A.E. extemporised a short poem on "the intellectual contest then raging between property rights and personal rights"—a poem in which one line is a casual phrase from *The National Being*, written seventeen years before. Or again when he tells how in London, during the interval between his two American journeys, A.E. explained to another friend why he thought some places to be more favourable to vision than others: "Well," he said in a kindly voice, "the earth is a person—a goddess, and we are parts of her—in her." It is the doctrine of his first volume of poems, *Homeward, Songs By the Way*, published in 1894. As he had a consistent doctrine, which was perhaps capable only of being vaguely formulated, but which never really changed, so he always showed a special preference for certain words, phrases, and metaphors, from his first poetry to his last article. How many times do we meet in his writing a word like "moods," epithets like "amethyst" and "diamond," phrases about the

marriage of ideas, and sentiments like the desirability of conquering evil by means of its opposite ? Did anyone else share the mild irritation caused to at least one reader by the exasperating frequency of the word " politicals " in the *Irish Statesman* ? This tendency to self-repetition was one of the many qualities in A.E. which remind us of the ancient pagan sages—men of the period when the moralising of the Stoics and Cynics was " married," as he might say himself, with the cosmic mysticism of the later Pythagoreans.

In losing A.E. Dublin has lost one of the greatest of those who brought her a world-wide reputation as a city of brilliant talkers. We are not likely to see again together a pair so unique in their different ways as himself and Stephen MacKenna, not to speak of the many less famous but not much less striking characters in whom pre-War Dublin was so prolific and in whom post-Treaty Dublin seems somehow so poor. A.E. was far more than a mere conversationalist. His work as artist may be judged by others more qualified, but at least it may be said here that he, more than any man of his time, awoke in ordinary people who came in contact with his painting a sense of Ireland's natural beauty and its pictorial possibilities, and that in his painting, allied so closely as it was with his ways of thought, the " Celtic Twilight " was perhaps at its most successful. It was his writing, however, and above all his fearless personal stand for principle at certain times when every help counted, that most influenced his country's history. There is a slight danger that, as a result of his later advocacies and of the criticisms to which he felt impelled during a period of general embitterment, his earlier great services may be forgotten. As with the ancient sages again, his normal serenity was capable at times of fierce indignation, during which his blows were not always well aimed. But from the first moment at which his attention was aroused by the dithyrambic prose epics of Standish O'Grady, he remained a devoted patriot ; and at one or two crises of the troubled times during which his later life was spent, his intervention in the Irish struggle was at once bold and extremely effective. One such case was his resounding Open Letter to

Rudyard Kipling in reply to some unworthy verses by the latter on the "Ulster" question—a document rightly characterised by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy as "tremendous." This, however, was merely an incident in comparison with his advocacy of the Irish cause during the period from 1918-21. He was no Sinn Féiner, although deeply stirred by the Rebellion of 1916. Indeed his remoteness from the centre of things is strikingly illustrated by the entirely exaggerated influence on that event which he attributed to the Dublin labour troubles of three years earlier. His view, ably expressed during the 1917 Convention, was that Dominion Home Rule alone could unite Ireland. But just as in the case of Kipling, so in the years after 1918 his great reputation throughout the English-speaking world gave his protests a force such as few other men could command, and helped enormously to weaken the morale of the English government.

His intervention in the 1913 strike was of less importance. He could not prevent the victory of the employers, but his resounding denunciations opened the eyes of the public at large to real injustice, and his stand in this affair helped to lend his later political pronouncements all the more weight. John Eglinton's *Memoir* gives us a vivid impression of the extent to which his singularly generous and humane mind was moved by the horrors of the Anglo-Irish war. Yet he was not one of those intellectuals who allowed the natural emotions of a grisly experience to stir them from their moorings of good sense. The Treaty was a test of intelligence against sentiment, of the head against the heart, and the poet of the Golden Age, of the Earth-Mother and the Ancestral Self, from whom the critical might have expected a display of heroics, stood firm. Indeed it might be said that from this time his judgments on erring "politicals" tended to strike a sharper note and to indicate a less complete understanding, and this in part contributed to the comparative estrangement from politics that followed. There is an anecdote of Michael Collins having once said that "the *Irish Statesman* would be all right if only A.E. could keep his beard out of it." This is a characteristic expression of the impatience felt by a

great man of action with the abstractions of a metaphysical poet. A.E. himself had a high idea of the worth of both Collins and Griffith, though the latter likewise had little, if any, sympathy for his type of thinking. It may be confidently said that A.E. is one of the gallant company who not merely sang to sweeten Ireland's wrong, but wrought well on Ireland's behalf. If we have entered, not without stumblings at the threshold, into at least the forecourt of our national dream-palace, we owe a part of the debt for our good fortune to A.E.

There was of course another and a more important side to A.E.'s national activity, his work for co-operation, and here he exercised over the minds of his generation in Ireland an influence not unworthy of comparison with that of Griffith himself. In the hey-day of the co-operative movement, just before the Great War, his articles in the *Irish Homestead* were awaited with eager interest in many a remote country district. His name, of course, meant nothing to young men to whom *Homeward* and *The Earth Breath* were only a vague tangle of fine words, and indeed he made no effort to impress it on his readers. There was always a curious charm of anonymity about the co-operative movement, quite in keeping with the communal idealism breathed into it by A.E. I remember with pleasure how the nearest our local chairman—a very worthy man, the only Protestant small farmer in the district—could get to the name of the movement's founder was "Sir Hoarse." Now and again a kindly, efficient organiser from the North—not A.E., who at this time was stationary among his gods with the *Homestead*—would come round, and that was all. But the movement had life in it, stimulated in part by A.E.'s writing and in part by the opposition of the Parliamentarians, and co-operation very frequently passed over later, as by a natural transition, into Sinn Féin. Political dreams have a notorious way of never turning out exact, and this was perhaps the unconscious fulfilment of A.E.'s dream, noted by John Eglinton, that he was to be the prophet of Ireland's Avatar.

A.E. has been compared with Thomas Davis, and there is justice in the comparison. Like Davis he sought to give Irish political aspirations a deeper meaning and to link them more

intimately with the remote national past, although the influences that helped to form his national philosophy came from sources entirely unknown to his great forerunner. Both were essentially products of that Anglo-Irish strain which has been exceedingly powerful in shaping the destiny of modern Ireland. Its impact upon the mentality of the old nation has produced effects as yet little studied or understood, though much in the future will depend on their being clearly grasped. Not merely the republicanism whose parent was Wolfe Tone, but the whole political gospel of modern nationalism from O'Connell down through the Irish Party to the earliest Sinn Féin policy of a Kingdom of Ireland, had its origin in Anglo-Irish or Ascendancy doctrines of the late eighteenth century. The intellectual formulation of Republicanism, Repeal, Home Rule, and Sinn Féin marks them all off very clearly from the rather instinctive, though infinitely more powerful, movement of the old nation towards its three successive objectives: Catholic Emancipation, recovery of the land, and revival of the language. It is the unconscious clash between Anglo-Irish political nationalism and the less clearly political and rather cultural or social instincts of the people that has produced the curious tension in all our modern political movements which has so often deflected them from their declared courses. When Parnell refused to put bounds to the march of the nation, he simply meant that he did not really know what, in the political sense, the nation wanted. His achievement, along with Davitt, in making certain the recovery of the land, was in essence a paradox in which the Anglo-Irish Protestant gentleman became the instrument of the native Catholic peasantry; and it was no accident but a profoundly-motived historical event that, immediately on his quitting the scene, there began the effort to revive the language.

"The essential Ireland," says John Eglinton, "after all was Catholic Ireland, from which Russell was excluded." The statement sounds entirely banal, but the curious thing is that its full significance has ever and again been missed by modern prophets of nationalism. When Fintan Lalor spoke of undoing, not the Union, but the Conquest, he was coming nearer to the

instinctive sense of the people than any other writer has done. The oddest thing about modern Ireland has been the combination of attraction and repulsion continually felt by the Anglo-Irish for their fellow-countrymen of the old nation and religion. It is, of course, something older than the religious difference : a striking instance of it may be seen in the story of how, after the battle of Knocktoe in 1504, the Lord Gormanston of the period remarked to the Great Earl of Kildare that it would be a good thing to treat their Irish allies as they had just treated their Irish enemies. This abiding antipathy can only be a deeply-felt inheritance from the days when the native Irish were in the strictest sense outlaws in their own land. Religious differences have exasperated it in modern times, and made it seem as if the real division were that between Catholic and Protestant. This, however, is even yet by no means the only division, and the anti-Catholic bias so often apparent in Irish nationalism has another source. It would be easy to collect examples of such bias, which indeed betrays itself rather in erratic outbursts of irritation by men like Tone and Mitchel, and other good friends of the Catholic cause, than in any conscious systematic tendency.

Outbursts of this kind are the expression of a deeper antipathy between the very philosophy of nationalism and the profound Catholicism of the people. In its essence, nationalism itself has a rooted tendency towards heresy. In Europe it has been the concomitant and product of the Romantic movement, and in Ireland its true focus for at least a generation was the ruling and possessing Ascendancy class before the Union. In 1798 the native Irish took up arms, except when indoctrinated by members of the Ascendancy class, not for the republic or even for parliamentary reform, but for the causes that had been lost at Aughrim and Culloden—" the old life that comes not again," the old religion, and the return of the land to its rightful owners. Nationalism seems inevitably doomed to culminate in State-worship or in reliance upon an ever-growing bureaucracy ; and it is no accident that much in A.E.'s political writing, intensely as he hated all regimentation, foreshadowed the theories of present-day German

National Socialism, itself the last and most virulent phase of the Romantic movement. It is usual to suppose that Irish nationalism is something older and holier than its European counterpart; but we should do better to reserve the name for the thing it universally designates—the tendency, born of the French Revolution, to identify nation and state—and to find some older and holier name for the element in our social and political thinking that is native to Ireland. This new impetus, taking shape in political action and formulated in intellectual concepts drawn from the revolutionary literature of the Continent, has been the great equivocal gift of the Anglo-Irish to the old nation in modern times.

What is called the Irish Literary Renaissance, a movement whose Anglo-Irish and therefore preponderantly Protestant character has been remarked by Mr. Ernest Boyd, came at the end of the nineteenth century to reinforce nationalism with a series of further heresies—this time on one side more explicit, while on the other perhaps subtler still. Although the movement started in part as a kind of protest against the excessively political tendencies of previous Anglo-Irish literature, all it really aimed at doing was to give a better intellectual and artistic formulation to ideas inherent in nationalism from the beginning. Standish O'Grady was always acknowledged as its true founder, and his elaborate prose sagas were essentially, whether he was aware of it or not, an attempt to do for Irish literature what had been done for German by the great Romantics. The result was exactly the same—an escape from the trammels of Christianity, especially in its peculiarly antipathetic Irish Catholic form, into a splendid world of ancient pagan heroism, peopled with exuberant heroes whose lineaments might easily have been exchanged for those of Sigmund and Siegfried. The medieval tale of Oisín's colloquy with Patrick was transformed quite illegitimately into the record of a conflict between the brightness and wisdom of Celtic paganism and the sombre superstition of Christianity. O'Grady was himself of native descent; but he was a Protestant and a landlord, and this strange evocation of an entirely imaginary pagan past was his unconscious sublimation of the modern

conflict between landlord and peasant, in which he tried, eloquently but vainly, to intervene. Scholars for the past forty years have again and again pointed out that no such struggle between paganism and Christianity is to be found in medieval Irish literature—which is, of course, itself entirely of Christian origin—and that the Romantic style, for all its beginnings in Macpherson's *Ossian*, is as remote from that of the old stories as could well be conceived. This did not in the least prevent the growth of a whole new literature, whose leading ideas have sometimes a quite startling kinship with those of Rosenberg and Ludendorff. Nor did it prevent the adoption, by a scholar like Pearse, of O'Grady's Cuchulain as a national hero and symbol. The monument which commemorates the 1916 Rising in the G.P.O. is almost as much a monument to the Irish Literary Renaissance as to the Irish Volunteers.

A.E., as he tells us himself, was struck by O'Grady's revelation of the glorious past as by a new and very powerful evangel. Already a fervent adherent, along with Mr. Yeats and a number of other young men, of the Theosophist movement, which was then in its early stage of triumphant expansion, he proceeded to combine the vague mysticism he had learned therefrom with the romantic legends of the Tuatha Dé Danann, the Fomorians, Lugh, Aongus and Mananán, so that the rediscovered Irish paganism took on a cosmic grandeur. The influence of Theosophy on English literature between about 1890 and 1914 is a subject that would well repay extensive study. Many writers, afterwards famous, received not merely a set of religious ideas well adapted to poetic expression in terms of late Romantic poetry, but a complete substitute for a higher education, in small Theosophic clubs and debating societies. The kinship between Wordsworth's pantheistic nature-worship and much of A.E.'s poetry is abundantly clear, and the link between them was really A.E.'s Theosophy, which was, of course, unknown to Wordsworth. John Eglinton, I think, records A.E.'s gratification when an American admirer compared his poetry with that of Emerson, and here the similarity is obvious; for Emerson, in his sympathy for

Eastern mysticism, was a Theosophist born out of due time. It was to Theosophy that A.E. owed most of his acquaintance with "the ancient scriptures," the writings of Indian and Chinese sages and the later mystics of pagan antiquity such as Apollonius of Tyana, of whom he spoke to Simone Téry as a master of wisdom. To some writers, and notably to Mr. Yeats, Theosophy served merely as an inexhaustible storehouse for literary symbols. To A.E. it was a religion, and although he exercised in its regard his full right of private judgment, he took its teachings very seriously indeed.

In view of the remarkable unity of his personality and character, it is not to be wondered at that in him all these strangely-assorted elements were fused into a single, if many-sided, doctrine. Already while an accountant in Pim's, he had gone through a decisive religious experience which made him a convinced pantheist and worshipper of nature. His reading in the "ancient scriptures" provided him with a kind of mystical theology and a code of morals, and the revelations of Standish O'Grady awoke in him an intense pagan nationalism. To him Earth, and in particular Irish earth, was quite literally a divinity, and the hills and lakes of Ireland were the living sanctuaries of holy ancestral spirits, half-divine, half-human pre-incarnations of degenerate modern men. In some moods their names seemed to matter little, whether taken from the Bhagavad-Gita or from the Irish sagas known to him only through O'Grady. His nationalism was thus only an aspect of his religion, and went easily with a mystical cosmopolitanism of precisely the same order. His politics and his social views, even in some respect his conduct, were singularly like those of the later Cynics of antiquity, who practised a peculiar form of asceticism, were at once Greeks and citizens of the world, hated cities and preached the advantages of country life but were never to be found far from the market-place, advocated anarchism but could identify Roman Emperors with ideal philosopher-kings, and like A.E. were fond of professing their kinship with the Gymnosophists and Brahmans of the remote East. Everything that A.E. wrote and spoke was penetrated

with this modern version of an ancient syncretist paganism, which could embrace elements from all religions that came his way. Thus he took his original pen-name from that of a Gnostic emanation of Divinity; it was only shortened to the first two letters of "Aeon" by the bewilderment of a printer, and the letters were only separated afterwards owing to the incomprehension of his readers, who, of course, never realised how seriously it was meant. Thus also all through his life he showed sympathy for Oriental writers, and Mr. Monk Gibbon reprints articles in which he assessed for the Irish public the qualities of Krishnamurti, the abortive Theosophist Avatar, and Khalil Gibran.

John Eglinton, who differed strongly from him when his exaltation about Irish politics was at its height after 1916, thinks that to some readers he may seem in this phase not to have been quite sane. His transplantation of this exotic Eastern growth in the over-warm soil of Irish politics may indeed have produced at times a crop of ideas out of the ordinary man's, and most especially the ordinary Irishman's, comprehension; but nothing is surer than that he held on to his beliefs till the end, in spite of his disappointed hopes in an Irish Avatar, who should reincarnate Cuchulain or Aongus Óg. These beliefs make their appearance with unfailing regularity in everything he wrote, from his homilies to farmers in the *Homestead* to his plan for a reformation of Irish society in the *National Being*, his speculations on the Rebellion in *The Interpreters*, and his latest articles in the *Irish Statesman*.

In his youth he had astonished Standish O'Grady, who did not yet know him, by his preaching to the passers-by on the Esplanade at Bray about the Earth-Mother and the ancient gods of Ireland. Later he was to write to T. P. Gill, who must have felt a certain wonderment, about the sacrilege of talking on Raffeisen banks "below Mount Nephin, which is largely stocked with gods, immortals and fairies"; and everyone knows of George Moore's indulgent scoffings at his efforts to psychometrise New Grange and the unfortunate interruption of his experiment by two Presbyterian clergymen. In his last years he was still capable of causing a little embarrassment

to friends by long accounts of his intercourse with fairies.

It must regretfully be said that practically all A.E.'s teaching —on nationality, politics, and society—is entirely vitiated by its undoubted origin in these questionable sources. While the superficial aspects of his mysticism are, of course, easy to recognise and allow for, the nationalism which was altogether inseparable from his religion, because they were closely-knit parts of one whole, has a more subtle and far less foreign appeal. One of the essential notes of Theosophy is its power of penetration, by reason of its all-embracing union of ancient and modern, oriental and occidental religious elements, into minds unprepared for its attack. A striking example of this is the inclusion of some of A.E.'s poems in a Christian hymnary published by the Oxford University Press. Along with his very oddly-based devotion to Ireland went the antipathy, noted already, of the Anglo-Irishman to certain characteristics of the native, especially the native's Catholicism. He liked to think of his work as that of a propagator of heresies, and many of his superficially justifiable criticisms of Irish ways and Irish qualities were in fact derived from his own entirely unorthodox and un-Irish but not by any means necessarily sound views. Like other leading writers of the "Literary Renaissance," he was totally insensitive to the long Catholic history of his country. It is significant how in its latest phases the movement that began with the Gaelic gods has managed to jump over the whole Gaelic middle ages and has begun to concentrate on the great men of the eighteenth century—Swift, Berkeley, or Goldsmith. Rooted in a mixture of Theosophy and Romanticism, the literary movement has been almost entirely unhistorical. It has had no interest in the Irish saints or scholars or in the Irish holy places, which at any rate, into whatever obscurity they may have fallen, are more real and mean more to the people than the faded gods of O'Grady or the Bronze Age sanctuary of New Grange.

A.E.'s co-operative gospel was in many ways less exotic and more practical than his literary nationalism. There is no doubt that it exercised a powerful influence on constructive social and political thought. The ideas that are to be met,

intermingled with speculations about the Oversoul, in *The National Being*, found an echo in the first Sinn Féin efforts at making a framework for a new State, and I am sure played some part in the many proposals for an Irish commonwealth, including one which envisaged a King for every parish, at the earliest conventions after 1917. The provision made in the Free State constitution, and afterwards, alas ! neglected, for the erection of vocational councils, must also probably be laid to A.E.'s ultimate credit.

Here again, as was inevitable, there is another side to the picture. It was the misfortune of the co-operative movement that its origin was external and its leadership always Protestant or Anglo-Irish for the most part. There was justice in the complaint of the Irish Party that far too fierce and unnecessary a war was declared on traders. Apart perhaps from a few districts in the remote west, the famous gombeen-man, on whom A.E. wasted so much invective, was largely a bogey, and the effect of the campaign against him was to introduce an undesirable kind of class-war into country districts. A study like Dr. Arensberg's recent little book on the sociology of a Co. Clare townland shows how closely the local shopkeeper is interlocked with the ancestral scheme of society in rural Ireland, and how chimerical is the idea that he can be easily eliminated. I have been told that in some places it will even be found that the only extant representatives of the ancient local dynasty are the small shopkeeper and his family. For all A.E.'s mysticism, it may be said not unfairly that his conception of social order was fundamentally materialistic and irreligious. Recent events, at home as well as abroad, have shown us the dangers of secularism, romanticism, and the belief that a Catholic people can be organised or led while their most sacred possession and most powerful motive-force is neglected or despised as irrelevant. A.E.'s life and work are of interest to more than those who came in contact with his personal genius and his fine, if strange, character. Their careful study and understanding will raise, if perhaps negatively rather than in any very positive sense, questions the answers to which are going to matter greatly to our future as a nation. MICHAEL TIERNEY

RENÉ DESCARTES

The Tercentenary of his "Discourse on Method" 1637—1937

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JUST three hundred years ago a young man published a little treatise of bewitching babble about himself and his thoughts and forthwith determined the history of the modern world. Those thoughts were the seeds of a scepticism that deprived men of common beliefs and principles and purposes of action. There is no need here to trace the history of big business to the decay of social morality or that of trusts to the abandonment of trust. The house built upon sand is clearly stability itself compared with the world built on the breath of Descartes, and the problem arises of how he induced men to trust him and eventually, under his influence, to trust almost nothing. Something more than genius, which Descartes possessed, more even than a genius for charlatanry, which he detested, is required to explain how he contrived to make men cautious, and so incautiously cautious at that. His *Discours de la Méthode pour bien conduire sa Raison et Chercher la Verité dans les Sciences* (to give it its full title), whose tercentenary is upon us, narrates the evolution of his ideas in the setting of his external environs.

Recent works indicate a growing perception, on the part of scholars, of Descartes' position in the history of science. Nevertheless history still stands to show that his deepest, if most disastrous, impression was made by the doctrine implied in the *cogito*. Let us commemorate him by considering the birth of this doctrine in a way, somewhat unusual indeed, but more congenial to unprofessional philosophers than technicalities. Accepting the hint of the *Discours*, let us endeavour to reconstruct the historical and personal facts that helped

to make him a philosopher and the special trait of his philosophy (the *cogito*) that was to generate the scepticism and, through it, the social insecurity of the ensuing centuries.

René Descartes was born in 1596 in Touraine of a family belonging to the non-military nobility or *noblesse de la robe*. He was a delicate child, and his father spoiled him and thereby did a fateful thing. For René, who was naturally inquisitive, became under his father's schooling so conceited that he easily assumed later on the rôle of infallible solver of problems. At the same time his brother, a stout practical character, despised him for his unremunerative speculations, and his sister seems to have sided with his brother. Even his father thought René had gone too far when he had made himself famous for his learning, and complained that he had had himself bound in calf; but he was then beyond the family arm. This dislike of his brother, however, taught René secretly to mistrust his own infallibility and made him sensitive to criticism, which he feared. The very circumstances of his childhood therefore made Descartes feel the need of a philosophy invulnerable to criticism and at the same time, in the light of his secret diffidence, the need of circumspection and wariness in determining the truth of its fundamental contentions. Father and brother had unwittingly prepared René for methodic doubt.

By and by he went to the most aristocratic school in France, the Jesuit college of La Flèche. Here the rector continued the process of spoiling. Who can blame anyone for spoiling Descartés, frail and intelligent, serious, fantastic, studious, endowed with the most attractive of vices, vanity devoid of arrogance? He was allowed to lie in bed every morning, and he spent the extra time disloyally not in sleep but in reflection. So profitable did he find late rising that it seems to have determined his character as the Lazy Philosopher. In after years he habitually rose only shortly before midday. He would say that much idleness is necessary to good mental work, that a few hours of work each year sufficed him to elaborate his system. That system too can be assimilated, at least in skeleton form, with probably less trouble than any

other great philosophy. And finally, when the formidable Queen Christina of Sweden compelled him to get up before five o'clock in the morning to teach her philosophy, he died.

Was it this laziness that withheld him from ever acquiring a thorough knowledge of scholastic philosophy? In some measure perhaps. The schools of those days differed from ours by really educating the boys entrusted to them. That is to say they taught them philosophy; and so it was at La Flèche. But Descartes, already a brilliant mathematician and delighted at the conclusiveness of mathematical reasoning, found scholastic metaphysics unconvincing. A stronger reason than laziness for his lack of conviction is that already given in an article in STUDIES of last March, based on facts for which M. Sirven has collected the evidence.[1] Briefly it is that Descartes studied an abridgment of scholasticism so simplified that its proofs could only claim probability for its conclusions, and he mistook it for the complete doctrine. Meanwhile mathematics had whetted his hunger for a philosophy demonstrated by a rigorous mathematical method from data so evidently true that no man had it in his physical power to doubt them. He even dreamed of applying mathematics to philosophy and though it was left for Leibniz to attempt the truly mathematical philosophy, Descartes' dream afterwards led to his greatest achievement, the discovery of analytical geometry—the matrix of the calculus. For this enabled him to express continuous extensions and their internal and external relations numerically—to apply mathematics therefore, if not to all being, at least to the material world of physics. But he at least left La Flèche with a burning faith in the power of human reason (especially of his own) if not in its achievements. And he took with him another faith never to be abandoned, faith in the Catholic Church. La Flèche had not wholly failed with him.

In 1616 we find Descartes graduating in arts and law at the University of Poitiers and examining his conscience on his studies. He came to the conclusion that he possessed no

[1] *Les Années d'Apprentissage de Descartes.* 1928.

clear ideas nor any that were rationally certain. He still lacked that indubitable first principle that was to guarantee truth for him ; all his notions were founded on sense-knowledge or tradition, neither of which seemed to be an evidently infallible guide. And so, as the first step to finding an infallible guide, he made up his mind to doubt all the beliefs that he had hitherto held on natural evidence alone. Such was in essence methodic doubt, the doubt to end doubt. Nothing would be naturally true for him henceforth, however vividly it imposed itself upon his knowledge, until that knowledge had passed a rigorous test. To discover such a test he set out to see the world and collect materials for thought. Availing himself of no knowledge hitherto acquired by himself or by any other man, a wanderer in search of a fact, he set out from zero to conquer by his own unaided power the universe of truth. He made two mistakes as we shall see ; yet we cannot but admit that there was gallantry in his folly. His quest was more fantastic than that of the Holy Grail, but in its way it was as chivalrous.

His most exciting adventure and the first of which we have record was in the battlefield. At the opening of the Thirty Years' War he served with the Protestant army of Maurice of Nassau, who was then awaiting siege in Breda. But Descartes wearied of inaction and next year joined the Catholics campaigning under Maximilian of Bavaria. No Catholic regarded as treachery his service with the Protestants, nor any Protestant his transference of allegiance to the Catholics. The war was ostensibly not a religious war, and in any case the recognition everywhere of professional soldiers of fortune had made service with the Protestant armies no more of a social stigma for a Catholic than employment by a Protestant business man would be to-day. Let us remember that Richelieu, a Cardinal of the Church, allied with the Protestants and that the greatest of the Catholic generals, Wallenstein, was assassinated by an Irish Catholic and two Scotch Calvinists, all of them his officers. The fact is that Descartes probably worried little over the issues at stake so long as he found excitement. With Maximilian he found it, fighting at the

Battle of Prague. We may infer from his character that he fought bravely enough but inconspicuously.

Shortly after the battle a severe winter overtook him in a lonely part of the country. He was compelled to take refuge in a farmhouse, where he endured the winter's siege solitary for many months in a room made comfortable by a German stove. Here he received that strange inspiration which, in his own cosy and confidential and utterly candid prose, reads almost like an Aristophanic burlesque of mystical revelation. Gazing into the embers he perceived his first principle, his *inventum mirabile*, the indubitable truth of his own existence, and from this principle, apparently intuited rather than reasoned, he evolved a whole philosophy in outline (Kant too was wont to discover his philosophy in the fire). Probably it was the conviction that his life-work as a savant must now begin—a conviction aided perhaps by disappointment at the failure of his superior officers to recognise his valour at Prague—that soon induced him to resign his commission. He then went on a pilgrimage to Loreto in thanksgiving to our Lady for his *inventum mirabile*, which in its remote logical consequences was to seduce multitudes from their religious faith. Then for some years he wandered about Europe, living frugally on his slender private income, and finally settled in Amsterdam. Henceforward indeed his history is chiefly the history of his works and of their vogue, until in 1650 he was carried off by pneumonia contracted in the unwonted chill of the Swedish dawn. But it is time to describe the occasion of the work whose publication we are celebrating.

During his *Wanderjahre* he had come to Paris, where his reputation as a mathematician and physicist won him in 1628 an invitation to a learned soirée at the house of a great lady. Descartes could never resist the invitations of great ladies—and the last one, as we know, occasioned his death. A certain Chandoux in the drawingroom undertook to explain a philosopical theory of his, but was not a sufficiently competent philosopher to conceal his ignorance from some of his listeners. Descartes, hitherto unknown to be interested in philosophy,

put some unanswerable difficulties to him; then on pressure from the company he outlined his own system to their astonishment and delight. This was the beginning of his vogue as a philosopher. The Oratorian Cardinal de Bérulle, godfather to more than one system of philosophy, was present and urged Descartes to write out and publish his system. But it was not till 1637 that he published in autobiographical form its skeleton, the *Discours de la Méthode*—one of the very few books that really have made epochs.

It must suffice here to outline the aim and the initial proposition that determined the whole doctrine and character of the Cartesian philosophy, the Cartesian *Denkart* as Kant calls it comprehensively. Two points decided the abiding influence of Descartes on the generations that followed his: thorough rationalism of method and the subjectivism inherent in his fundamental proposition. He had set out, as we have seen, to give to philosophy the conclusiveness of mathematics. To maintain the analogy with a mathematical solution his philosophy had therefore to be founded not on a general principle but on some concrete fact, not deduced from any other truth but given immediately in its own reality to the mind; and this fact must be of such a nature that, by their necessary consistency with it as *datum*, the solutions to all the important questions that had hitherto perplexed philosophers (and indeed to all possible questions) could be found with clear and invincible certainty. Now a concrete fact that can be apprehended inmediately and in its own reality by a discursive mind must be a fact of its nature closely associated with the mind. And what fact is of its nature more closely associated with the mind than the reality of the thinking substance itself, the soul? Descartes, thus directed in his search by reason, saw the issue of it in the embers of the German stove: *Cogito, ergo sum*; I think, therefore I am.

But that issue was not a deduction. Reason had merely indicated where to look for the truth; but the truth, when found, had been known immediately in its own reality by intuition. Furthermore, in the principle itself there is no

reasoning. By knowing my thought, *ipso facto* I know the substantial *ego*. It is so, claimed Descartes, because in every thought I have a clear and distinct idea of my own existence. It must be so for the reason given already, that the soul is the closest of all objects of thought to itself. If it had not been so, the whole principle would have been futile for Descartes' purpose; for thought itself, if really distinct from the ego, reveals the ego to us as something only *thought* to exist—namely, as that which thinks—and how can I validly infer the *real* existence of anything solely from the fact that I *think* it exists? Descartes' task of establishing the ontological validity of reason depended for its success, he considered, on discovering in one intuitive act both his act of reason itself and the reality of its object. The *cogito*, therefore, expresses an intuition of one simple concrete fact: thought and the substance of the thinking soul are one by identity.

But besides the act of thought and the thinking subject, there is a third element without which thought would be inconceivable. Thought would not be thought without an object, without something thought of. By taking away the object you take away thought itself. The object is, therefore, really identified with the thought; it *is* the thought, and therefore is the thinker. But there are many other objects of thought besides the ego. These therefore are only apparently other, but are really identified with the ego and its thought. And thus Descartes conceived the substance of the human soul as a thought constantly varying its modes. Nevertheless, though the immediate objects of thought can only be thought and its modifications—never, except when the soul itself is the object, reality—still Descartes did not deny the existence of the external world. True, the *immediate* object of thought can only be thought, but this thought can be an accurate semblance or a "picture" of reality. He contended that it was an accurate semblance of reality by appealing to the goodness of God Who cannot lead us positively into error. God's existence he showed from the idea of the Allperfect that he possessed; this idea must have come from God Himself, for had it been abstracted from a creature it would

have been abstracted from the imperfect, and to do this would be impossible. The argument depended for its validity (like the ontological argument which Descartes also employed) on his idea of the Allperfect being itself perfect. From these conclusions (to mention his more picturesque doctrines) he reasoned to the idea of the material world as pure extension diversified by vortical movements, to the virtual denial of the substantial unity of soul and body, and to the denial of life in beasts and plants. Meanwhile we shall follow him no further. He had concluded that the nature of the human soul is to be simply substantial knowledge of itself and "pictorial" knowledge (by a kind of television) of external things, but it has no knowledge of external things in their own reality. It is, therefore, a shut oyster.

But the concept of myself as the world's oyster in course of time led the modern mind to dread and doubt about what lay outside its shell. Descartes, though with ever-increasing misgiving, always believed that the oyster knew the outside world with passable accuracy. Hume more logically concluded that it could not know even whether an outside world existed. Kant, scandalised, insisted that it could know that there was a world though it could know nothing more about it. His epigoni virtually asserted that there was no world outside of the oyster (perhaps Bradley got closest to an explicit assertion). The world had become a bogus world—and indeed, especially for Schopenhauer, a bogey world. The ordinary man was too efficiently hoodwinked by his senses (as an idealist would put it) to follow philosophers all the way to this triumphant conclusion. But he inherited some of their scepticism, some of their distrust of that reason which Descartes had set out to vindicate. The article already mentioned, however, has explained the effects of the Cartesian philosophy and how it subverted faith in the universal principles whose application alone could have preserved the world from its present insecurity and disorder. There is no need here to develop the point further.

Meanwhile for the remainder of the seventeenth century Cartesianism met with a success that was probably unique,

to which the acrimony of its many opponents both witnessed and contributed. Soon it was being taught in many universities, both Catholic and Protestant, and even penetrated some Catholic seminaries with its influence. All the other universities, especially the Calvinistic, showed that they at least respected it by the heat and incessancy of their attacks upon it. Descartes tried especially to enlist his old friends, the Jesuits, in its favour and found in some of them a measure of sympathy, though most of them disagreed with him fundamentally. But his success was not only a learned success; it was also that of a best-seller. The European nobility divined that here at last was a philosophy within the mental capacity of the gallant warriors that they were. Cartesianism was talked in the drawingrooms. Débutantes were tutored in its secrets, for it was the password to society. One was required to be as quick with one's *cogito* as one is now with one's inferiority complex, though in neither case has society insisted on more than a vague knowledge of what the phrases mean. The use to which the average society lady put her knowledge of Descartes' philosophy may be gathered from the words of Mme. de Sévigné in a letter to her daughter: "En attendant, *je pense, donc je suis*; je pense à vous avec tendresse, donc je vous aime; je pense uniquement à vous de cette manière, donc je vous aime uniquement." Charming, but it is a finer tribute to the lady's heart than to her head. Nevertheless, if relatively few understood Descartes, all were persuaded that they could understand him, and therefore talked of him and read his works and generally claimed to defend his doctrine.

Amongst the circumstances that contributed to the success of the Cartesian philosophy the unobtrusive brilliance of workmanship in the *Discours* must be counted. It is true but insufficient to say that its style was pure and plain and set the fashion for the universal style, excellent though monotonously unindividual, that has ever since made France a nation of writers. Besides this mere faultlessness, the *Discours* has a subtle and inimitable individuality. It may be described as Descartes' power of buttonholing the reader, of

making him feel that he is soliciting his partnership as a favour. Before him Montaigne and after him Lamb and others have made free with their readers. But perhaps no one has stimulated nor, outside of political elections, attempted to stimulate the same sense of privilege, of being admitted to serious and dignified, but wholly intimate, community of interests with a rare mind. And the candour of the style was much facilitated by the apparent simplicity and sweet reasonableness of the philosophy. This professed to be founded on the most indubitable of facts, a fact so obvious and necessary that, like the existence of the air we breathe, nobody had ever taken much notice of it. From this fundamental fact it seemed to proceed with systematic logic and without extravagance to the conclusions that people most desired. Mme. de Sévigné, to quote her again, says of Descartes' philosophy : " Elle me paraît d'autant plus belle qu'elle est facile, et qu'elle n'admet dans le monde que des corps et du mouvement, ne pouvant souffrir tout ce dont on ne peut avoir une idée claire et nette. Sa métaphysique me plaît aussi ; ses principes sont aisés et ses inductions naturelles." Mark that she is not interested in its truth ; it is easy and that is enough. It is true that when the statement of a complex problem surreptitiously omits some of the conditions that must be fulfilled in its solution, then a lucid and apparently valid solution may easily be found for the problem as stated. " There is little mystery, but much ignorance " wrote Disraeli, and he might have added that much of it is *ignoratio elenchi*, a more or less wilful disregard of the exact nature of a problem and of the issues at stake. But whether or no Descartes was deliberate or at least self-deceived in representing his problems as simpler than they really were, there is no denying lucidity to his works, if only a lucidity suspiciously like that of moonshine. It was for this reason that they exercised a similar spell.

But the external condition of society had also much influence on the popularity of the Cartesian philosophy. The reason was that it had had much influence on the origin of that philosophy, on the mind of its inventor. Descartes in

his researches was, like all philosophers who have caught public attention, unwittingly the representative of his generation. Not that social conditions determine the conclusions of philosophers as rigorously as Marx and Freud contend. The pure love of truth must always be the radical motive of philosophical inquiry. Nevertheless current prejudices and modes of thought may determine the errors of thinkers. And even in a true philosophy different social conditions make men particularly sensitive to different needs and desires, and the problem of satisfying these temporarily prevalent needs and desires proposes to thinkers *what* particular truth needs most to be ascertained, even if it does not prejudice the investigation. To-day, for example, all thinkers (including Catholics) are chiefly preoccupied, not with natural theology, but with social and economic problems, and suggest that in the modern view the last end of man is to make ends meet.

Now the age of Descartes was an age that earnestly desired to find true just such a philosophy as his seemed to be, for it was an age that had experienced the need of reason. People had once more begun to hanker after an understanding of the world. Humanism in its struggle for the supremacy of man had excited resentment against the moral law and spiritual truth as checks upon man's liberty of thought and action. But its fever was now spent and, cooling, had liberated once more the natural human desire for knowledge of the next world and of the meaning of life. Moreover the spectacle of the Thirty Years' War, with its greed and lawlessness, had revulsed men and made them long for order in this world and for proof of an ultimate destiny secure from its vicissitudes. We may add that the court of Louis XIII, under Richelieu's stern supervision, was remarkably well-behaved for a French court and at least offered scope for the growth of desires to lead the good life. Nevertheless people were but little minded to seek their philosophy in the traditional doctrines of scholasticism which, however undeservedly, had fallen into some discredit. The form of scholasticism then generally known was a dilution adapted for schoolboys in the Jesuit schools ; and to those who, like Descartes, took it for the pure

doctrine, it must have seemed a gratuitous and shallow system. Again the authority, by Richelieu's orders rightly or wrongly exercised by the state in matters of faith, including a strict supervision of doctrine taught, provoked the suspicion that scholasticism could be defended by force alone and not by reason. The law of 1621 making death the penalty for dissent from Aristotle must have made many secret rebels while securing outward conformity for a time. For (to qualify St. Thomas) authority is not the weakest of philosophical arguments when it is backed up by an executioner. Against a philosophy that seemingly could secure assent by exercise of authority alone Protestantism urged its seductive counsel of private judgment, of thinking for oneself independently of authority; and many of those who rejected its doctrines were subconsciously attracted by its rationalistic spirit. Finally, the development of scientific method, stimulated in France at this time by Maupertuis' translation of Bacon, prepared men to welcome the message of the *Discours*. Descartes was indeed a reasoner *a priori* and not, like Bacon, an experimentalist, but he shared the positivism of Bacon; he preferred to reason from concrete facts rather than from abstract principles. He was, in fact, professedly a nominalist. The same social conditions that strengthened the initial impulse of Descartes himself also prepared the world to welcome his doctrine. The movement hostile to philosophy was dying, while the distressed world asked hope of philosophy. Yet it despaired of the traditional doctrine or of any system associated with authority. It desired a new philosophy that should be to the human reason its own indisputable credential. Such a philosophy Descartes seemed to himself and to his generation to provide.

But the personal character of Descartes himself, as endowed by nature with genius and moulded in childhood by his father and brother, contributed as much to his initial impulse to commence philosopher as the social conditions of the time. The friends of Descartes commissioned Franz Hals to paint his portrait; and, under the influence of that Delphic power that forces great painters to express more than they intend, Franz Hals has told the disconcerting truth. Place your

hand over the lower part of the face and consider the eyes, eager and self-confident, the clear and distinct idea, the brainwave. Place it now over the upper part and consider the mouth, drooping and dismayed, methodic doubt, the sinking feeling. The qualities of the face are rashness and timidity rather than the foresight and confidence of the men whom it is wise to follow. Descartes seemed to be not only sure but also cocksure, which means to be cocky as well as sure. Yet though he asserted that he himself was the first thing he was sure of, he was never really sure of himself. The secret mistrust of himself, the methodic doubt predetermined by the disdain of his brother, Pierre, taken in conjunction with Descartes' self-esteem and his logical and lucid genius, forms the psychological root of his philosophy.

It is impossible in an article not intended for specialists adequately to criticise the logic of the Cartesian philosophy. But two mistakes of practical method may be mentioned: (1) Descartes sought to construct a true philosophy by his own unaided power; (2) he doubted his own nature. In such a tremendous task of reason even the greatest genius will make a slip somewhere which, if uncorrected, will vitiate all subsequent conclusions. Such errors will generally not be detected in revision, for the philosopher will tend simply to repeat the mental process that led up to them. Only by considering the treatment of the same problem in terms of another mind can such error generally be detected. Indeed one of the arguments for the necessity of civil society is the need for mutual correction of errors in reasoning. And where a society is not as a whole acquainted with the problems under discussion, its function can be sufficiently fulfilled by a tradition. But Descartes would accept no direction from outside of his own mind. He would take no hint from others. He wished to keep for himself all the credit of his achievement. He defends this independence by pointing out that the greatest products of man have been the work of unaided individuals. But the more striking of his examples show that he is thinking of works of art or legislation, not philosophy, of making, not discovering. It is one more instance of *ignoratio elenchi*.

But more fateful was Descartes' second mistake. In doubting of all things he doubted the capability of his own nature for attaining truth. And when a nature made for truth doubts its own power to attain it, clearly it is acting unnaturally, acting against itself. A philosopher must know, and should beware of, his power to make mistakes; but he must not believe the possibility in himself of unlimited fallibility, or he will frustrate himself irretrievably. He may also, while trusting his own natural ability to find truth, investigate the grounds of his trust. But if he forsakes the trust itself and asks how he may recover it, he is putting an unnatural question, which therefore in the nature of things *need* not have any answer. The fact is that Descartes, in beginning with doubt as a condition for studying the validity of truth in the judgment, deprived himself of the very object he wished to study. It is due to something like luck if we have an answer to the critical problem, though that answer, whatever it may be, is immeasurably more difficult than Descartes' naïve *cogito*. Nevertheless that problem, once proposed, could not be evaded by future generations, nor could philosophers command assent without first satisfying people on its answer. And since that answer was necessarily subtle, inevitably the doubt of Descartes has infected the majority of modern men to their torment and has made haphazard the progress of civilisation and culture. It was the original sin of modern philosophy.

We, however, who have forgiven Adam and Eve, should bear no resentment against Descartes, especially now that we are celebrating the first manifestation of his genius to the world. After all he valued reason above all things except faith; and, if he tried to cure the reason of his time by subjecting it to an operation that proved fatal in the long run his intentions were kindly. His spirit is the best antidote to his doctrine. Only with his chivalry and courage, though only too without his self-conceit, can we hope to redress the decay of thought and social discipline that his influence has bequeathed to us.

ARTHUR LITTLE

IRELAND IN STRATEGICAL GEOGRAPHY

BY COLONEL J. J. O'CONNELL, M.A.

FREEMAN, in his very remarkable *Historical Geography of Europe*, says : " The second great island of the British group, Ireland, the original Scotia, has had less to do with the general history of the world than any other part of Western Europe."[1] The correct comment on this statement is *Distinguo*. If active influence of the country *as an entity* is meant, we may accept unreservedly ; but, in respect of the passive endurance of international happenings, the case is quite otherwise. The fact that Ireland herself was indifferent to what was happening is beside the point.

The present study is an endeavour to throw some light on this apparent contradiction. In Ireland people are, from long desuetude, almost incapable of grasping the physical international significance of their own country ; although other people are not subject to like limitations. In our case the limitation follows automatically from the fact that we are strikingly ignorant of all other countries. Even England and the United States we only know in a partial way and out of perspective. We are thus unable to consider the country " internationally "—a thing that would come quite naturally to a Norwegian, a Swiss or a Greek ; or, indeed, to the native of any other small European country.

The method it is proposed to adopt is : first, to enunciate as a postulate the implications of the country's geographical position ; next, to trace historically what happened as a result of this ; then to show how consciousness of the fact and its implications came about in various quarters ; and, finally, to show the further implications of modern developments. And it will be seen how, in fact, every scientific advance in succession tended—and tends—to break down Irish isolation.

[1] Third Edition, p. 561.

The Postulate Stated

For any estimate of Ireland's geographical significance in the international sense we must look to naval writers. Naval strategy embraces a far wider field than its military counterpart—and that from strictly physical causes. In addition, naval strategy has contacts with a wider range of extraneous subjects—politics, economics, etc. For this reason its problems once stated are more easily comprehended by the layman.

The first authority, alike in date and eminence, is Mahan—writing just forty years ago. In the passage to be quoted the American Admiral compares the geographical positions of Ireland and Cuba from the standpoint of naval strategy :—

> On the northern side of the sea (*i.e.* the Caribbean) the case is quite different. From the western end of Cuba to the eastern end of Porto Rico extends a barrier of land for 1,200 miles—as against 400 on the east—broken only by two straits, each fifty miles wide, from side to side of which a steamer of but moderate power can pass in three or four hours. These natural conditions, governing the approach to the Isthmus, reproduce as nearly as possible the strategic effect of Ireland upon Great Britain. There a land barrier of 300 miles, midway between the Pentland Firth and the English Channel—centrally situated, that is, with reference to all the Atlantic approaches to Great Britain—gives to an adequate navy a unique power to harass either the one or the other, or both. Existing political conditions and other circumstances unquestionably modify the importance of these two barriers relatively to the countries affected by them. Open communication with the Atlantic is vital to Great Britain, which the Isthmus, up to the present time, is not to the United States. There are, however, varying degrees of importance below that which is vital.[1]

What Mahan here enunciated has now become an accepted common-place. It appears in each succeeding text book in almost unchanged phraseology.

Now, if our postulate is truly warranted, there must be certain automatic consequences that follow inevitably. If the mere physical location of the country confers on it an exceptional international significance, it should have exerted in the course of wars some sort of geographical "attraction," so to speak. It must be understood that any such geographical

[1] Mahan : *Interest of America in Sea Power*, p. 302.

" attraction " could not strictly operate in a conflict between Ireland and a single adversary. It had to be a matter of at least three parties to the quarrel. Accordingly, the original invasion of the country under Henry II does not come under review, nor do the expeditions of Richard II, nor indeed any other similar, plain, straightforward duel between Ireland and England. But, as we shall quickly see, there have been very few such. In the overwhelming majority of instances the geographical " attraction " of Ireland made itself felt sooner or later. To grasp thoroughly the truth of this—which is often missed—it is necessary to review briefly the underlying conditions of the various wars in question.

The Wars of the Norsemen

Since Ireland never came within the Roman political ambit, the earliest period at which she entered into international affairs was that of the Norse expansion. At this time the country offered an exceptionally tempting prey. Despite the long and formidable barrier of Scotland and England interposed between her and Norway and Denmark, she was very easily reached ; and she was a far more suitable objective for predatory peoples than either England or Scotland. England was too extensive to be occupied fully ; Scotland was too poor and difficult of access ; Ireland was at once rich by nature and totally unprepared to defend herself.

And then, when Ireland, after two hundred years, finally disposed of the threat, it was in a real " battle of nations " : warriors from Iceland, Norway and Scotland fought at Clontarf.

The Scottish Wars of the Edwards

During the first century of English dominion in Ireland the latter country did not become involved in any military complications of the really international sort—*i.e.* as a third party to any definitely external struggle. Such a state of affairs only came to pass when the Anglo-Scottish wars broke out towards the close of the thirteenth century. And in this context the " became involved " is strictly accurate. The

position was quite distinct from that during the Norse Period, when Ireland was concerned *as a principal.*

In the new set of circumstances Ireland came into the picture as a secondary base for English attacks on Scotland. Fleets based on the eastern Irish ports were employed to attack Scotland directly on her south-west coast and also to co-operate with land forces based on Carlisle. Following on this it is not surprising—after Bannockburn—to find Edward Bruce readily accepting the Irish invitation to become King of the country.

In the middle of the fourteenth century the situation was altered. Wars in Scotland were replaced by wars in France and, so, Ireland automatically ceases to be important—and for a definitely technical reason. The oceanic navigation required for voyages from France to Ireland by large fleets was not possible at the period, for all that France could boast such a sea-fighter as Jean de Vienne.

English Policy Formulated

English naval policy as regards Ireland was first definitely and expressly formulated about 1430 in a rhymed treatise entitled: *De Politia Conservativa Maris*—translated *Libel of English Policie.* "Libel" in the context, of course, means "little Book"; for, assuredly, it is no "libel" in the juridical sense—being, rather, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." It is to be found in Hakluyt's *Voyages* (Vol. I) and is supposed to be the joint work of a Bishop Adam de Moleyns—murdered at Portsmouth in 1450—and a Baron Hungerford. The latter, who had been a Lord Admiral to Henry V, was much ahead of his time in the matter of scientific and coherent thinking about naval affairs. The work consists of an introduction and twelve chapters.

"The ninth chapter contains a survey of the commerce of Ireland, with a suggestion that English trade would be more benefited by a thorough reduction of that island than by all the efforts to conquer France by military methods."[1] The soundness of this reasoning was not long in proving. Within

[1] Clowes: *History of the Royal Navy*, Vol. I, p. 352.

twenty years from the date of the " Libel " the hundred years of effort to conquer France had finally failed—being succeeded by a further thirty years of civil wars in England. Ireland—*i.e.* geographical Ireland—had a great deal more connexion with these " Wars of the Roses " than is commonly realised. Indeed, the country was a sort of happy hunting-ground for Yorkist Pretenders. In 1459, after his defeat at Ludlow, the Duke of York took refuge in Ireland ; and the following year Warwick, the " King-Maker," came over to discuss ways and means as to his return—coming on that occasion from Calais. Lambert Simnel was proclaimed King (of England) in Dublin in 1487, and ten years later Perkin Warbeck sailed from Ireland on his vain attempt. In a word, countries external to Ireland were beginning to hear of Ireland—even though the Irish reactions were as yet negligible.

New Factors from the Sixteenth Century Onward

It was only to be expected that Henry VII—the designed victim of the Yorkists—should take cognisance of these events. And we may safely assume that he perused the " Libel of English Policie " very carefully and pondered it very deeply. Also, he built ships and imported Italian navigators—as distinct from the mere " shipmen " he already possessed in plenty. The outcome of Henry's reflections, as developed during the Tudor century, is thus described by Sir Roger Casement : " To subdue that western and ocean-closing island and to exploit its resources, its people and, above all, its position to the sole advantage of the eastern island has been the set aim of every English government from the days of Henry VIII." [1]

But although the Tudor Kings started with great advantages in reference to Ireland—possession and proximity—they did not enjoy a monopoly. The course of historical development was already at work to supply the required corrective. To take a date in round figures, we may indicate 1500 as marking a definite change—as indicating an outstanding advance in the way of intensifying Ireland's geographical " attraction." This came to pass automatically as a conse-

[1] Casement : *The Crime against Europe.*

quence of advances in Science of Oceanic Navigation. Voyages of discovery, for a variety of reasons, were being carried out by all countries, and these produced a more numerous supply of skilful seamen. At the same time they brought about improvements in ship-design and equipment which made for more sea-worthy vessels. And, finally, the invention of new nautical instruments and appliances resulted in voyages being made in all seas with comparative certainty and independent of at least minor climatic disturbances. This was an ensemble of quite new factors which resulted in any one country being potentially accessible by sea from any other.

Ireland was thus brought within reach of any country desirous of intercourse—whether friendly or hostile. Ireland, in effect, was brought definitely *nearer* to continental countries than ever before : she was therefore more liable to be involved in international disputes than at an earlier time.[1] Continental countries at loggerheads with England began to take at least an elementary interest in Ireland. Whereas in 1395 Jean de Vienne—though in the north of France—never thought of Ireland in his projects against England, a century and a half later enterprises thither were perfectly feasible—even from the south of Spain.

In the matter of Ireland's accessibility from distant countries, this factor of oceanic navigation constituted a definite difference in kind ; and it came to pass, as has been said, about 1500 A.D. Thereafter, for over three hundred years, no similar difference *in kind* is to be witnessed. But there were minor though quite important differences *in degree* that progressively contributed to increase the country's ease of approach. All down this period ships, though still dependent on the wind for propulsion, steadily improved in size, in build, in rig, in battery—and thus became far more reliable and effective instruments of contact. Seamanship—of officer and sailor alike—had developed correspondingly. It is not an exaggeration to say that no Armada galleon was comparable as an instrument of war to the U.S. *Wasp* of 1814. The instructions given the latter's commander might, *mutatis mu-*

[1] Cf. Hogan : *Ireland in the European System.*

tandis, have emanated verbatim from Wilhelmshaven in another hundred years : " Of his instructions the most decisive was to remain for thirty days in a position on the approaches to the English Channel, about one hundred and fifty miles south of Ireland, in which neighbourhood occurred the most striking incidents of the cruise." [1]

Historical Examples in Tudor Times

In thus simply stating that successive navigational advances made Ireland more and more an international factor—an " international lever " would be a more accurate term—we are in a sense putting the cart before the horse. But a very summary reference to the various " international " wars of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries will enable the truth in question to be grasped without any trouble.

First in point of date of these international wars were the Spanish wars of the sixteenth century. More especially during the second half of that century, Spanish expeditions of varying size come to Ireland with some frequency—half a dozen times or so. It is no part of our present subject to treat in any detail of these Spanish expeditions. It is enough to point out that, for all practical purposes, Spain had replaced the Scotland of three-and-a-half centuries earlier. Spain, being now in hostilities with England, as Scotland was then, sought to see what advantage could be drawn from Ireland. The development of technical means—*i.e.* the ocean-going ship and the mariner's compass—had made such action possible.

Far more surprising is the fact that Ireland remained completely indifferent during what was by far the greatest Spanish enterprise of all this time—the Great Armada ; in no single instance of her history has the " passive endurance " aspect been so strikingly emphasised. It is true that at the time of the Armada (1588) most of Ireland, exhausted and cowed after the Geraldine Rebellion, was badly prepared to turn to account any opportunity of striking a blow. It is true also that Philip II assigned no Irish objective. " The King, after insisting on the necessity of union in council and action between

[1] Mahan : *The War of* 1812, Vol. II, p. 253.

Parma and Medina Sidonia, notes, almost in passing, that if the English campaign is successful, the Armada may make an attempt on Ireland, provided Parma agrees to this." [1]

For all that, the fact remains that great numbers of the Armada ships reached the Irish coasts—at least twenty-five were wrecked on them. The further fact remains that Don Alonzo de Leyva, the General of all the troops on board, held Killybegs, a splendid harbour in independent territory, for a fortnight with fifteen hundred men—and then sailed away, to his and their destruction : " when pressed to assist the chieftains of these parts in making war on the English, he replied that the levying of war in Ireland was not included in the instructions he had received from King Philip." [2] De Leyva was a stout soldier, but he was not a Cortez nor a Pizarro.

Further Examples in the Seventeenth Century

It had been made clear during the Spanish Wars that Ireland was within reach of the continent of Europe under certain conditions. Half a century later it was demonstrated that Ireland could be reached from any part of that continent —from " inside " England, in fact. To again quote Sir Roger Casement : " But while England knew the value to herself of Ireland, she appreciated to the full the fact that this profitable juxtaposition lay on her right side, hidden from the eyes of Europe. ' Will anyone assert,' said Gladstone, ' that we would have dared to treat Ireland as we have done had she lain, not between us and the ocean, but between us and the continent ? ' "

The first instance of the new departure occurred in July 1642, with the arrival of Owen Roe O'Neill. " He left Dunkirk with about 200 veteran commanders—' old, weather-beaten soldiers,' as a contemporary writer calls them ; put out into the North Sea ; touched at Denmark and Norway ; then ' gave a wheel round Scotland,' and passing along the northern coast of Ireland, landed at Doo Castle in the County Donegal.[3]

The next instance was in 1648, when Prince Rupert and

[1] Hale : *The Great Armada*, p. 83.
[2] Spottiswood Greene : *Wrecks of Spanish Armada* (*Geographical Journal*, May 1906).
[3] Taylor : *Owen Roe O'Neill*, p. 112.

his brother Maurice—taking advantage of a temporary break in the Parliamentarian blockade—slipped out of Hellevoetsluys with a scratch fleet of twenty-eight ships, ran down the Channel and headed westwards to base themselves on Kinsale.

It might, perhaps, be thought that the force of such examples might have brought about a considerable interest in Ireland during the three closely-succeeding Dutch Wars: 1652-4, 1665-7, 1672-4. This was all the more likely by reason of the real genius of the Dutch Admirals—Tromp, De Ruyter and others. But on land in Ireland at that time the Calvinist Dutch would be unwelcome—even as deliverers. Nor would it ever have occurred to their High-Mightinesses, the States-General, to liberate the Irish. For all that, even in such unfavourable circumstances, the *passive* attraction of Ireland's geographical position is seen. Dutch frigates and privateers attacked English commerce off the Irish coasts; when the Channel was closed, Dutch convoys moved up the west coast of Ireland and north-about round Scotland. And in 1666 the Irish coast witnessed a squadron action of three ships aside.

The Military Utility of Ireland Realised

We have seen how the Edwards, in their Scottish Wars, used Ireland as a subsidiary base from whence Scotland could be taken in flank, and it is now desirable to get a further understanding of this utilisation of the country's geographical position—*i.e.* for a military rather than a naval purpose. The most remarkable example of this kind was the move of Strafford in 1640. As Charles I was unable to raise an army for himself in England, Strafford raised one for him in Ireland—consisting of 8,000 foot and 1,000 horse. This army was stationed along the Irish north-east coast when the King was involved in hostilities with Scotland and Leslie was in occupation of Newcastle. This move rankled for long in Scotland—and, indeed, contributed very materially to undo the friendly contacts of centuries. It elicited, quite naturally, the invasion by Monro in April 1642. Strafford's threat—though his army never sailed—was very explicit and real, and in later times it had the effect of making Cromwell and William of Orange

realise all the broader strategic implications—and in a far clearer and more concrete fashion than their adversaries.

Strafford's concentration of 1640 had been an example of the utilisation of Ireland as against the territory of Great Britain. But Ireland was later employed regularly as a base for expeditions against territories more remote. All through the eighteenth century and during the Napoleonic Wars it was most commonly from Ireland—the Cove of Cork to be precise—that there sailed the vast convoys of transports and store-ships bound for India, America, the Peninsula, the West Indies, etc. Not only was it a convenient port of assembly clear of dangerous land, but it was also a convenient centre whereat to collect the naval provisions that in great part were produced in Ireland—salt meat, grain, peas, etc.

There was a regular counter-part to this *offensive* utilisation of Ireland, as it may be considered, in a corresponding *defensive* use of the island. There was a general standing order for all convoys or weaker squadrons homeward bound, if uncertain of making an English destination in safety, to take shelter in one of the numerous fine anchorages on the south-west Irish coast from Cork round to the Shannon estuary. Indeed, during the great maritime wars of the eighteenth century the practice of using Ireland, both outward and homeward, had come to be practically ordinary matters of routine administration.

All through this period the English started with great advantages. Not merely were they the party in possession, but they were within easier reach for the supply of reinforcements. The several adversaries in turn—Spain, France, and the United States—had greater distances to cover and greater difficulties to contend with. Above all, the English had a far better grasp of the strategtical problem. They, alone, saw the implications clearly from the start and acted accordingly.

Before quitting this side of our subject, it may be desirable to indicate—*pour mémoire*—a few of the more notable instances in question. For example, it is not surprising to find expeditions for the conquest of Canada starting from Cork. So also did the "victuallers" sailing in 1781 to re-provision Gibraltar during the great siege. And the refuge aspect is

seen in 1782 when Keppel's fleet—homeward bound after the capture of Havana and dispersed 600 miles west of Land's End by a great storm—took refuge, most of it, in Kinsale. Another case was that of a squadron of eight East Indiamen homeward bound in 1779 : warned of the presence ahead of them of a French fleet, they took refuge in the Shannon.

Certain Continental Reactions

It would, however, be against all reason if the various adversaries of England continued all along to be completely indifferent to the facts of the position. And it so happened that political developments during the eighteenth century were of such a nature as to facilitate the acquisition of the necessary knowledge and outlook. This was because for the time being Ireland had gone abroad. It is, in these modern times, the fashion to lament the flight of the " Wild Geese " and even to scoff at them for leaving. But it is hard to see what good they could have done by remaining—and, at least, for a century they restored Ireland to the map in an effective fashion.

The Irish campaigns during the League of Augsburg War and the subsequent presence on the Continent of a succession of Irish exiles brought realisation at last to continental governments. This realisation found expression, first of all but only in a semi-conscious fashion, in the shape of the assistance given to James II. This period is familiar enough and need not be dwelt on ; but it is not really typical, because it was not inspired by full consciousness of the strategic conditions. For that full consciousness we must look to two later events that are far less well known than those of the Jacobite time.

The first example of a deliberately formulated scheme for turning Ireland's position to account—for exploiting the country militarily—is that propounded by Thurot in 1759. This was as follows :—

> We have seen that during his recent cruise Thurot had been enabled on several occasions to take refuge in Scottish and Irish ports, merely by hoisting English colours and taking advantage of the service of the many English-speaking men on his vessel. He had played the rôle of an English ship ; and when, owing to stress of weather or

shortness of provisions, he had deemed a run to port necessary, he had never hesitated to make for one in the north of Scotland or of Ireland. The facility thus afforded him of landing on an enemy's shores very naturally opened up to him dreams of utilizing the credulity of the people in order to inflict upon them those ills which France was desirous of inflicting upon England. A descent upon the coasts of Scotland or of Ireland was practicable enough; a compact force landed suddenly in a spot far from regular garrisons might ravage the country far and wide before compelled by superior force to beat a retreat to its ships. . . . Thurot's old patron, the Marquis de Belleisle, supported the project with all his eloquence and all his influence, and though not able to secure for Thurot the chief command, he succeeded in getting him nominated to the charge of an independent squadron . . . from all parts of France troops were concentrating on the shores of the Atlantic for the embarkation of de Conflans' fleet. Thurot in the meantime was busily employed at Dunkirk on a humbler project; his orders were to sail to the west coast of Ireland, in order to draw off the attention of the English from the true attack.[1]

In the sequel Conflans, at Quiberon, was beaten decisively and disgracefully; Thurot—if we recall that his was only a *diversion*—succeeded in great part. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the route followed by Thurot was nearly identical with that taken by Owen Roe O'Neill one hundred and twenty-three years before—and by Captain Karl Spindler one hundred and fifty-seven years later. Ireland was all the time in the same position!

The next event—and one of the most notable of all—dates during the War of American Independence. Then was formulated the first clear, deliberate plan to turn Ireland's strategic position to account, as against England. Indeed, this is really the only example—since the time of Strafford—of an express design of *invading* England from Ireland. There is no reasonable ground for supposing that either the Irish Jacobites or the United Irishmen ever entertained any such project. The formulator of the particular 1779 plan under consideration, Maréchal-de-Camp Wall, was on this occasion acting in the rôle of a French general rather than in that of an Irish patriot. Still, Wall *was* an Irishman—he was, in fact, one of Prince Charlie's Irishmen of the '45. He had been for many years

[1] Norman: *Corsairs of France*, p. 246.

in the French Service and was Maréchal-de-Camp in the Army for the invasion of England encamped in Normandy in 1779. His plan was to make a descent on Ireland, where he was confident a general rising would take place if the people were supported. He asked for 14,000 men and he hoped to reach his objective by evasion, choosing a moment when westerly winds had driven the British fleet into port. The port of disembarkation was to be Waterford.

With Wall's plan we reach the stage of full realisation *by a third party* of the significance of Ireland's geographical strategic position. The numerous expeditions during the French Revolutionary Wars were merely so many attempts to put into practice the theory propounded by Wall some twenty years earlier. In this case there was also, it is true, an important driving force in the person of Wolfe Tone. But it should be remembered that the same design had occurred simultaneously to quite a number—Irishmen and others ; it may be taken as finally recognised.

In this connexion it is somewhat unfortunate that the most instructive episode is one that is commonly all but passed over in silence. The vital example was the expedition of Hoche to Bantry Bay around Christmas 1796. The later expeditions —in 1798—were organised on a different understanding : they were primarily designed to send some help, admittedly on a limited scale, to an insurrection already begun. They were not large-scale affairs organised *ab initio* with the aim of carrying out a full-sized campaign by their own means—though, naturally, counting on support from the country. The Bantry Bay expedition was initiated in June 1796 by the following instruction to Hoche from Truguet, the French Directory's Minister of Marine at the period :—

> Citizen General, the time has come for the Executive Directory to communicate to you in full certain plans prepared by it, the execution of which is to be superintended principally by yourself. The condition of the region where you command, the desire evinced by most of the Chouan leaders to return to the fold of the Republic, and the confidence you have inspired in the recently rebellious departments—all contribute to now render possible the plans to which the Directory could formerly direct a merely speculative attention.

Citizen General, it is a question of restoring the liberty it seeks to a generous people and one ripe for revolution. For many centuries Ireland has groaned under the hated English yoke. The numerous Defenders there are even now secretly arming to free her from it. The hope of help from the French Republic has alone postponed a general insurrection for which the arrival of that aid would be the signal. In order to prepare for that desirable event, the Directory has already sent a trusty secret agent to confer with the principal Defenders, to notify them as to the place of a French landing, and to take the necessary steps to secure the success of the enterprise. To detach Ireland from England, in other words to reduce the latter to the status of a power of the second order, would mean depriving her of most of her preponderance on all the seas.

The Century of Transition

With the failure of Hoche's expedition Ireland, as a factor in international strategical geography, disappears for over a hundred years. Napoleon never studied the possibilities fully or systematically—whether from lack of time or interest it is impossible to say. After him, England had only one first-class adversary during the nineteenth century; and the technical means available in the day of Nicholas I (1854-5) were quite incapable of extending their influence so far. But a new technical era had arrived by July 1913, when Sir Roger Casement wrote :—

> The changes wrought in the speed and capacity of steam shipping, the growth and visible trend of German Naval Power, and the increasing possibilities of aerial navigation, all unite to emphasise the historian Niebuhr's warning, and to indicate for Ireland a possible future of restored communion with Europe, and less and less the continued wrong of that artificial exclusion in which British policy has sought to maintain her—" an island beyond an island."

In a further article we shall see to what extent this surmise was justified during the World War of 1914-8.

J. J. O'Connell

PASCAL *

BY HUGH KELLY, S.J.

PASCAL undoubtedly exercised on the last two generations of Frenchmen a greater influence than any other classical writer of his country. Neither Descartes nor Bossuet nor Montaigne nor Voltaire can be compared to him in depth and breadth of intellectual and spiritual influence. And while this influence has increased enormously within fifty years, it is not in the nature of a "come back" after a period of neglect. From the beginning he was recognised as a man of genius, and all he wrote that was not pure science was recognised as being of the kind that the world does not willingly let die. The history of Pascal's influence has just been written by M. Bernard Amouru—a thorough study, but so compact that not even the author's evident *esprit* can make it easy reading. He has traced the repercussion of the *Pensées* on the different generations and movements since their publication in 1670, eight years after their author's death, to the third centenary of his birth in 1923. That influence naturally depended a great deal on the mind and preoccupations of each age, and hence the influence will often take the form of a reaction. The eighteenth century, for instance, rejected violently his spiritual and mystical elements. Voltaire, the spokesman of the age, had an attitude towards all the important things of life diametrically opposed. To this mocking spirit, incapable of reverence, the gravity and spirituality of Pascal were an immediate challenge. *Pace* Mr. Noyes, Voltaire had no capacity for faith or dogma, and was satisfied with human nature as he found it or as his narrow reason could make it.

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* *Vie posthume des "Pensées."* Par M. Bernard Amouru. (Bloud & Gay. 1936. 20 fr.).
The Revival of Pascal. A Study of his relation to modern French Thought. By Dorothy Margaret Eastwood. (Clarendon Press. 1936. 12s. 6d.).
Pascal. The Life of Genius. By Morris Bishop. (G. Bell. 1937. 12s. 6d.)
Pascal. Par Jacques Chevalier. (Flammarion. 1936. 12 fr.).
Pascal. Les Pensées classées et commentées. (Grasset. 1936. 25 fr.).
Etudes sur Pascal. De l'Automatisme à la Foi. (Téqui. 1935. 12 fr.).

His hostility to "ce géant vainqueur de tant d'esprits" was instinctive; he gibes at him for his misanthropy and rigidity ("il faut qu'on soit homme afin d'être chrétien"); and he explains these qualities as due to weakness of mind. He has no patience with the absorption in spiritual things of a man who occupied his time sewing bits of paper into his pocket when he could be gaining for France the glory of having discovered the infinitesimal calculus. On the other hand, the Romantic early nineteenth century was attracted to Pascal's doctrine of the superiority of the philosophy of the heart over that of the reason, and of the great role in life he attributed to the affections and will.

But a new era in the history of Pascal's posthumous influence opened when V. Cousin discovered in the archives of the Bibliothèque Royale the MS. of the *Pensées*, of which a critical edition was published in 1846. Thus was inaugurated a more scientific study of Pascal. From 1886 that movement increased immensely in *tempo*, and literally every Frenchman of any pretension in any line has felt himself challenged by this arresting figure. He remains a sign of contradiction. On the whole, the clerical writers, such as Mgr. D'Hulst, P. Petitot, O.P., P. Longhaye, S.J., H. Bremond, etc., are measured and cautious in their estimate of the general value of his work. They make reservations as to his spirituality and find in him the taint of scepticism and Jansenism. M. Maritain, who is probably as qualified as anyone else to give a balanced estimate, pronounces him to be "ni théologien, ni philosophe, nullement métaphysicien. C'est proprement d'un spirituel, c'est d'une âme touchée de grâces mystiques et aiguillionnée du Saint Esprit que sortent les Pensées." M. Chevalier is one of the most distinguished living *Pascalisants*, and his estimate is entirely enthusiastic—almost hyperbolic. He finds that Pascal has revealed the eternal, the essential things of man; that he has sounded all the deep places of man's spirit and has expressed his experience with unique truth and emotion.

Narrower in scope than M. Amouru's book, but more complete within its limits is the work of Miss Eastwood. Its aim is to describe how the *Pensées* have come to be a living

force in the period from 1880 to his third centenary in 1923. The spiritual importance of this period is that it witnessed a change of mind and soul, a break with a way of thought that had dominated the French mind for two generations. The change might be described as " the insurrection of personality " against the scientific spirit; the revolt of the individual—with his heart, emotions, instincts—against the scientific, the rational, the external, the absolute. In Philosophy, Science, Sociology, History, even in Literature (Taine's *History of English Literature* is the outstanding example in this last field) the scientific spirit of the middle of the nineteenth century had reduced the living individual to a cipher, to something completely dependent on social or material surroundings, subject to exact calculation, governed by strictly scientific laws, entirely explained in terms of a mechanistic philosophy. About 1880 came the beginning of the resurgence of personal values, which affected the whole life of the time and manifested itself vigorously in every direction. Bourget's *Le Disciple* was the challenge of the novelist to the prevailing scientific amoralism, and Taine's remark on reading it, " notre génération est finie," showed that he read the signs aright.

Miss Eastwood's thesis is that all that movement issued out of Pascal and that almost every one of the forms that it took could claim supporting chapter and verse in the *Pensées*. The publication of Bergson's *Essai sur les données immédiates de la conscience* in 1889 was the most triumphant expression of the new spirit. The very original philosophical theory of this remarkable book, which makes the reality of things to be change, duration, life; which depreciates reason and the instruments of reason, the concept and the syllogism, in favour of intuition and instinct; which, moreover, is written in a superb style, rapidly produced a corresponding way of thought in all fields of intellectual activity. Even in mathematics the old absolute certitude was sapped by H. Poincaré, who tried to show in his limpid, colourless prose that mathematics depend on principles and postulates which are only probable, which are not absolute but essentially relative to man's experience and organism and which consequently have at most only a

symbolical and provisional value. Brunetière, the great Cham of French letters for this generation, emphasised a deeper aspect of this revolution. In his famous article *Après une Visite au Vatican* in 1895, in which he popularised the famous phrase " the bankruptcy of science " (*la faillite de la science*), he accused the scientists of having failed to keep the grandiose promises they had made to the previous generation. In reality they had told man nothing about the fundamental problem of life. Brunetière's articles expressed a real anguish of soul. Pascal's words, " Nous sommes embarqués, " rang in his ears; we are living our lives; the issues cannot be evaded; science and unaided reason cannot help us. Man must go to Revelation and Faith and the Church for satisfaction of soul and heart on the great questions that for ever solicit him. The philosophical doctrine of M. Blondel and the application of it to apologetics made by Père Laberthonnière are an evolution of Bergson and in some ways a closer approach to Pascal. Miss Eastwood has established her thesis substantially; and Pascal must be recognised as the unmistakeable ancestor of that multitudinous movement of French ideas which is still in progress. She has studied also the more distinctively religious aspects of the movement—the Catholic revival, the Modernistic movement, the quickened interest in mysticism, and has shown the clear traces of Pascal everywhere.

In Professor Morris Bishop's book we have the most recent American tribute to Pascal's immortality: it is a book which, in treatment and design, is in typical contrast with the French and English studies. Professor Morris Bishop depicts Pascal *in extenso*, by expounding the different aspects of his manifold genius; studying him as inventor, mathematician, man of the world, philosopher, saint, etc., etc. This book is based on very wide reading, and it fits Pascal into his historical, domestic and social setting and abounds in those details that we like to know about the lives of men of genius. There is the danger that the man Pascal may be lost behind the ten Professional Pascals studied in detail; and certainly the last chapter—Pascal the Man—is the shortest in the book; but it must be

said that it reveals much of the true Pascal. The weakness of the book is seen where it touches on the Catholic Religion: for all his wide reading, good will and evident impartiality, Professor Morris Bishop does not understand Catholicity—which is a serious drawback for a biographer of Pascal.

The third centenary of Pascal's birth in 1923 marked the universal recognition of his affinity with this age. He seems to be established permanently in the position that certain classical authors hold intermittently. He is indisputably the most actual force in French tradition, and he is likely to keep his place for a long time. And even those "à l'étrangère" cannot afford to be indifferent to a figure so actual. Hence it may be worth while to reconsider the features and work of one who has so widely and deeply influenced his fellows.

Blaise Pascal was born in Clermont in Auvergne on the 19 June 1623, in an age rich in genius, which saw the beginnings of modern science and also a great religious revival, at least in France. In these two movements he played a great part. Even as a child he showed phenomenal precocity of intellect, which is illustrated by the well-known story of his introduction to mathematics at the age of twelve. His father, who devoted himself to the training of a son of such promise, and who wished him to begin his sudies in Latin and Greek, put under lock and key all the mathematical books in the house. To set at rest the boy's curiosity as to what was the subject of geometry, he merely said that it was a science which enabled one to make figures infallibly right and to calculate the proportion they had to one another. Working on these data and inventing a set of terms of his own, Pascal began to draw geometrical figures with a bit of charred stick and demonstrated the 32nd proposition of the first book of Euclid. His father gave him Euclid's Elements, which he read at once and understood without having ever to ask a question. His astonishing gifts began to manifest themselves every day. He never forgot what he read and he never needed a note. He had a rare power of observation and instinctive calculation. Once seeing a flock of sheep in a field, he said immediately to a companion that they numbered four hundred—a number

which the shepherd confirmed. The sound of a bowl struck by a knife and suddenly stopped by a touch of the hand led him to an investigation of sound and to the composition of a treatise which, though he was only a boy of eleven, showed a matured appreciation of scientific research. But the true greatness of his mind was in his sheer intelligence; in the impulse to seek for the reason of things; to dominate his subject and become master of it. He could be scarcely said to have been taught anything in mathematics or geometry; he discovered everything, and to all his discoveries he had the right of conquest. As a mere boy he began to meet and converse on equal terms with the *savants* of Paris who met at his father's house. At the age of sixteen he wrote a treatise on conics which marked a distinct advance and was hailed as the greatest mathematical treatise since Archimedes. He planned a lengthy work on geometry, the general lines of which have been preserved by Leibniz (in diversity of gifts these two great contemporaries recall each other).

Almost every year of his youth showed a different phase of Pascal's opening genius. He is one of the great pioneers in mechanical invention. His father as Commissioner of Taxes in Normandy had to make long calculations; to aid him, Pascal, then aged 19, invented the first machine which calculated infallibly. It was the result of two years of thought and experiment, and its production called for a knowledge of mathematics, physics and mechanics. He constructed the machine himself with the assistance of a mason and a few workmen; and he rejected fifty models before he reached what he wanted. This most ingenious machine won him a great reputation throughout Europe as the man who animated copper and gave wit to brass. As reproductions of it began to be asked for on all sides, Pascal, with a practical shrewdness unexpected in a man of his gifts, had it patented. Among those who asked for a copy was that royal bluestocking and patroness of scientific men, Queen Christina of Sweden. Later on, when the whole movement of his mind was in quite another direction, he invented the first omnibus which began to ply on the streets of Paris. Other products of this gift were a

wheeled sedan chair and a new kind of horse wagon. In experimental physics also he inaugurated a new era by the famous experiments conducted at different heights on the Puy de Dôme and on the tower of Notre Dame at Paris, in which he showed that the height of the liquid in the tube of Torricelli was due and was in proportion to the pressure of the surrounding air. In this he not merely established a truth or law, but discovered the method of scientific research which he expounded in the *Préface sur le traité du vide*—which is not merely Pascal's first scientific treatise in his great French prose, but which established French as the scientific language of his country. The same could be said of the treatises on the equilibrium of masses and liquids which he composed at this time. Nothing in the whole range of science seemed beyond the easy reach of his genius. All the gifts of the investigator were his preeminently: observation, analysis, experiment, invention, the fruitful use of hypothesis, the power to see the universal character in the particular. The achievement of his youth has been summarised by Chateaubriand: "At twelve years of age, with a few lines and circles, he had discovered mathematics; at sixteen he had written the most learned treatise on conic sections since classical times; at nineteen he had reduced to machinery a science wholly existing in the intellect; at twenty-three he had demolished one of the greatest errors in the physics of the ancients. At an age when other men were scarcely conscious of themselves he had completed the circle of human science, perceived their futility, and turned his thoughts to religion."

A new and momentous direction was given to Pascal's life by his conversion, at the age of twenty-four, to a deeper realisation of the things of God. This came about at Rouen through the meeting of two brothers who themselves from a worldly life had been converted to one of great religious fervour and of great practical charity to the poor. These introduced the whole Pascal family to a life of greater devotion; gave them books of Saint Cyran and A. Arnauld, and persuaded Pascal to put himself in the hands of a spiritual director. In this way he was drawn into the world of which

the abbey of Port-Royal was the centre. In this *milieu*, in Mère Angélique, the young Reverend Mother who had just reformed the abbey in spite of the greatest difficulty, in her younger sister, a more gentle soul, and in " les Messieurs de Port Royal " Pascal found a spirituality, intelligent, austere, refined, which the virus of Jansenism had not yet transformed. He began *goûter Dieu*. A great new interest seized on his mind ; a great absorbing complex world was opened to him, the world of man's soul and heart—or at least the world of his own soul and heart.

But Pascal had as yet no thought of leaving the world ; and in fact he bitterly opposed the entrance into Port Royal of his sister Jacqueline and caused her much mortification by making difficulties about her dowry. He went much into the *beau monde* and was received with deference in it ; his reputation as a mathematician was European ; he was in correspondence with many of the great savants, such as Leibniz, Descartes, Huygens. His experience of life in the most elegant society in the world has been garnered and vintaged in his famous bit of writing, *Différence entre l'esprit de géométrie et l'esprit de finesse*. This discovery in moral and human matters, which was no less important than any of his scientific discoveries, was an analogous application of his powers of observation and analysis. Pascal combined in himself the two types of mind which he distinguished so finely. But the things of God were now drawing him more strongly. His long intimate conversations with his sister Jacqueline at Port Royal seconded a movement that came from within. He began to have a distaste for the world ; the ease of his scientific achievements had left him with the conviction that they did not call out the best in him and that they could not satisfy him. His complete conversion came as a result of a mystical experience which he had on the night of November 23, 1654, and of which he wrote an account on a bit of parchment. This account—since known as his *Mémorial*—he sewed in the lining of his coat, where it was found after his death. Though it would fill only about half a page of an ordinary book, it is an amazing document, describing with unique power an extraordinary experience.

Its words and phrases, simple and direct, are charged with a strange emotion and significance. As a description of mystical experience it is unequalled, in power and feeling, by anything in the writing of the great authenticated mystics of the Church. Whatever this experience was, it was decisive. Pascal's life was now orientated to the things of the soul. He gave up society and became one of the " solitaires " of Port-Royal.

The life of silence, prayer and study with " les Messieurs de Port-Royal," which Pascal had hoped to be his lot henceforth, was soon interrupted by the acrimonious controversy occasioned by Jansenism. The chief figure in the religious revival which gathered round Port-Royal, was Antoine Arnauld, the father of Mère Angélique. Arnauld was a man of powerful but narrow, formalistic mind, and it was through him that Jansenism got its footing in Paris. The author of this heresy was Cornelius Jansen, who evolved a doctrine of grace which he maintained was that of St. Augustine, but which was certainly opposed to the doctrine of the Church. Jansen gave the result of his studies in a huge work, *Augustinus*, which appeared in 1640, two years after the death of its author. His friend Saint-Cyran, who shared and propagated his theological view, came to Paris, where he acquired much prestige as a director of souls. He came to know Arnauld and through him Port-Royal, which he found to be a receptive ground for his ideas. Jansenism, exaggerating the results of the fall of man, taught that man's nature was warped by original sin to such an extent as to be incapable of any good action and to be at the mercy of any temptation. For this the only remedy was divine grace—which, however, is given only to the few for whom Christ died. And just as without grace man is the slave of sin, so with grace he is equally without freedom and is determined to action. From such a dogmatic foundation could come only an austere and cheerless religion, which exaggerated the misery of man and removed the vast majority of the human race from the reach of God's mercy. Arnauld's book on Frequent Communion (*lucus a non lucendo*) popularised the ascetism of Jansenism in a vital point and widely infected Catholic practice for centuries, even in places

where there was no trace of Jansenistic dogma. The Sarbonne had condemned the *Augustinus* in 1649, and five years later Rome singled out five propositions representative of the general doctrine of the book and condemned them as heretical. The Jansenists, led by Arnauld, replied to the Pope's condemnation by the famous distinction of *de facto* and *de iure*—admitting that the propositions were heretical (*de iure*), but denying that they were contained in the *Augustinus* (*de facto*). In the bitter controversy that ensued the Jesuits were the protagonists for orthodoxy. It was inevitable that Pascal should be drawn into the quarrel. Jansenism, in theory and practice, had a deep affinity with his mind; he was an inmate of Port-Royal; his great talents were known. And so, when Arnauld turned to him at a meeting of friends and said: "What are you going to do in this matter?" Pascal made no reply, but went to his room and returned after a few hours with a rough copy of the first of the *Lettres Provinciales*.

The nineteen Provincial Letters—so called because they were supposed to be written from Paris to a person living in the provinces—are Pascal's chief contribution to Jansenist controversy. They were written during the year 1656 and the first part of 1657. In the first three he dealt with dogmatic questions raised by the Jansenistic doctrine—especially the question of sufficient grace. In the fourth letter he turns his whole attention to the Jesuits, recognising them to be his most formidable enemies and subjecting their system of moral theology to an acute examination in this and the subsequent letters. These nineteen letters or short pamphlets are among the classics of French prose; they are a marvel of irony, wit and supple argument. Their very brilliance has made the task of replying to them almost impossible. For the one who reads a patient step-by-step refutation of Pascal, a thousand will read his attack alone. In spite of the proverb, it is not truth but wit that prevails in such controversies—at least for a long time. This is no place to undertake a discussion of the Provincial Letters; but it is only right to indicate briefly what was their true aim and their true success.

Pascal's attack is in reality more on the art of casuistry than

on the Jesuits. The Jesuits were not the founders of this art; they were not the discoverers of the theory of probability—which is so loudly condemned by those who do not understand it and by some who should. Casuistry is an art as necessary to human life as the practice of medicine. It is simply the art of applying to complex situations the general principles of morality. In judging a concrete case a number of circumstances must be taken account of, because these will modify the value of the act in question. Different degrees of ignorance, inadvertence, fear, passion, and other circumstances will affect a human act and give it a different moral value. In a complex case a number of principles may meet; it is for the casuist to determine which will prevail and which will yield. The casuist aims at deciding what a man should do or may do in certain circumstances; what is the minimum a man must do if he is to obey a law. There is a vast difference between what a man is bound to do and what he could do by way of supererogation. It is one of the paradoxes of Pascal's life that he rushes into this complex and delicate field with the rigid geometrical spirit. To make no allowance for motive, passion, circumstances; to exact the full perfection from all, irrespective of light, grace and condition; to expect human nature to rise always to the heroic, to live up to a standard of conduct that could be maintained only by the few—what is this but *traiter géométriquement ces choses fines?* Pascal appeals to the general public on a matter that the general public are in no way competent to judge; he forgets his own maxim: "La justice et la vérité sont des points si subtiles que nos instruments sont trop émoussés pour y toucher exactement."

But the most indefensible thing about the *Provinciales* is the *suggestio falsi*, which is so abundant. From the "cases" in the books of the moralists Pascal draws most of his damaging material. Now these cases have been composed as scholastic exercises on particular precepts or virtues—something like examples or exercises in a book of mathematics. For instance, a "case" under justice is meant to illustrate some aspect or application of the virtue of justice; and from that point of view alone it is considered. Other laws or principles may by

chance enter into it; but it is considered as an exercise on that one subject. The malice of Pascal's method lies in this that he takes what is admittedly a scholastic exercise on a confined matter as a complete judgment on an actual complex case. By questions and implications he conveys the suggestion that whatever the moralist does not explicitly condemn he approves. The fifth letter, in which he savagely attacks Escobar and Filiutius on fasting, gives excellent examples of this poisoning of the wells.[1]

The *Provinciales* show the greatness and the misery of Pascal. For the ordinary reader they are the greatest thing he has done; and indeed from the narrow point of view of style alone they are unsurpassed. But the truer estimate is that they show him at his worst; and Pascal seems to have suddenly realized this fact, for he brought the campaign to a full stop in the middle of the nineteenth letter.

The remaining years of Pascal's life were given to the immediate preparation of the work which is the true monument of his genius, his defence of Christianity, though he had not lost all interest in mathematics. Prepared by prayer and study and meditation, the great work took shape gradually in his mind. But he put off the task of writing it down on paper, partly because of weak health and also because of his trust in his prodigious memory. Some things he did put on paper, and they are all that was found at his death. In these notes some chapters or sections are treated with considerable fulness; other points are treated in a paragraph long or short; others again in a sentence or two. Often the only indication of his thought is a phrase or a word or even a bit of a word. These fragments, jotted down on separate bits of paper and in no order, have, says M. Chevalier, "une puissance d'évocation extrême." They are the fragments and the blurred lines of a system. From their fragmentary nature they present innumerable *points de départ*, which make it easy to understand how they have been the inspiration of so many different

[1] In Studies for September, 1920, Mr. H. Belloc, in a remarkable article, submits the *Lettres Provinciales* to a close—a devastating—examination. *Cf.* also Fr. J. Brodrick's *The Economic Morals of the Jesuits* (Oxford University Press, 1934), which devotes a few chapters to the *Lettres Provinciales*.

movements and theories. But though the notes were chaotic, Pascal had the plan in all its parts clearly in his mind, and at the request of his friends he expounded it to them in 1659, three years before his death. He spoke for two hours with a precision and power that gave his friends a still more exalted opinion of his genius.

We may be able to convey something of the scope and grandeur of this work by dwelling a little on the leading thought round which it is built and which we may call its *thesis*—the misery and greatness of man. No poet or moralist has conveyed, with Pascal's power, the futility of human life. Man is set between two extremes, in each of which he shares, the extreme of nothingness and the extreme of perfection. Without God he is weakness, corruption and darkness, an easy prey to vanity, ignorance, passion. Montaigne's conception of man's ineffectualness is feeble compared to Pascal's terrifying picture of the universal frustration of all man's efforts. He is a creature distracted in his nature, a torture to himself, hungering for knowledge and happiness, but not knowing where to find them. He stands terrified before the double infinity of nature—before the infinite greatness of its eternal spaces and the infinite littleness of its constituent atoms. And at last the futile thing that is man's life comes to its grim end: "Le dernier acte est sanglant, quelque belle que soit la comédie en toute la reste; on jette enfin de la terre sur la tête—et en voilà pour jamais."

But these are *misères de grand seigneur, misères d'un roi dépossédé*, because man is truly great. He is great because he can think; even be he only a weak reed—*arundinem vento agitatam*—he can by his very thought dominate and transcend the whole material universe. He has an idea of truth and happiness that lift him up from the slough of scepticism and despair. Through an instinct of nature he turns to God, and in God he touches the infinity of greatness. All man's greatness comes from his power to seek God, to know Him, to possess Him. He is a thing of multitudinous contradictions, all flowing from the fundamental contradiction that he reaches out to nothingness with one hand and to infinity with the

other. And this dislocation of his being is the result of the original fall of man.

The aim of the second part of the apology is to show man how he can reach God and in Him satisfy his thirst for happiness and truth. Philosophy and natural religion are impotent to show man this road. It is only the faith and grace of Christ that can do so. The dozen pages in which Pascal expounds *le mystère de Jésus* are amongst the greatest he has written. No more precious pages have been written on Christ; they light up unforgettably certain aspects in their own peculiar light. Yet there is much in Bremond's[1] remark that Pascal's Christology is *timide, courte, chétive.* If humanity is still so miserable as Pascal makes it out to be, what has the presence of Christ, in His own Person and in His mystical body and Church, achieved during so many centuries in the world? If Christ came into the world only to redeem a handful of Jansenists, what a small thing is the Redemption.! With his exaggerated view of the results of man's fall and his mean view of the range of Redemption, how could Pascal have spoken of Adam's sin as *felix culpa*, or how could the Church chant triumphantly *Christus vincit, Christus imperat*? If Christ came only for Jansenists, Pascal's Christology is scarcely compatible with the *divitias investigabiles Christi* of St. Paul or with the triumphant plan of Redemption and Restoration sketched in the Epistle to the Ephesians and to the Colossians. The apology is an immense effort, in its way probably the greatest ever made, to attack a man on all sides; to enlist all his powers—intelligence, will, imagination, interest and, not least, instinct and habit; to seize the whole man by an all-embracing dialectic. But unfortunately the Jansenistic blight that had corroded Pascal's spirituality had also fatal effects on his apology.

The immense intellectual and spiritual force of Pascal went with a frail and delicate body, and for the greater part of his life he was ill. This ill-health increased with his years, and the last period of his life was one of almost constant suffering. Long before he reached forty he was an old man in his body;

[1] *Histoire du Sentiment Religieux*, Vol. iv, p. 399.

he crept about, leaning on a stick, and constantly suffered from headaches, from fits of weakness and from serious stomach troubles.[1] But his intellectual power showed no sign of decline, and to his last years belong some of the most beautiful of his discoveries in mathematics. By this time, however, the science of God and man—the true science of life—had become for him the only subject that really mattered. To Fermat, the great mathematician, who proposed to correspond with him on mathematics, he wrote in 1660 that while he considered geometry the highest exercise of the mind, he had come to recognise that a man who is merely a geometrician is scarcely better than an artisan; geometry was only a trade (*métier*), even though the most beautiful in the world. "But now I am engaged in studies so far removed from that way of thinking that I can scarcely remember that there is such a thing."

Pascal was growing in the love of poverty and retirement. The poverty of Christ was drawing him more and more strongly, and his way of life passed from simplicity to austerity. He grew in detachment from friends; and the death of his sister Jacqueline, who had been the chief affection of his life in all its stages, left him outwardly unmoved. It cannot be doubted but that the cast of his spiritual life was getting more Jansenistic—more stoical and hard; and that his austerity and unworldliness masked a great pride and self-sufficiency. This was only too clearly revealed in the last religious controversy in which he took part. The Port-Royalists were required by the Archbishop of Paris to sign a formula accepting the Pope's condemnation of the five propositions of the *Augustinus*. The nuns, acting on the advice of Arnauld, agreed to sign—submitting to the *de jure* question (that the propositions were heretical), but reserving judgment on the *de facto* question (that the propositions were actually in the book). This attitude was at once condemned by Rome. Pascal, consulted by Arnauld and his friends, gave his views in *Ecrit sur la Signature*, which is the last indisputable record of his attitude towards the Pope. At a meeting of his friends

[1] It is quite characteristic of Pascal that his experience of sickness should have been the inspiration of his very beautiful prayer *Pour demander à Dieu le bon usage des maladies.*

he denounced the distinction of *de facto* and *de jure* as an unworthy and contemptible subterfuge; he maintained that the Pope, in condemning the propositions of the *Augustinus*, was condemning the true teaching of the Fathers of the Church on efficacious grace; that he himself was ready to defend that doctrine to the last; that the Pope in this matter was betraying the truth; that if his cause was condemned in Rome, he would appeal to a higher tribunal—*ad tuum, Domine Jesu, tribunal appello.*[1] When he saw that he could not rally his friends to this extreme position, his emotion was so violent that he fainted.

Did Pascal ever return to the full obedience to the Church? M. Chevalier and apparently M. Maritain have no doubt but that he did. His alleged death-bed recantation is one of the most disputed incidents in his career. M. Beurrier, the curate of his parish, attended him on his death-bed and attested that Pascal had received the last sacraments with the deepest faith and most intense fervour, and that he had made complete submission to the decisions of the Church. This testimony was indignantly rejected by Pascal's sister and friends, and after much controversy M. Buerrier admitted that he had been mistaken as to the nature of the dying man's submission: all he said, or meant to say, was that Pascal had died *très bon Catholique!* The weight of evidence is certainly against the view that he submitted, and it is not the least poignant of the anomalies of his life that this ardent seeker after truth, who at other times had professed such humble submission to the Head of the Church, should have died in disobedience on a matter of doctrine. He was thirty-nine years of age at his death.

HUGH KELLY

[1] It must be remembered that at this time the Infallibility of the Pope was not dogmatically defined; but that does not excuse Pascal's rebellious attitude.

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY REV. LAMBERT MCKENNA, S.J.

XLIV

JUDGMENT TO COME

DIARMUID Ó COÍCHAIG CCT.

1. Maiṙg aṙ aiġne i n-aġaiḋ bṙeiṫiṁ
buain ṙan ġcúiṙ-ṙin ní céim ṙoiṙḃ
buḋ é an t-aiġneaṙ ġan ḟeaṙ ḋtaġṙa
ṙailġeaṙ ceann ḋá n-aġṙa oiṙn.

2. Ḃṙiṙteaṙ aṙ-íṙ aiṫne an Ċoimḋeaḋ
'n-a ġcloinn Ádaiṁ an uaiṙ ḃíḋ
ionġnaḋ ṙí um uḃall 'n-a aiġne
aṙ ḃṙulanġ ṫṙí ḋtaiṙnġe ṫṙíḋ.

3. Coṙṁail naċ ġuaiṙ ġoin na ciċe
i ġceannaṙ cáiġ ḋo-ċuaiḋ lé
máṙ ó ġoin ḋo-ċóiḋ a ġcineaḋ
cóiṙ 'n-a ḟuil ná ṙiṙeaḋ ṙé.

4. Ġoin a ġlac iṙ ġuaiṙ a noċtaḋ
aṙ neiṁ nġlac iṙ cuiṁneaċ ġiall
lá aġa ḟa ḋealġ ḋo ḋíoġail
ḟaḋa a ḃṙeaṙg ó ṙíoġaiḃ ṁaṁ.

5. Aṙ ġcuṙ eiċ aṙ ḟuḋ a náṁaḋ
ḋo-ní ḟeiḋm ḋo b'inċinn ḟlóiġ
an ḃeaṙn aṙ aṙ ḋocṙa ḋéiniṁ
leanḃ oċta ḋo ṙéiḋiġ ṙóinn.

6. Mac na hóiġe ḋ'éiṙ aṙ nḋíḋain
ġo nḋiulṫaḋ mé cá mó ġlaṙ
ġiall ṙíoġ ḋo b'ionġnaḋ i n-oṙláiṁ
ġan ṙíoḋ bioḋḃaḋ ḋ'ḟoġḃáil aṙ.

7. Ḋo ġaḃ ṙaoṙaḋ na ṙé line
a luaċ leiġiṙ luiṫ an ṫaoiḃ
ṙí 'n-a ḟuilngiḋ aṙ ċneiḋ ġcṙoiḋe
ḋo ċuiṁniġ ṙin ġoiṙe an ġaoil.

8. D'oirdhe Muire cá mó eineach
dá oigiodh féin fríoth a thoil
do ghéabadh roin adhbar m'obtha
'r 'n-a nadhnadh gcoin octa air.

9. Maidean Chárg fa caithréim fuaithnidh
sluagh Ifrinn do ionnsaigh fé
an rí nach gluair acht Dé Domhnaigh
guair don té dar fogladh hé.

10. Do fíol Éadha ir éanchuan luinge
lot cíche leir chaomhain finn
do b'fiu tarradh chuain an chroidhe
go fagadh uair oile inn.

11. Dár airdrioghadh i n-am ar raoirtha
fíoth ar loct ir leir do fhuaigh
diongna an ní do chuir leir gcadhair
rí do ghuin gan fhalaidh uain.

12. Neimh an chló do-chuaidh 'n-a donnaidh
ní beanfadh dinn dul ar neamh
mairg do réidhigh an raon reampa
gaol do éimigh teachta ir-teagh.

13. Righe a láimh do leigheas t'fhine
t'oirdhe i gcroir do cheadaigh fé
do bean ar a láimh do liodhna
an fead do-cháidh diomdha dé.

14. Dhuigh Ifrinn i n-eardaidh daoine
do dhruim eich leir fhillir fuaigh
nior bairrfeadh ar t'eachg gan adhbar
chneach i ndaingean t'fhaghlaidh uait.

15. Láimh linn ag oirdhe na hóighe
uraidhe dúinn dul i dtráigh
mar rin ir cóir coimhdhe cloinne
dá láimh t'oirdhe i gcoinne cáigh.

16. Nir bhraitheadh linn liaigh ar gcadhna
clann ag óigh gur fágaidh rib
ní thiodhna rí ag coill do cána
acht rí i mbroinn dá rádha rib.

17. Luit baoiglaca na mbar leaban
lá a céardaa nír chonuig ré
finn fan gcló dá n-obadh t'oirdhe
ní mó ar cogadh oirn-ne hé.

18. D'éir a cogaidh re cloinn nAdhaimh
airdrí nimhe ar naomhta fodair
fleadh gnáth go horrain óc oidhr
ir cormail tárg oinig air.

19. Guair go dtiocfa i dtaobh ar feinéion
féana ar gcairdir do cur fúibh
dionsna a chroig an tann ar tiorma
go bfuil 'n-a barr diomdha dúinn.

20. Do fuilngir i n-ioc na cána
crann id chroidhe nír céim roimh
créad oile do b'áil ar Adhamh
dá loigh cáir t'álaidh oirn.

21. Do feilg bíodhbadh re béal maidne
moch do gluairir le gnáth nDé
éirghe duit a huaig ir t'oigidh
cuid do buaidh an oinig hé.

22. San mhocht céadna fan gcneidh mbaoglaig
do bí Muire cá mó bruid
do-cí bean t'oire fan Aoine
cneadh chroidhe nar dhaoire duit.

23. Airchiadh faoidha na fé line
cá long eile do b'fhearr feol
don taobh ir-tig do chú an chroidhe
do fir tú dot fine an t-eol.

24. Tabhla duit ag dion do cinidh
cár fan doilig dul 'n-a feilb
ní faidhe beann go crú an chroidhe
nar dearbh tú fet fine d'feidhm.

25. D'argain Iffinn re hucht maidne
moch do éirig oidhre Dé
breith léime ón fiort ir a oigidh
ir d'fiort féile t'oidhir hé.

26. Ar leanb Muire mian ar noidin
Dia hAoine gérb iomda guin
Ní fug méad a cneadh gan coimhde
An tréad far fear t'oidhre a fuil.

27. Do reac rib ar fon ar migníomh
Mac óige nocarb feidhm foirb
Cormhail re malairt fir oinig
Rib ar dtabairt t'oidhir oirn.

28. Tar láimh an rioghfan riocht céadna
Do-cuaidh finn cá faoibe cor
An lá ar tiorma áit an ocha
Dionsna an trát ar docha a dhol.

29. Daor do fineadh fíol an treabha
An tuar grár dan geamhar finn
Deargdá dtárrnaidh tarradh oinig
Branar álaidh troighthinn.

30. Guair le Muire méad an diomdadh
Dion cloinne gér cormhail dí
Dá rire rí clódh a gcogaidh
Ní hí an óg gan obair hí.

31. I ló ar noidin d'éir a oighidh
Airdrí na cruinne do cum nór
Téid ar foghail gCárg dar gcomhda
Marraidh tárg na foghla fór.

32. Ar ar fon cá faoibe cunnradh
Crann 'n-a cích do foghain fug
Ir mó ná foin díoch na ndaoine
Fíoch i ngoin na daoibe cug.

33. Tuigtear oruinn gurb fiu an conn-foin
Truime an torcair táimig lé
Conn ó caladh cíg 'n-a coinne
Ag blaghadh lín doirre Dé.

34. Daoine an beatha bláth an chroinn-rin
Crann torraidh ar truime bláth
Go bfuil an crann 'n-a coill chuarraigh
I mbarr croinn do chuarraigh cách.

35. Cor far fnaidmad fíot na cruinne
ag cneid ócta oidre Dé
go ndiongnad foin fíot a diomdad
le goin fíog do b'iongnad né.

36. Sé dá oidre gér iul doilig
doimne an cíg do cuartaig linn
maoidte gaol ar fear an eolair
fan taob ir-teag feolair finn.

37. Do cuir fa dlaoi [réana] ar finnfear
fealb na n-uile an t-am fa bfuair
iongnad mé fa aicbear n-álad
do maitfead fé d'Ádam uaid. M.

Translation

1. I pity the man who argues his own case with a judge; to do so is ruinous; a dispute conducted without advocate would mean our hidden sins being brought against us.
2. God's commandment is broken over again whenever men show themselves to be Adam's children; strange if the Lord, after bearing the three nails owing to the apple, charge us still with that apple.
3. The breast-wound should cause us no fear, for by it Christ entered on His lordship over men; as 'twas by His blood that their race escaped ruin (?), let Him not demand of them payment for that blood.
4. I fear he will point to His wounded hand; a hostage has a long memory for the pain in his (manacled) hand; God has a day in mind when He will take vengeance for the nail; a king's anger is long-lived.
5. Urging His steed through His foes' ranks, He acts as true captain; He, a nurseling child, cleared for us the gap which no one would face.
6. To be saved by the Virgin's Son and then cast off—could aught be harder? Were a hostage held by a king, 'twere strange if the king found not his foes submissive.
7. He undertook to save the Six Generations; His side-wounds were the reward He got for redeeming them; remembering His kinship with men, He was able to bear the wound in His heart.
8. Mary's Son attained His purpose by dying—could love be greater? He would have had cause to reject me, His heart-wound being so inflamed.
9. On Easter-morn—great hosting!—he attacked Hell's host; He had been threatening His foes for long, though 'twas only on Sunday He set forth.
10. Safe haven for Eve's race is the breast-wound wherein He sheltered us; the wealth of that harbour, His heart, should induce Eve's race to return to it.
11. In our salvation-hour the Lord by His death bound peace with us after our sins; strange His way of saving us—to be wounded and not repine!
12. The smart of the nail in His foot will not keep us out of Heaven; sad was His plight clearing the path for His race who till then had failed to enter Heaven.
13. Thy Son on the Cross let His arms be stretched out to cure Thy folk: His arms gradually ceased to be extended as God's anger passed away.
14. Hell's house lost the men carried off on the horse with which Thou didst rout Thy foes; Thou wert wise to bind on Thy horse's back the booty of Thy foes' castle.
15. Easy for us to make the shore, helped by the Virgin's Son; rightly was the world saved by Thy two arms held out to them.
16. We had no hope of a leech for our wounds till Thou gavest Thy Son to a virgin; to pay off (?) Thy tribute she need only tell Thee of the king in her womb.

17. On His torture-day He complained not of the dread wounds in His delicate hands; if He reject us for nailing Him 'tis no longer a war waged for us!

18. After His war with Adam's race, Thy Son, heaven's ever-holy king, gave a banquet of grace crowded to the door; fitly shall His generosity be exalted.

19. Thou mayst, I fear, be tempted to disown us as friends after our sins; but, now that the blood is dry on Christ's feet, 'twere strange were those feet at the height of their anger against us.

20. To pay the Tribute Thou didst suffer the spear in Thy heart—sore stoke! if thy wounds are to stand against me how is my case different from Adam's? (*i.e.* what was use of Redemption?)

21. Urged by divine love, Thou didst go forth at early morn to hunt Thy foes; Thy resurrection—as well as Thy death—was the fruit of Thy generous love.

22. Mary was in the same plight as Thou from the cruel wounding—could plight be worse? On Friday Thou didst watch her bearing Thy burden; the piercing of Thy own heart hurt Thee not more.

23. The ship of rescue for the Six generations—Thou didst steer it for Thy children into the haven of Thy bleeding heart; did ever ship sail a better course?

24. In working to save Thy children Thou hadst many a difficulty in winning them to Thee; but there was no danger—not even the shedding of Thy heart's blood—which Thou didst not face in fighting with Thy folk.

25. Early before dawn God's Son rose to plunder Hell; His leap from the grave—as well as His death—came from the strength of His generous love.

26. Though the desire of Mary's Son to save us meant for Him many a wound on Friday, those wounds succeeded in saving the flock for whom Thy Son shed His blood.

27. For our sins Thou gavest up the Virgin's Son—how sad! Thy barter of Thy Son for us was an exchange made by generous heart.

28. Why try to force the ford of His wounded breast when it is dry and its passage hardest! we forced our way past His hand when it was dry likewise—how mad of us!

29. Dearly did He buy the seed for the field, the field of which we are the corn-grass; broken up was that lea, His sore feet, from which came the fruit of love.

30. Though Mary can, I think, save her children, yet even she is frightened at the excess of His anger; when she strives to stop the war on them, she has a hard task.

31. After His death on the day of our salvation the world's king achieved great glory; He made His Easter-raid—famed raid!—to bring us to safety.

32. To possess us He chose to bear the spear in His breast—was ever exchange more foolish?—but the loss of mankind would have cost Him more than the pardon which He brought them in His wounded side.

33. Our present state shows that the wave (of Christ's blood) was worth shedding for the wealth of the fruit it carried in; that wave, driven back from the shore of Christ's breast, fell on the net of God's wrath and broke it.

34. Men are the blossoms of the fruitful heavy-laden tree; that tree is as a fruitful wood and bore all men as blossoms on its top.

35. Strange the terms on which Christ's wounded breast made peace with the world, that God should cease His wrath when Christ would be wounded!

36. God explored with us the depths of Christ's breast—sore that exploring! He led us into the centre of it; how proud we should be to have the love of such a guide!

37. On reconquering the world, God forgot all memory of our ancestors' denial of Him; will He charge me with wounds for which He would pardon even Adam?

NOTES

MS.: 23 D 14 p. 102. Readings departed from are here noted.
1*a* aiṫne et sic semper *d* ċeaṅ 2*b i.e.* "when they sin" 9*a* fuaiġniṫ 10*c* ċuaiṁ *d* ṁaḋaṫ 12*d* ṫeaḋṫ 13*a* miṫe *c* leg. l. a l.? 15*d* ṫá 18*c* fleaḟ et sic semper; sṁáṙ 23*c* aṙtiḟ 24*d* ṫḟeiṫm (?) 28*d* a ṫoil = an t-áṫ ro ḟaḃáil 29*a* leg. a tṁ. but tṁeaḃaṫ sometimes stands for "a field" 30*b* ċoṙṁaiṙl 33*b* táiniḟ *c* ċiṫ *d* bloṫaṫ 34*d* ċroinn 37*a* ṙéana abest.

HENRI GHÉON AND HIS RELIGIOUS PLAYS

BY SISTER JEROME KEELER, O.S.B., PH.D.

HENRI GHÉON is known to the modern literary world as a poet,[1] a novelist,[2] a critic,[3] a hagiographer, and a dramatist. As a poet he is mediocre;[4] but in the other fields, especially the drama, he has accomplished important and original work. His real name is Dr. Henri Vangeon, and he writes and practises medicine in Orsay, an ancient town in the shadow of Versailles. He is one of "les grands convertis;" for, though he was born a Catholic and made his First Communion on what he terms "the most beautiful day of my life,"[5] he fell away soon after. In *L'Homme né de la guerre* (1919), the book he wrote about his conversion, he describes the pathetic scene. It was Easter Sunday morning, and he was sitting in one of the down-stairs rooms reading, while his mother was above getting ready for Mass. She calls down: "Hurry up, Henry, or we shall be late!" He rises, puts down the book, and goes up to his mother's room. She is drawing on her gloves and, all unsuspecting his reply, repeats: "Hurry, or you will miss Mass." "I am not going," he answers, shamefaced but resolute. "What do you expect, Mother? I do not believe any more!" And he leaves her, a knife in her heart.

Ghéon himself analyzes the situation thus: "Between the good, pious mother and the godless father . . . the young man hesitates, wavers. He has two examples, and one single way to choose. My father had not said a word to tear me from the maternal faith and, God knows, . . . what secret preference attracted me to my mother; it was my father, however, that

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[1] He began writing poetry when he was only twenty-two, and has produced four volumes: *Chansons d'aube* (1897), *Algérie* (1906), *Foi en la France* (1916) and *Le Miroir de Jésus* (1920).

[2] He has published two novels: *La Vieille Dame des rues* (1930), the fictional biography of a queer old lady living in Paris, and *Jeux de l'enfer et du ciel* (1932), which tells in three volumes the story of fifteen persons who visit Ars during the lifetime of its saintly curé.

[3] His two principal works of criticism are *Nos Directions* (1911), a collection of lectures and essays on poetry and the drama, and *Partis pris* (1924), reflections on the art of writing.

[4] He judges his own poems when he says: "They are worth what they are worth. But, I insist, never has a cry more sincere, more spontaneous, more impossible to restrain, gone forth from me. It is for this reason they are dear to me." *L'Homme né de la guerre*, p. 120. Their sincerity is, in fact, their greatest merit.

[5] *L'Homme né de la guerre*, p. 10.

I followed."[1] He persevered in this unbelief until 1915. Even at his loved mother's death (she was killed in an accident) he did not repent, but was filled with bitter rebellion against God. At the consecration during the Requiem Mass he uttered blasphemous reproaches: "You are not . . . No, You cannot be . . . You would not have taken from me her whom I loved, after having thus crushed her."[2]

Then came the World War. Ghéon was exempt from service on account of poor health, but went as a doctor of the Red Cross.[3] Through his friend, André Gide, he was introduced to a man who changed his whole outlook on life, Dominique-Pierre Dupouey, lieutenant-commander of a battalion of Marines. Ghéon met him only three times, for Dupouey was killed on the Yser on Holy Saturday 1915, but he was vitally affected by the unostentatious sanctity of the officer. He writes in *Foi en la France:*

"Ami, vous êtes le reflet
De Dieu dans mon âme terrestre:
Je vous garde, comme un secret,
Comme un talisman,
Comme une promesse.
Ce que de vous j'attends
Le sais-je?
Attendrais-je
Si je le savais?

Ami, vous êtes mon attente,
Mon recours et ma dernière heure:
Je l'ai trop peu mérité, ce bonheur
Qui m'inquiète et qui me tente;
La pensée du vôtre est douce et mon coeur,
Ami, s'en contente.

Ami, le peu que j'ai de foi
Je vous l'offre; priez pour moi."[4] 7 mai 1915.

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 11. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 28.
[3] He had studied medicine in Paris, 1901-1909, and practised it in Bray-sur-Seine, where he was born in 1875.
[4] *Foi en la France*, pp. 113, 114.

It is interesting to note that it was this same Gide, himself so far from the truth, who thus urged Ghéon to the final step : " At the point where you are, your hesitation seems unpardonable to me."[1] So the wanderer came back to the fold, and on Christmas, 1915, received Holy Communion once more. Since then, like Claudel, he has been fulfilling a lay apostolate, earnestly defending the faith with dauntless zeal. Unlike his illustrious contemporary, however, who deliberately addresses himself to the élite and delights in abstruse diction difficult to interpret, Ghéon chooses as his audience the people, the Catholic people, whom he wishes to instruct and entertain.

Perhaps it was the fact that he owed his own conversion to the example of a holy man, that determined Ghéon to write attractive and comprehensible lives of the saints, both in the form of biography and of drama. He has given us *Le Saint Curé d'Ars* (1928), *Sainte Thérèse de Lisieux* (1934), and *Saint Jean Bosco* (1935), all brilliant and appealing studies.[2] The saints in his books are real, living, breathing people, free from the meaningless halo of awesome and even repellent sanctity so commonly found in our hagiographies. He undertook the task with some trepidation : " I was not too sure myself that I would not find the saints rather boring company . . . They gave me the same sense of wonder and surprise as one of those medleys of people that you get whenever many races mingle."[3] His success has been so marked that Mr. Sheed considers him the greatest living portrait-painter of the saints. His intelligent and sympathetic presentation clears away all the misunderstanding that has blinded us to the fascinating reality of the saints ; it makes us see them as their contemporaries saw them, as they actually were.

Ghéon's real field is the drama. First he undertook the *tragédie populaire* in blank verse, in which, without preaching directly, he teaches a lesson through the characters themselves. In *Le Pain* (1912), for example, the hero is a baker who, in

[1] *L'Homme né de la guerre*, p. 212.

[2] These three biographies have been translated into English, and are published by Sheed and Ward. He has also written an excellent study of the life and genius of Mozart : *Promenades avec Mozart, l'homme, l'oeuvre, le pays*, Paris, 1932. It has been translated into English by Alexander Dru. See *Studies*, March 1933, for review of French edition.

[3] Preface to *Saint Jean Bosco*.

spite of the opposition of his miserly wife and her father, gives generously of his bread in time of famine. But he receives only ingratitude from those he tries to benefit. The play is rather too long and is overcrowded with lyricism, although it shows definite dramatic ability in the author. Another play of this type is *L'Eau de vie* (unpublished), which portrays a family of peasants to whom drink has brought ruin. One son, the youngest, tries to remedy the evil, but becomes the enemy of his own household and suffers the bitter consequences. In both these early plays there is life and colour, deepened by a shade of pessimistic realism.[1]

Ghéon's next venture was to introduce the saints to the modern world through the drama. He declares that we do not know the saints any more, though a movement for renewal of acquaintance does seem to be on foot. His intention is to " reaccustom the century to the *merveilleux chrétien* as to a reality ; to work to render faith more concrete, more familiar, and more intimately blended with our everyday life ; finally to bring back to society these men of yesterday and yore who, sharing our condition, our temptations, our weakness, won heaven while on earth and fought the good fight before triumphing."[2] He has exploited Catholic history and legends, and has put on the stage Saints Cecilia, Alexis, Francis, Benedict, Scholastica, Martin, Nicholas, Genesius, Thomas, and a host of others.[3] As we said, he wishes to appeal to the people ; so his settings are simple, and his favourite actors amateurs, modern *confrères de la Passion.* He mingles comedy and tragedy, realism and idealism, backyards and fairyland. His dream is that each parish celebrate the feast of its patron by " un beau miracle " to be given, after the liturgical service, in the hall or yard of the church. Thus *La Triomphe de Notre Dame de Chartres* (1927) was played in the open air at Chartres

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[1] Three other plays which belong to the *théâtre profane* are : *Les Propos interrompus* (1926), *La Joyeuse farce des encore* (1926) and *Les Contes de Perrault en action* (1926).

[2] Preface to *Jeux et miracles pour le peuple fidèle,* vol. I.

[3] He has written over 40 dramas since 1920. Five of them have been translated into English and are published by Sheed and Ward : *The Marvellous History of St. Bernard, The Comedian, The Marriage of St. Francis, St. Germaine of the Wolf Country,* and *The Journey of the Three Kings.*

on the sixth of June, our Lady's feast, by the Compagnons de Notre Dame. His Eminence Cardinal Dubois presided, and the actors opened the performance by the recitation of a *Pater* and an *Ave* to ask the Blessed Virgin to bless their efforts. *La Rencontre de Saint Benoît et de Sainte Scholastique* (1927) was played by the pupils in the abbey school of Maredsous to honour their patron saint and his twin sister.

Four of the best known of Ghéon's dramas are *La Farce du pendu dépendu* (1921), *Le Comédien et la grâce* (1925), *Aventures de Gilles, ou Le Saint malgré lui* (1922), and *La Bergère au pays des loups* (1922). *La Farce du pendu dépendu* is a miracle play in three acts, which was presented for the first time on May 25, 1920, at the Théâtre Balzac. It is based on a dateless anecdote related in *La Légende dorée*, translated by Wyzewa, but modified somewhat to suit Ghéon's purpose. A father and his son (evidently a moron) are making a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. James at Compostela. They stop at an inn where their host and his wife, moved by cupidity, make them drunk and during their sleep put into their sack a silver marriage cup. The next morning they are formally accused of theft and are declared guilty by the judge, who conveniently happens to be lodging at the same inn. They must turn over all their goods to the inn-keeper, and one of them is to be hanged. In spite of the father's protests, the son claims the privilege ; so the old man continues on his way to Compostela. On his return a month later, he stops to mourn at the foot of the gibbet where his son is hanging, and, to his amazement, finds him still alive, thanks to St. James, and, moreover, grown wondrous wise. They take down the boy and are about to hang the perfidious inn-keeper in his place, but the father and son plead for his life.

Le Comédien et la grâce is a more serious drama,[1] which has the same subject as Rotrou's famous *Saint Genest*. It tells how the actor Genest, at the command of the Emperor Diocletian, takes the part of a Christian in a play. He throws

[1] May Bateman calls it "the finest of all his plays." See *Dublin Review*, vol. 180 (1927), p. 83.

himself into his rôle so completely that he is actually converted and dies a martyr. Ghéon's play is superior to Rotrou's in one point especially. It reveals more perfectly and analyses more thoroughly the interior sentiments of the hero. We follow Genest step by step from his initial repugnance to play the part of a Christian, overcome only by a direct command from the emperor, through his professional endeavour to learn more about the Christians and his stubborn resistance to the advice and prayers of his brother Felix, to his final complete and heroic surrender to grace. We must recognize, however, that while this character analysis adds to the psychological interest, it somewhat lessens the dramatic action of the play.

Saint Gilles, the saint in spite of himself, has infinitely more difficulty in persuading the world of his lack of sanctity than Molière's Sganerelle ever had in proving that he was not a doctor. The play contains four main episodes : in the first, Gilles heals a paralytic child bitten by a serpent and frees a woman possessed by a devil ; in the second, he saves the crew of a ship which is sinking in a storm ; in the third, he accompanies Bishop Césaire and works extraordinary cures among his parishioners ; in the fourth, he enjoys the solitude of the desert, having for companion only a young doe, " the most adorable of all M. Ghéon's parabolic beasts," according to Kathryn Brégy ;[1] but in the end he must return to apostolic labours. The main action of the play revolves around the earnest but hopeless endeavour of Gilles to escape the praise and admiration aroused by his holiness and miracles.

Perhaps the loveliest of Ghéon's miracle plays is *La Bergère au pays des loups.* It is a sacred pastoral, consisting of a prologue, three tableaux, and an epilogue. It relates the story of a poor little shepherdess, Germaine de Pibrac, who, losing her own mother when she was a baby, is left to the mercy of a cruel step-mother and a spineless father : the latter really loves his daughter, but is afraid to display his affection. There are four first-class miracles in the play, as the *meneur du jeu* announces at the beginning : " Each morning she (Germaine) left her flock to go to hear Mass, and yet never did the wolf

[1] See *Catholic World,* vol. 130 (1929), p. 8.

carry off a lamb during her absence. In order to get to the church, she had to cross a stream, torrential during the time of the great rains : she was seen walking on the waters like the Master Whom she loved. Gentle to children and charitable to the poor, she was protected, as was St. Elizabeth of Hungary before her, by the charming miracle of the roses. And when she died, having passed scarcely twenty years on this earth, our Lord sent His angels to conduct her soul to Him."[1] To those who insist that this is entirely too much supernatural intervention in one play, Ghéon points to the miracles which are daily occurrences at Lourdes and like places of pilgrimage. Moreover, says he, the dramatist often chooses as subject exceptional events rather than the banalities of every-day life.

Besides these four, Ghéon has numerous other miracle plays[2] of the same type, though each has its individual charm. There is the delightful *Débat de Nicolazic entre Sainte Anne et le recteur* (1923), which relates the difficulties Nicolazic had in carrying out the orders given him by Saint Anne to build a church in her honour. *Les Trois Miracles de Sainte Cécile* (1922) shows, in scenes of poetic loveliness and with very little departure from tradition, the virgin martyr's noble life and death. *Le Miracle de l'enfant bavard* (1925) recounts how a gossipy boy (strange it was not a woman !) had his tongue cut out until he learned to use it only in praise of the Blessed Virgin. *Le Bon voyage, ou Le Mort à cheval* (1923) is another story of a pilgrimage to St. James at Compostela in which five men vow to make the journey, but only one is faithful and is rewarded by the saint accordingly. *Le Dit de l'homme qui aurait vu Saint Nicolas* (1922) is the tale of a man to whom a false and a true St. Nicholas appear, and the false is converted by the true. In *Le Pauvre sous l'escalier* (1920) we learn how St. Alexis, the night before his marriage, abandons his wife

[1] *Jeux et miracles pour le peuple fidèle*, vol. II, p. 39, 40.

[2] We have called all these plays *miracles*, though Ghéon makes a distinction. In the preface to *Saint Maurice ou l'obéissance*, he explains that a *miracle* is a play in which the supernatural intervenes visibly. A *jeu* is one which is based on legend rather than on authentic historical records.

to roam the world as a beggar. Years later he returns and, unknown to his family, lives on charity under the stairs of his own father's house, the constant witness of his poor wife's grief. *Les Trois Sagesses du vieux Wang* (1927) is a Chinese drama whose central figure is the heroic Lao Wang, who for love of God pardons his cruel enemy. *La Vie profonde de Saint François d'Assise* (1926), *La Triomphe de Saint Thomas d'Aquin* (1925), *Saint Maurice ou l'obéissance* (1923), and *La Marveilleuse Histoire du jeune Bernard de Menthon* (1926), all narrate episodes from the lives of the respective saints, in dramas which mingle the most sublime mysticism with astounding but genuine naiveté.

Most of these plays, modelled on the mystery and miracle plays of the twelfth century, are at the same time farces, for Ghéon succeeds admirably in joining mirth to malice and laughter to tears. He keeps the direct and popular accent of the Middle Ages and of Molière. His aim is to convey to this supremely modern world an echo of those mystic tones of trustful faith that haunted the people of long ago and that resound so clearly in his ears above the din of the centuries. His plays are best interpreted by the Compagnons de Notre Dame, who serve gratuitously: founded "for the praise of God and the exaltation of His saints," they present these moral heroes to us in all their simple grandeur and artless wisdom, encouraged by angels and tempted by devils who appear in the guise of human beings.

At times, Ghéon shows a delightful wit and humour, in which there is often a streak of the "esprit gaulois," that satirical, mocking, jovial spirit which characterizes French literature from *Le Roman de Renard* to the present day. For example, in *L'Impromptu du charcutier*, after St. Nicholas has restored to life the three boys ground up in the sausage mill of Créon, he points to the devil and rebukes Créon :—

> Imprudent butcher, for your penance you are going to seize that fellow firmly; you are going to throw him into the very jaws of your machine, with all your sins, and start the mechanism. I warn you that nothing edible will come out of it, and that your instrument will become worthless. But so much the better. I forbid you to buy another. This is the price of your pardon.

In *La Vie profonde de Saint François*, when the woodpecker declares that birds cannot talk to men, an old crow replies :—

I beg your pardon. The uncle of the great-grandfather of my parents' great-great-grandfather used to tell (it's my parents who told me) that in the days of the great-great-uncle of the great-great-grandfather of his parents' great-great-grandfather (it was they who told him) all the birds used to talk with men, even birds of prey. And when I say with "men," I mean with the man, for there was only one then, who lived with his wife and was king on land and sea.

In *Le Grand combat entre l'ermite et le dragon*, the holy hermit Armel comes to chide the dragon, who has eaten a number of people :—

St. Armel : Sir Dragon, I am sorry to disturb you, but all my time is taken ; I must settle this affair on my way.

Dragon : What affair ? What affair ?

St. Armel : You are not behaving yourself well.

Dragon : That is my business. I have a right to all the spoiled meat. I devour sinners. God has no reason to complain.

St. Armel : Yes, He has. He wants to save them.

Dragon : So much the worse for them ! I will not give them up. You have finished your sermon, holy man ?

St. Armel : It has done no good, I see ?

Dragon : None.

St. Armel : Then it will be necessary to settle our affair otherwise. Sir Dragon, I challenge you.

Dragon : The deuce ! An affair of honor ! I do not know what you are talking about. I have no honor.

St. Armel : Then I will be forced to kill you in your lair. I would have preferred a loyal combat.

Dragon : You cannot kill me.

St. Armel : You know nothing about it.

Dragon : Since St. George and St. Michael, no one has been found with strength ! Keep away, Your Reverence. With all your abbey, esteem yourself fortunate that I allow you to depart. Mou . . . Mou . . .

Thus his style is always suited to the subject. It may even seem loose and careless at times, but that is exactly what we should expect when humble folks are talking. If little Brother Genièvre cuts off the leg of a poor peasant's pig to satisfy the hunger of his sick brother Lucide,[1] who would

[1] See *Crime de Frère Genièvre* in *Jeux et miracles pour le peuple fidèle*, vol. II., p. 1736.

ask him to explain in polished phrases? Ghéon is also condemned for lack of psychology, but when we remember that he wrote about saints who glory in being fools for Christ and who often defy all psychological analysis, we are inclined to grant that the difficulty lies more in the subject matter than in the writer. Again, critics reproach him for his verbosity and lengthy discourses. In *Saint Maurice ou l'obéissance* Maurice makes an address of twelve hundred words to his soldiers to persuade them to die as Christians without resistance to the unjust order of the Emperor Maximian. A long speech for a drama, no doubt, but necessary to show the power of the saintly leader over his six thousand men, who, rebellious at first, accept with resignation and finally with joy the prospect of martyrdom which awaits them. Sometimes there is humour in this prolixity. For example, in *La Farce du pendu dépendu* the judgment scene could be condensed to a few lines, but the laughter aroused by the pretended sagacity of the pompous judge and garrulous gendarme (alias lawyer) would have to be sacrificed.

The popularity of his plays and the unexpected welcome they received in theatres, colleges, and open-air performances are the greatest proof of their success. Jacques Maritain shows how they combine the elements of the early Greek tragedy with the liturgical Christian drama and the medieval allegory.[1] The secret of his genius lies in his familiarity with the supernatural and in his ability to present it to us in a pleasing manner. This gift—combined with his ingenious simplicity, superb imagination, freedom from rhetoric, and vividness of characterization—makes him stand out original and alone. Father Martindale's remark about *La Vie profonde de Saint François* applies in a manner to all Ghéon's religious dramas: "Provided that the play be acted without the remotest suspicion of sentimentality, of pomposity, of pseudo-mysticism, of pose (ecclesiastical or of the stage), it must admit us to some at least of the profundity of the fathomless life of St. Francis." [2]

SISTER JEROME KEELER

[1] See *Chronique des lettres françaises*, vol. II. (1924), p. 675-677.
[2] *Marriage of St. Francis*, preface.

THE PAPACY IN A CHANGING WORLD

BY PROFESSOR DANIEL A. BINCHY, M.A., PH.D.

René Fülöp-Miller : *The Power and Secret of the Papacy.* Translated by Conrad M. R. Bonacina. (Longmans. 1937. 7s. 6d.)

Carl Conrad Eckhardt : *The Papacy and World Affairs.* (Chicago University Press. 1937. $4.00)

F. A. Ridley : *The Papacy and Fascism.* (Secker and Warburg. 1937. 6s.)

THESE three books, written by non-Catholics, bear witness to one of the most significant phenomena of our time. None of them refers to the " Mystery of Iniquity " or the " Scarlet Woman " ; all of them treat of the Papacy with respect, if not with admiration, as one of the dominant factors in the modern world. Catholics have, of course, their own explanations of this phenomenon ; but the reactions of intelligent " outsiders " to it deserve careful and sympathetic study, and it is the purpose of this brief sketch to give some account of them.

When, in 1878, Pius IX closed his tired eyes in death, the Papacy as a force in international politics seemed fated to disappear. Despoiled of its temporal sovereignty, reduced to the position of tenant-at-will of a hostile government, assailed by the forces of Liberalism and Masonry throughout Europe and abandoned by traditionally Catholic powers, " the august dynasty "—to quote a contemporary German observer—" to which the kingdoms of the civilised world once rendered feudal homage now holds but the mere *precarium* of a Church and a couple of buildings." Would it even retain its uncertain tenure of these ? Not if Adriano Lemmi, Grand Master of the Italian Lodges, could help it ; in a speech delivered about this time he demanded the abrogation of the Law of Guarantees, " in order that the stones of the Vatican may be scattered," and the memory of its former occupants erased from the earth. At another meeting, held within a stone's throw of St. Peter's immediately after the election of Leo XIII, the audience were invited to " spit upon the rotting corpse of the Papacy." Nor did the campaign stop at mere words. Who can even yet read unmoved of the ghastly nocturnal scene during the funeral of Pius IX, when a rabble, organised and paid by the " intellectuals " of the Giordano Bruno Lodge, brutally attacked the silent procession with the watchword : " Throw his carcase into the river " ? And some years later, with the inauguration of the monument to Giordano Bruno, patron of " the new eternal city of free thought," the anti-papal campaign reached its zenith. Small wonder that Leo XIII, as

has been since revealed, more than once thought of leaving Rome altogether.

The attitude of the non-Catholic world towards these events was in general sympathetic. After all, who could blame a little excess of zeal on the part of the champions of liberty and progress in the final stages of their victorious campaign against the moribund organ of reaction and obscurantism? As usual, British observers ran true to type, viewing all such happenings *sub specie Angliae*, and measuring men and movements of which they knew next to nothing by their own social and political rule of thumb. Thus Gladstonian Liberals, stalwart supporters of Church and Chapel, placidly assumed that Italian Liberals, whose leader Crispi had proclaimed Christianity to be *il nemico eterno*, were actuated by the same ideals as themselves. And British Freemasons, most of them pillars of the Establishment, applauded the anti-religious activity deployed by the Grand Orient in the very shadow of the primal Church of Christendom. Was it all just ignorance, or did the old "No Popery" tradition take a hand in moulding this attitude? At all events, even the most detached non-Catholic observers held out no prospects for the Papacy beyond a rapidly diminishing spiritual supremacy coupled with total political oblivion.

Less than sixty years have passed, and what do we find to-day? Thrones and dynasties which seemed impregnable in 1878 have crumbled into dust; the "eternal principles" of Liberalism *à la* Crispi are at a discount throughout Europe; the omnipotent Brethren of the Giordano Bruno Lodge are—where? But the Vatican remains. More than that, in an era of feverish change, the institution which has changed least throughout the centuries, the institution which has made least concessions to the *Zeitgeist*, has not merely maintained its position, but enhanced it out of all recognition. At no time since the Reformation has the Papacy stood higher in the opinion of the non-Catholic world than now. To-day it no longer surprises anyone to see *Quadragesimo Anno* quoted as an authority in a leading article of *The Times*, or to find scholars and scientists of all faiths and no faith joyfully accepting membership of the Papal Academy. The small diplomatic corps which remained accredited to the Holy See after 1870 has swollen to proportions only equalled in the capitals of first-class Powers, and includes representatives from all the important countries of Europe except Soviet Russia. The very day on which Emile Combes, the architect of "laicism" in France, died obscure and forgotten saw the formal renewal of diplomatic relations between his country and the Vatican. Even the most embittered enemies of the past now pay court to the institution whose impending dissolution was loudly proclaimed by their predecessors of sixty years ago. Two examples will

suffice. The other day, at a congress of the French Radical Socialists —whose pathological anti-clericalism once earned for them the name of *mangeurs de curés*—M. Delbos, the Foreign Minister, won prolonged applause with a tribute to " the noble and pacific efforts of the Vatican." Even more remarkable is the second example: an open letter by M. Albert Lantoine, one of the leaders of French Masonry, " to the Sovereign Pontiff," in which, having recalled the Christian origins of the craft, he proposes nothing less than an alliance between the Papacy and Freemasonry to combat the twin enemies of " our common civilisation," Fascism and Communism. *Non tali auxilio* the Vatican is more than entitled to reply, but the incident at least shows that the wheel has in very truth gone full circle.

How explain this amazing increase in the political prestige of the Papacy? That is the question which these three books, each in its own way, seek to answer. Herr Fülöp-Miller writes as a frank admirer of the " ideology " (to use a fashionable term) of the modern Papacy; the magnificent synthesis between faith and progress, much of which he rightly attributes to Leo XIII, is, in his view, responsible for the admiration and esteem with which the Vatican is now regarded by men of good will all over the world. He speaks for those—and their number is surely large—who, while unable to believe the dogmas of the Catholic Church, see in it the bulwark of western culture, at present menaced by " totalitarianism " of various kinds, and accept its fundamental teaching on political and social matters. Professor Eckhardt, while also friendly to the modern Papacy, is more detached. His thesis is that the disappearance of the Pope from the list of secular rulers, as a result of the loss of the temporal power, has paved the way for the development of a spiritual primacy by no means confined to those who acknowledge his spiritual jurisdiction. In other words, if the non-Catholic world is increasingly inclined to look to the Pope for light and leading in questions of political and social morality, this is largely due to his complete emancipation from " power politics " since 1870. Mr. Ridley is in a class apart. A convinced Socialist, and a firm believer in the dialectical materialism of Marx, he regards the Papacy as the supreme enemy of " progress," which being interpreted is " collectivism, under the alternative designations of Communism and Socialism." Yet his book is no mere angry propaganda and compares favourably in tone with much that has been written in English of the Papacy by professing " Christians "; while making " no pretence to an impartiality as impossible as it would be ludicrous "—who could fail to be touched by such honest *naiveté*?—he neither under-estimates nor vilifies his adversary. The unparalleled resilience of the modern Papacy he attributes to the fact that, having itself " gone Fascist " at the time of the Vatican Council, it is now in a position to call to its aid all the

other dark forces of " totalitarianism " (except, of course, the Russian variety, which is *ex definitione* " progressive ") in its struggle to destroy modern " progress."

Let us take Professor Eckhardt first. There is no doubt that the disappearance of the temporal power—whatever one may think of the means and the men responsible for its destruction—was a blessing in disguise for the Papacy. As the distinguished Bishop of Cremona, Mgr. Bonomelli (whose rank and personal sanctity could not save his work from the Index), pointed out at the time, the " patrimony of St. Peter," an " accidental " and not an essential of the Apostolic See, had served its purpose and outlived its usefulness. For many centuries it had been essential to the international significance of the Papacy, but long before 1870 it had become a liability rather than an asset, and the light of the Pope's spiritual Empire was too often obscured by the chronic disorder in his ungoverned rather than misgoverned state. On the other hand, the forcible seizure of Rome by the troops of Victor Emmanuel II was the worst possible solution, for it destroyed the basis of that sovereign independence which is indispensable to the head of a universal Church. And the so-called " Law of Guarantees " left this vital question untouched. " It is not," said Leo XIII, " a real independence, but only an apparent and transitory one, for it is subject to the will of others. Those who conferred it yesterday can cancel it to-morrow." Whatever his predecessor may have thought, it is obvious that Leo no longer believed in the necessity, or even the desirability of a *restitutio in integrum*; independence, not any particular amount of territory, was the essential requirement. It has been reserved for our generation to see the Roman question settled on lines which guarantee that the Sovereign Pontiff is really sovereign. Not that the Lateran Treaty is an ideal settlement from the papal standpoint, for the fact that the Vatican City is an *enclave* in the heart of another state may involve serious interference with the freedom of the Holy See to pursue its universal mission in the event of a major war in which Italy is engaged. But given the actual circumstances, it represents by far the best settlement, and will remain a monument to the vision and courage of the Pope who made it. The decision of Pius XI to limit territorial claims to the absolute minimum necessary for legal sovereignty was a mark of the highest wisdom—wisdom which may yet be rewarded when the Fascist dispensation has gone the way of all things human. *In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister.* As the Pope himself finely said in reply to those critics who sought to measure his dominion in terms of square metres, " the Vatican State is at once the smallest and the greatest in the world."

It was no mere coincidence that the masterly formulation of the

relations between the Church and the modern state should have come from the pen of the first Pope for centuries who had no papal states to govern. Detached from the cares of temporal government himself, Leo XIII proceeded to restate in modern idiom the Church's attitude to the temporal power in general. In a series of encyclicals which the intervening years have not robbed of their relevance to our time, all the new problems—political, social and cultural—were examined in the light of traditional teaching, and solutions advanced which have won the unstinted admiration of men like Herr Fülöp-Miller. Those who call Leo XIII a "Liberal" as opposed to his predecessors are merely concealing under a meaningless label their ignorance of his work; with the exception of Pius XI no Pontiff has formulated essential doctrine so uncompromisingly. To call him a "Modern" would be nearer to the truth: like the present Pope, he had an insatiable interest in the contemporary discoveries of the human spirit, and—again like Pius XI—he did not hesitate to hail the progress of science as furnishing new weapons for the Church's age-old mission. "Every word of wisdom, every useful thing, by whomsoever discovered or planned, ought to be received with a willing and grateful mind," he wrote at the conclusion of *Aeterni Patris*—doubtless frightening by these brave words some timorous souls to whom the new age and all that it stood for seemed a yawning abyss. Those who accused the Church of favouring reactionary governments—as well as those who hoped she would do so—were told in *Sapientiae Christianae* that "it is not her province to decide which is best among many diverse forms of government, and amid the various kinds of state rule she does not disapprove of any, provided the respect due to religion and the observance of good morals be upheld." The claims of labour, organised and unorganised alike, were stated in terms which, while regarded as revolutionary at the time that *Rerum Novarum* was issued, have since become part of the stock-in-trade of social reformers the world over. To the new evangel of Socialism was opposed the old commandment of charity, translated into a programme of social action suitable to modern conditions; to dialectical materialism the stately harmonies of Thomistic philosophy, expanded and attuned to the problems of a new order of society.

And thus, before the death of Leo XIII, the main lines of the programme which the Papacy lays before a "brave new world" had been sketched. Subsequent Popes have developed and expanded them, notably Pius XI, whose encyclicals are read with even more universal attention than those of his great predecessor. On every question of importance to our day he has given an unhesitating opinion, and the world has listened respectfully. It would be premature to think of estimating his influence upon modern thought in political and social

matters ; but it is at least safe to say that this influence is all the greater because he speaks the idiom and knows the hearts of his contemporaries. In his person the Vatican faces the challenge of to-day with a complete programme, firmly anchored in tradition, yet acceptable to millions of men and women outside the Church who are concerned for the survival of the higher values of our civilisation. The character of that programme Mr. Ridley may be allowed to define : " The outstanding characteristic of the Papacy may be described as ' progressive continuity '—*i.e.* it remains in essence what it has always been, yet manages to display flexibility and adaptability to the needs of successive epochs." Pius XI himself would not have phrased it otherwise.

Meanwhile, what other programmes hold the field ? Around us the world is changing with bewildering speed. Not merely in politics and economics, but even in the domain of pure science, laws and principles which were yesterday deemed to be axiomatic, have been relegated to the lumber-room of history. How shall the average man ride the whirlwind ? The solutions proposed to him by the inheritors of nineteenth-century traditions are pitifully inadequate and fragmentary —to take one of the most distinguished examples, Mr. Lionel Curtis's recent " practical proposals " for the building of his *Civitas Dei*. Only a complete programme in which all the complex manifestations of modern life are co-ordinated and explained in terms of a universal system can command any real acceptance. Apart from the Vatican, the various brands of " totalitarianism " offer such a programme ; but their " universal system " involves the degradation of human personality and the destruction of individual liberty. One of them, " collectivism," as Mr. Ridley calls it, is grounded on what Pius XI and Mr. Ridley agree in defining as " social atheism," and is therefore condemned root and branch in the encyclical *Divini Redemptoris*. But the other form of totalitarianism—for the want of a more generic word let us term it Fascism—which, while rejecting dialectical materialism, erects altars to the nation-states draped with crazy racial or historical mythology, is almost equally opposed to the Papal teaching on the nature and function of political society. Mr. Ridley finds no difficulty in identifying the Fascist with the papal ideology. Has he ever read the encyclicals *Non abbiamo bisogno* and *Mit brennender Sorge* ? The function of the civil power, according to Leo XIII, is to realise a synthesis between liberty and order. During the nineteenth century the Popes were constantly compelled to denounce the excesses of a Liberalism which was destroying the basis of order. Now that the pendulum threatens to swing violently to the other extreme, we may expect a corresponding shift of emphasis in Papal pronouncements. Already in reference to the Nazi principle *Recht ist was dem Volke nutzt*, Pius XI has written : " This principle ignores the fundamental

fact that man as an individual has his God-given rights, which should remain immune from any attempt by the community to deny, abolish, or sterilise them." Mr. Ridley points to the Concordat between the Holy See and the Fascist government as a proof that the Vatican has "blessed" Fascism; one might equally well argue from the Concordat made in the very same year (1929) with the predominantly Socialist government of Prussia that the Pope has blessed Socialism! Mr. Ridley would do well to read the now famous addresses of Pius XI during his controversy with Mussolini on some vital features of the Concordat. They include one sentence which summarises the Pope's attitude in words which at the time created a sensation (as well as a good deal of discreet amusement) among observers of the Roman scene: "When it is a question of saving souls or of warding off greater evils, we would find the courage to treat with the Devil in person." Is this Mr. Ridley's idea of a blessing?

Here then is the real "power and secret of the Papacy"—its programme for the well-being of human society, the only programme that offers a complete alternative to the violence and slavery of the rival totalitarian creeds. Once more we may call on Mr. Ridley to sum up: "The Roman Catholic Church alone, under the guidance of the living Pope, neither stares at Socialism with eyes blindfolded by dead tradition, as do the moribund Eastern Churches, nor seeks to reconcile the irreconcilable—Socialism with Christianity—by well-timed opportunism, as do those essentially opportunist institutions, the Protestant Churches. On the contrary, she comes out openly, equipped with a world philosophy as definite, distinct and uncompromising as that of Socialism itself; one similarly based on first principles, which she opposes in theory as in action to the antagonistic world-creed of Socialism." It should be remembered that Mr. Ridley, as befits a Marxist *strictioris observantiae*, uses the term Socialism in its most severely Marxian sense. His statement of the position is unimpeachable as far as it goes; but Socialism is not the only "antagonistic world-creed" with which the Papacy has to contend. It is not the Socialist form of totalitarianism that is condemned in one of the most trenchant passages of the encyclical *Mit brennender Sorge*: "Whoever detaches race, or the nation, or the State, or the form of State, or the government from the temporal scale and raises them to be the supreme model, deifying them with idolatrous worship, falsifies the divinely instituted order of things." The Nazi propagandist who denounced these and similar sentiments expressed in the encyclical as "obsolete Liberalism" had his ear closer to the ground than Mr. Ridley.

D. A. Binchy

DERATING OF AGRICULTURAL LAND

A Communication from William T. Cosgrave, T.D.

It is seldom that an opportunity arises of reading such an instructive, exhaustive and impartial article on the subject of derating of agricultural land as that by Mr. James Meenan in the September issue of *Studies*. Keenly alive to the economic importance of farming, Mr. Meenan has studied the subject with full advertance to the present agricultural situation and with sympathetic appreciation of the problems of the large number of people engaged on the land. No person engaged in agriculture could present the case more clearly, and no industrialist could quarrel with Mr. Meenan's conclusions—at any rate as long as the home market remains the sole purchaser of our manufactured goods.

Agriculture is not only the basic industry of the country, but the agricultural population constitutes the foundation and the source of our racial stock. It is then vital to our survival as a virile nation that our people should be preserved in economic comfort on the land. The derating of agricultural land is one of the proposals which have been put forward to improve the economic position of agriculturists. Mr. Meenan states an historical fact in the opening sentence of his article: "It is a commonplace of the parliamentary system that parties when in office refrain from pursuing policies championed by them in opposition." He goes on to say that a campaign for derating was carried on by the Government when in opposition eight years ago, that the previous Government was sceptical of the merits of derating, but that derating now appears in the programme of the Opposition.

The purpose of this communication is to supplement in some respects Mr. Meenan's valuable contribution—in particular to examine some of the financial aspects of derating. The object is to present some merits of the derating proposal which did not exist eight years ago, although there was then general acceptance of the necessity for relief. Secondly, it is proposed to show that, during a period of falling prices and decreasing production value, the relief given six years ago has been reduced—and that at a time when the necessity for relief has increased. Finally, we must estimate the cost and shew the way to find the necessary money, while at the same time reducing taxation.

As Mr. Meenan points out (page 368), the programme to restore prosperity to Irish farmers consisted of:

(*a*) Restoration of free entry into British market for our exports.
(*b*) Derating of agricultural land.
(*c*) A Recovery Loan at 3 per cent.

Derating, in part at any rate, is not a new idea. The Local Government Act of 1898 provided that a sum of £599,011 should be paid each year from the Exchequer in relief of rates on agricultural land. From the year 1925, and every year since, an additional sum of £599,011 was voted, making in all a total of £1,198,022 per annum up to and including March 31, 1931. After the Derating Commission had issued its report in April 1931 a further £750,000 was provided in the Budget of that year in relief of rates on agricultural land, making in all a total of £1,948,022. The Opposition in 1931 held that the additional sum voted should be £1,000,000 instead of £750,000, but inconsistently opposed the taxation proposals to provide this £750,000.

Nevertheless at that time it must be remembered that, whatever differences there may have been as to the form and the amount of relief to agriculture, there was practical unanimity in the Dail as to the necessity for some relief. The report of the Commission on Derating was signed in April 1931. The average agricultural price index number for 1929 was 139·3; for 1930, 124·9; and for the first three months of 1931, 119·7. The average price index number for the past five years and eight months was 90·4. (The base for these figures is 1911–1913; average=100).

The compensating factors which were present in 1929–31 in the shape of lower prices for such commodities as farmers had to purchase no longer obtain. The increase in the percentage of Deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank and in the Bank of Ireland attributable to agriculturalists operated to guide the Derating Commission's decision. In the Post Office Savings Bank these percentages rose from 27·1 on the 31st December 1926 to 28·3 in 1927, to 28·9 in 1928, and to 29·1 in 1929, while in the Bank of Ireland they rose from 51·03 on 31 December 1925 to 52·32 at the end of 1929. It would be very enlightening to bring these figures up to date. There can be no doubt but that a marked reduction has taken place.

Since 1932 the following sums in relief of rates on agricultural land appear in the Finance Returns:

1932–33	..	£2,198,022
1933–34	..	£1,750,000
1934–35	..	£1,970,000
1935–36	..	£1,870,000
1936–37	..	£1,870,000

If then a sum of £2,200,000 was considered necessary in 1932, some explanation ought to be forthcoming as to why that sum has now been reduced by over £300,000 at a time when rates are higher, taxation enormously increased, and the value of our agricultural production lower than in 1932.

It is quite true that Land Annuities were reduced by 50 per cent. and that subsidies and bounties to the value of over £2,000,000 per annum have been made available. But agricultural prices for the past six years are on the average £20 per £100 under the 1931 average. Also, the Agricultural Grant does not go direct to Local Authorities. The Act of 1933 which halved the annuities maintained the liability of Local Authorities as guarantors for the payment of annuities. The first security was the Guarantee Fund. Into the Guarantee Fund flow the various Government Grants in relief of rates. When default in the payment of annuities takes place, full payment is made to the Land Purchase Account from the Guarantee Fund. The money voted in relief of rates is consequently reduced to make good this payment. A distinction thus falls to be made between moneys voted in relief of rates and the actual sum which is paid to Local Authorities.

The Land Act of 1933 also wiped out certain arrears of annuities, thus depriving Local Authorities of any opportunity of getting a refund by the payment of these arrears. These arrears were nominally due to a Department of State; but as the State had collected the amounts by means of the Guarantee Fund, the State had no further claim. The Local Authorities were in a different position, as they had as guarantors made good the deficiency—they were entitled to consideration for having to forgo repayment. An advance of £550,000 to the Guarantee Fund in 1934–35 was made in response to public criticism and apparently because of the equities of the case.

From all this it will be seen that voting moneys in relief of rates on agricultural land is a fine parliamentary gesture; but if the parliamentary cheque which finally reaches Local Bodies is less in amount by some hundreds of thousands of pounds, the gesture loses much of its grace.

"The situation of Irish Agriculture," says Mr. Meenan, "has changed completely and on any measurement for the worse since the report of the Derating Commission was published." Since the reduction by 50 per cent. of Land Commission annuities in 1933 the arrears (in the short period of four years) have amounted to twice the accumulated arrears from 1903 to 1932—nearly thirty years. As these arrears are made good by deduction from the agricultural grant—which necessitates increased rates on a lower production value—the hardship is evident.

In 1932–33, as already stated, a sum of £2,198,022 was voted for the relief of rates on agricultural land. The average agricultural price index for the twelve months immediately preceding the vote was 110, based on an agricultural price index of 100 for 1911–1913. That relief is understandable. The average agricultural price index had fallen from 139·3 in 1929 to 124·8 in 1930. What is difficult to under-

stand, however, is that in 1935 and in 1936 the sum voted in relief of rates on agricultural land was only £1,870,000, while the agricultural price index had fallen to 83·4 in 1935 and was 90·6 in 1936. In each of those two years, 1935 and 1936, agricultural prices were far lower than in 1932–33, but the amount voted in relief of rates in those two bad years was each year less by £328,000 than that voted in 1932–33.

Since 1925 it has been the policy of every Government to make certain grants in relief of agricultural rates. These grants were apparently regarded as insufficient when they had reached the total sum of £1,948,022 in 1931. A further £250,000 was provided in 1932–33 in consequence. Since then the average sum provided in relief of rates fell short of that provided in 1932–33 by £300,000 annually. During the same period the farmer got less for what he sold, sold less than he sold before, and paid more for what he had to buy.

The agricultural grant in relief of rates is not earmarked in particular proportions to the principal services administered by Local Authorities. It is sometimes urged that the cost of Roads and Mental Hospitals should be discharged by the State. If the intention be to place the cost of Roads and Mental Hospitals on the National Exchequer and to continue the agricultural grant in relief of rates at the present figure, the rates to be borne on agricultural land would be less than £300,000 per annum. The difference between this proposal and complete derating is negligible, either from the point of view of amount or of its effect on Local Government.

It is essential to distinguish some considerations submitted by the Commission in their Summary of Conclusions (pp. 75-77). They are :—

(*a*) None of the specific proposals purporting to secure the funds necessary for derating without the imposition of additional taxation can be recommended (page 76).

(*b*) The imposition of additional taxation to provide relief would occasion a burden as heavy as the rates remitted (page 77).

(*c*) Taking central and local taxation as a whole, there is no evidence that agriculturists are contributing more than their fair share ; the information available suggests that they are contributing less (page 77).

(*d*) Relief of rates on agricultural land should be considered on its merits, not determined or influenced by the present condition of agriculture (page 75).

(*e*) Rates on the typical farm are small having regard to the other outgoings (page 76).

(There are of course twelve other recommendations in the summary.)

The main argument against derating six years ago was that it would occasion additional taxation and would practically destroy Local Government. There were various explanations as to the actual impositions which the cost of derating would occasion. There was, as already stated, strong opposition to the taxation proposals to provide £750,000 in relief of rates in 1931. Every single tax, and more taxes than those which were then suggested to find the necessary money for derating have been imposed since 1932. But the relief in rates has not materialised. Agriculturists have borne their share of these taxes—" they have borne a burden as heavy as the rates," but they have not had their rates remitted and their income has diminished by $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. So much for (*a*) (*b*) and (*c*) of the Commission's report.

The Department of Agriculture furnished a series of tables to the Commission summarising the records of sample farm accounts during the four years 1924–25 to 1927–28. In one of these tables (No. 2, Appendix C) headed " Average distribution of net expenditure per farm for four years—excluding value of personal and family labour " —the rates average 6 per cent. of the outgoings, which include hired labour, rent, rates, implements, seeds, manures, feeding stuffs, miscellaneous stores, and " other farm expenses." The farming community did not regard the years 1924 to 1928 as prosperous. Nevertheless derating of agricultural land became a public question during the period, partly because of derating in Northern Ireland. Compared with the past four years, 1932–33, 1933–34, 1934–35, 1935–36, agriculture for 1924–28 was booming. It would be of interest then to shew the value included in these tables for personal and family labour and to show the sum included for rates. The farms were grouped together in seven separate lots : farms under 25 acres ; of 25 acres and under 50 ; of 50 acres and under 75 ; of 75 acres and under 100 ; of 100 acres and under 150 ; of 150 acres and under 200 ; of 200 acres and over. There is a warning at the end of Appendix C, Table No. 4, to the effect that the figures are based on returns obtained from a limited number of farms, and that too wide conclusions should accordingly not be drawn from them.

Six per cent. is a substantial figure in certain circumstances. The rates, while only six per cent. of outgoings, may very well be more than six per cent. of what the farmer and his labourer together get out of farming. In recent years the farmer and his labourer get on an average less than £60 each per annum. Six per cent. on that figure is by no means negligible, and a close examination of the figures would show a larger proportion than six per cent. attributable to rates.

It may be taken that the principal objection to derating of agricultural land is the cost and, it is invariably added, the consequent

necessity for imposing taxation to provide the money. The following table shews the amount of yearly warrant borne by agricultural land:

	Relief of Rates	Warrant remaining to be borne
	£	£
1931	1,198,022	2,275,755
1932	1,948,022	1,606,645
1933	2,198,022	1,259,943
1934	1,750,000	1,957,205
1935	1,970,000	1,652,910
1936	1,870,000	1,936,495
1937	1,870,000	1,945,837

(It is of interest to note that the uncollected rates for the last four years average just one million pounds per annum).

Excluding the year 1931, in which year the agricultural grant was £1,198,022, the average assessment on agricultural land for six years amounts to less than £1,700,000. The deductions from the agricultural grant in the Guarantee Fund must also be taken into account. Allowing for an advance of £550,000 to the Fund in 1934, the deductions totalled £890,447 since 1932. The average for six years was thus £148,408. In 1933 the arrears were remitted. It can be estimated that two-thirds of this would be attributable to agricultural land. The cost, then, of derating would appear to be, on the assessments of the past few years, £1,600,000 per annum. This is a maximum estimate.

It is perhaps only right to mention here that derating does not involve the abolition of the liability at present falling on local ratepayers to make up any deficiency caused by non-payment of Land Commission annuities. This contingent liability will remain; but with an improvement in the position of the agricultural community the calls upon local areas in respect of it should be almost negligible.

It should be remembered that the agricultural grant for the past two years is £78,000 each year less than the sum provided in 1931–32; and further, in each of these two years £100,000, which had hitherto been paid to Local Authorities and used solely for road purposes, has been taken from the Road Fund. Deductions have also been made in the Estate Duty Grant payable from the Exchequer to Local Authorities and used, mainly, on roads. The greater the reductions made in various grants, the greater the increase in rates—and consequently the greater the cost of derating and the greater the objections to that policy.

How is the money to be found without a further imposition of taxation? It must be remembered that derating does not stand by

itself alone as a means of reconditioning agriculture. It follows " the restoration of free entry to the British market for our exports." To mitigate the severity of the penal tariffs on exports, taxation is at present imposed to provide bounties and subsidies amounting to :—

1934–35	..	£3,079,172	2	3
1935–36	..	£2,273,000	11	7
1936–37	..	£1,959,362	19	2

Bounties and subsidies do not get to the farmer direct and in whole—derating would—and they are more than sufficient to provide the cost of derating. These moneys would not be required if the penal tariffs on our exports were removed.

The Estimates for public services for the present year exceed those of last year by £3,000,000—not, by the way, for social services. If we add this £3,000,000 increase to the £2,000,000 paid in bounties, we have a sum of £5,000,000 available for derating (which would cost less than £1,600,000) and for the reduction of taxation.

It is quite true that derating alone is not an ideal or complete form of assistance to agriculture. The fact is that there is no ideal method of assistance. It is true that the benefits may be much greater to larger than smaller farms. The larger the farm the greater the employment for agricultural labourers. For the past five years the wages of those employed in farm labour is below, much below, even a moderate standard of living. Derating would enable some improvement to be made in both the Farmers' and Labourers' income.

Mr. Meenan with his training, his wide reading, and his detachment, has succeeded in focussing our attention on the present position of agriculture. I am entirely at one with him in the urgent need for a remedy, more particularly with his observation that " undoubtedly the case for relief is unanswerable." I also agree with him that derating is only one of the several methods for placing farming on a sound and profitable basis. But whatever method of relief be adopted, it is essential that it be adopted quickly, not for the sake of the farmer alone, but for the good of the whole nation.

WILLIAM T. COSGRAVE

MORE LIGHT ON SPAIN

BY PATRICK J. GANNON, S.J.

In *Studies*, March 1937, I made a brief survey of most of the books upon the Spanish Civil War which were then engaging the attention of the public. A great number more have either been written or have come into prominence since then; and it may be useful to examine them. For though the larger moral issues were really never in doubt and the issue in the field seems now more or less decided by the fall of Gijon, there still hangs over many aspects of the problem a haze of uncertainty which perplexes those who wish to form balanced and founded judgments as against mere options of instinct or prejudice.

In the former survey I had to complain of the quality of the books written by Left Wing authors—like Conze, Bates, Pitcairn and Langdon-Davies. They were deplorable even as propaganda. I am glad to be able to acknowledge a great improvement in the books of the present list[1] which manifest sympathy with the "perambulating government"—once in Madrid, then in Valencia, now in Barcelona, where apparently two governments—both "legitimate" and both "democratic"—function side by side. Thus there is something to be learned from Jean-Richard Bloch's *Espagne, Espagne!* For instance, though he seems in full accord with the Red Revolution, we learn that the Anarchists, Marxists, Trotskyites and the rest were from the start held together only by a common hate, while fully determined, after the "liquidation" of Fascism, to start liquidating one another.

H. E. Kaminski, in spite of his name and his complete sympathy with the extremist elements in Catalonia, gives us a very objective study of their psychology. He writes with restraint, dignity and courtesy; his *Ceux de Barcelone* is a very model of fidelity to fact as he apprehends it. It is a pen picture of what he sees and hears from day to day, recorded with little or no comment. The result is that,

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[1] *Espagne, Espagne!* Par Jean-Richard Bloch. (Editions S.I. 1936. 12 fr.)
Ceux de Barcelone. Par H.-E. Kaminski. (Denoël. 1937. 18 fr.)
Marche Espagne—vers la Dictature ou vers les Soviets? Par Pierre Dominique. (Valois. 1931. 15 fr.)
La Révolution espagnole vue par une Républicaine. Par Clara Campoamor. (Plon. 1937. 15 fr.)
Espagne 36–37. Vue par Henry Clérisse. (Ventillard. 1937. 20 fr.)
Pourquoi Franco Vaincra. Par Pierre Hericourt. (Baudinière. 1936. 5 fr.)
La Pérsecution Religieuse en Espagne. Par XXX. Poème-Préface de Paul Claudel. (Plon. 1937. 12 fr.)
Invertebrate Spain. By José Ortega y Gasset. (Allen & Unwin. 1937. 7s. 6d. net).
Aux Origines d'une Tragédie, 1933-1936. Par Alfred Mendizabal. Préface de Jacques Maritain. (Desclée de Brouwer. Paris. 1937. 20 fr.)
Conflict in Spain. By G. M. Godden. (Burns Oates & Washbourne. 1937. 1s. 6d.)
Cruelle Espagne. By Jérôme et Jean Tharaud. (Plon. 1927. 15 fr.)
Catalonia Infelix. By E. Allison Peers. (Methuen. 1937. 10s. 6d. net).
In Franco's Spain. By Francis McCullagh. (Burns Oates & Washbourne. 1937. 12s. 6d.)

for perhaps the first time, we feel the pathos of that anarchism which has exploded under the crust of Spanish life with such shattering force. The reader, while recognising the madness of this ideology and the chaos which must flow from it, senses the tragedy of a devotion so sincere to ideals at once lofty and monstrous, deeply humanitarian and yet coldly inhuman. He finds himself confronted with the disturbing phenomenon of a mass psychosis rendering any form of order or government impossible. He realises then that if the monarchy failed, it had a simply insoluble task to face. For how govern constitutionally a nation seething with aspirations for the abolition of all government? Democracy supposes sanity on the part of the ruled, as well as wisdom and justice on the part of the rulers. The tragedy of Spain would seem to be that for about forty years neither requisite has existed.

And this is just what Pierre Dominique appears to have detected very early in the revolutionary era. His book, first written in the winter of 1931, records the impressions he gathered during a journey through the peninsula about six months after the inauguration of the Second Republic. It is a remarkable book; for already, when the new regime looks to the outward view firmly established and quite secure, he foretells its fall.

His first impression on crossing the Bidassoa at Irun is that nothing has changed except the bunting and the insignia on public buildings. His next, as he travels farther, is that the calm prevailing is the calm before ugly squalls. He searches everywhere among the leading personalities of the new order for someone capable of riding the whirlwind or controlling the storm. He interviews them one by one, in dialogues which reveal their personality and mentality very vividly. One by one he finds them wanting. They resemble, though he does not use the simile, the crew of a vessel which has mutinied and thrown captain, mates and pilot overboard—and are then unable to sail the ship. Many are quite willing to seize the helm; but none can read a chart or box a compass. Indeed no one is quite clear as to the port for which they should steer. They are courteous, intelligent, apparently honest, but captains or seamen capable of guiding the ship of State—that never! "All that I have been able to hear or read or discover about the Spanish intellectuals," writes M. Dominique, "shows them remarkable in the domain of aesthetics, but singularly mediocre in the realm of politics. I have an idea that, if to-morrow a revolutionary movement of the new type breaks out in Spain, it will be well to be a workman, less well to be an industrialist, but least happy of all to be an intellectual."

M. Dominique reveals one significant fact. The latifundia prevailing in Andalusia, Murcia and Estremadura—in about one-third

of Spain—were an acknowledged abuse and a social menace. Their continuance was one of the major counts of indictment against the old regime. Had the Republic of 1931 tackled the problem promptly and energetically, it might have survived or at least prevented the sporadic outbursts of jacquerie which were caused by the delay. What prevented it from doing so? Not certainly tenderness for the large landholders or scruple as to legality. M. Dominique clears up the mystery. The Socialist leader, Largo Caballero—of all persons in the world—was the obstacle. He wanted collectivisation as in Russia, not distributivism as in the France of 1790. As the time was not yet ripe for his own plan, he postponed the reform *sine die*.

What M. Dominique's religious views are I know not. But he seems markedly anticlerical. At least his language is acrid and contemptuous whenever he speaks of priests—describing them as arrogant and cynical in bearing. They, especially the Jesuits, are hated by the people. Yet, and it is to his credit, no one has described more accurately or condemned more scathingly the senseless vandalism of May 1931, when some sixty churches, convents, monasteries went up in flames or were looted and destroyed. He tears in shreds the excuses of the Government, shows definitely that they were responsible, and predicts that the example given under their auspices will be followed on a still more impressive scale and will extend to much more than church establishments—a prediction only too amply fulfilled.

M. Dominique's final analysis of the whole situation is this. The anarchism, which according to him is fundamental in the Spanish character (it is curious how many concur in this view, though they often express it by the milder word *particularismo*), had never been disciplined by any other influence than religion; and with the decay of religion it has now broken out into revolt against all order. In one place he puts it differently. Catholicism was to ancient Spain the principle of unity, the well-spring of enthusiasm, the inspiration and ideal which all nations need if they are to attain greatness. It was the spinal column of the whole organism. Now that spinal column is broken and the nation lies prostrate, invertebrate. Freemasonry has entered in with the Republic to take the place of the Church. But M. Dominique doubts its power to provide a skeleton for the invertebrate mass.

Senor Ortega y Gasset links up with Pierre Dominique by the very title of his work, *Invertebrate Spain*, and by the fact that he writes long prior to the Civil War. The present book is a reprint of articles written chiefly between 1920–1925. Its interest lies largely in its prognostic. The author is a typical intellectual of contemporary Spain. He has cut adrift from the secular traditions of his race and stands uprooted. Hence though he can be acute, original, very pene-

trating in his reflections, there is a tragic incompleteness and inadequacy in his philosophy, which is itself invertebrate. Yet he is a charming writer, and should be read by all who wish to understand that enigmatic thing—the Spanish soul.

For him, as for Senor de Madariaga, society is organic, not mechanical or conventional as in the pseudo-philosophy of Rousseau. It consists of enlightened minorities or little circles of the élite, whose duty it is to rule, and of the masses, " whose biological function is to be ruled." But in Spain the masses have always been recalcitrant against this function and now have repudiated it entirely. Such masses think social existence possible without a directing minority. They try the experiment of dispensing with it altogether, and through disaster meet with disillusionment. Then they recognise their error and turn their backs upon anti-aristocratic theories. Thus one cycle of history is closed and another begins (pp. 65–68). He does not express the hope, but we may, that Spain has now reached the opening of a new cycle which will bear some proportion to its historic past—the hope that the virus of anarchy and *particularismo*, which have characterised Spanish life since Ferrer, will have burned itself out in the conflagration now raging.

Clara Campoamor, deputy to the Cortes in 1932, proposer of the law giving votes to women, ardent Republican and almost equally ardent anticlerical, is another typical intellectual. She enjoyed a privileged position for observing the game of party politics under the new regime ; and she tells her story soberly, clearly, without animus or propagandist bias. It is a sad tale of political bankruptcy ; the *cri de coeur* of a disillusioned soul. The story has two distinct facets. In the Cortes, the Masonic Lodges and the political clubs we see a rather sordid battle of personal ambitions and party animosities ; outside these centres or power-houses we see the spread of discontent, chaos, anarchy. The author finds herself in Madrid in July 1936. Two months later she flies from the terror of Madrid. On the Italian boat conducting her to Genoa she encounters two Phalangists who, recognising her, threaten to throw her overboard.

Clara Campoamor styles Indalecio Prieto " the evil genius " of the Republic ; but her own pages seem to designate Manual Azana as still more responsible for its downfall. Indeed all the Left Wing politicians come badly out of her story, though Martinez Barrios recovers some little esteem by opposing the proposal to arm the mob—a proposal decided on, be it noted, *before* the military rising. Only he had not the firmness to resign when Azana, under pressure from the extreme elements, overruled all objections. Meanwhile these extreme elements —anarchists, anarcho-syndicalists, communists, Trotskyites—have been arming and drilling and bomb-making—and drafting lists of pro-

scribed. Let us hear Clara Campoamor on these lists and the executions based on them.

> "These executions were done with the aid of lists prepared in advance, on which were found the names of all the persons already noted down by the partisans of the dictatorship of the proletariat as early as the revolution of October 1934. Later were added the supporters of Fascism and the anti-Marxists, lists of whose names had been discovered in raids on private houses or headquarters of political parties . . . On these lists figured, first of all, the priests, monks and nuns; then Phalangists, members of Catholic Action, the Agrarian Party, the Radical Party; finally all industrialists against whom there had been complaints . . . The most odious feature of the assassinations was, as always, the fate reserved for women, who were often violated and tortured before being killed."

The blood guiltiness and iconoclastic vandalism of the militia and the mob in those portions of Spain which fell under Red domination in July 1936 is vouched for on all sides. Not a single one of these books deny this feature, and many of them assert it emphatically. But one must read *La Persécution Religieuse en Espagne* (with Paul Claudel's Poem as Preface and several appendices of great value) in order to have any idea of the quite unprecedented measure of callousness, cruelty and barbarism displayed. This brochure, taken with the pastoral letter of the Spanish episcopate, establishes the fact (vouched for by the anticlerical Clara Campoamor) that religion—its ministers, its edifices, its emblems—were the very first objects of the hatred animating every group among the Reds. Those who refuse to acknowledge this fact just shut their eyes to the evidence.

M. Clérisse does not shut his eyes to the evidence. He confirms it. But perhaps he insists still more on the proof of vindictive cruelty on the part of the troops of Franco when they conquered the Reds. What are we to make of this testimony? Treat it as Left Wing intellectuals treat the testimony referred to above? That is to say, ignore it and hint at a conspiracy to deceive? That would be uncritical. It will be better to sift it.

And first it is to be observed that M. Clérisse is a Frenchman profoundly uneasy at the presence of Germans and Italians in Spain. He holds that Franco, whom he praises highly, is surrounded by evil influences—German and Spanish—which keep him in a Mikado-like seclusion from events. Hence terrible things happen, of which he has no knowledge. Further, Spaniards of all parties are peculiarly quick to shed blood (unlike the countrymen of Marat and Robespierre!). So there is a see-saw from Red atrocities, where the Reds prevail, to

White atrocities, when the Whites in turn overcome the Reds. Between the two sides there is not much to choose as regards cruelty. Such is M. Clérisse's thesis.

Let it be admitted at once that some of the evidence cited is *prima facie* good. For instance, that of Francois de Pierrefeu who, though utterly opposed to Marxism and ready even to fight for Franco, was arrested by mistake and herded with hundreds of prisoners in the Theatre of Varieties, Seville. His account of what he saw there makes terrible reading and yet rings authentic. M. Clérisse estimates, from what he has heard, that some six to ten thousand Communists were put to death in Seville alone in the early weeks of the war. This, though small compared with the record of Barcelona or Madrid, is certainly an unpardonable holocaust to the Moloch of vengeance. It is hard to read this book and not feel that the Nationalist troops, in their hour of victory, often lost their self-control and struck out blindly at opposition groups. But it is certain that many of the worst things attributable to them have later been proven false, while others have been rendered very doubtful or diminished in extent. Again, these excesses followed hot-hoof on battle; they were not done in principle but in passion; and they died down in a few days, giving way to a normal state of war.

M. Pierre Hericourt's *Pourquoi Franco Vaincra* is wholeheartedly on the side of the army. He boasts that he was the first French publicist to foretell its ultimate victory. His prediction was based on what he saw in Morocco and along the line of the advance of the troops. He is satisfied that the generals were right in their action, had the Spanish people on their side, were showing military competence and, above all, the spirit that wins. When he wrote, the odds of every kind were heavily against them. So at least he was no mean prophet.

Alfred Mendizabal in *Aux Origines d'une Tragédie* has given us a work which merits and has received considerable attention. It would be difficult to imagine a more temperate or dignified treatment of so burning a question. Courtesy and conscientiousness characterise every page of his volume. He examines the antecedents of the Civil War from the Dictatorship of Primo de Rivera till July 1936; and though he is evidently strongly opposed to the Dictator and the King, he yet gives a dispassionate and, on the whole, a faithful account of all the troubled years, weighing everything judiciously and setting nought down in malice. His conclusion is that, though the state of affairs in July 1936 was chaotic and deplorable, it was not so bad as to call for the intervention of the generals, because this was in itself a greater evil and likely to lead to such an explosion of hatred as actually ensued. He does not charge the generals with bad faith or merely reckless ambition; but he thinks they made a tragic mistake.

There is one very weighty document cited by Senor Mendizabal which is rarely alluded to. In 1931 a commission of very competent men was appointed by the Left Government itself to draw up a constitution. This they did conscientiously and well. The draft was moderate in tone and really conceived in a spirit of liberalism. But Azana and his friends would have none of it. They preferred one, frankly partisan, which would decatholicise Spain, laicise education and undermine family life. It was a fateful and fatal choice.

M. Jacques Maritain, in his Preface to Senor Mendizabal's work, assumes the justice of the verdict against the generals and devotes himself to rescuing the Catholic Church from the danger inherent in the quasi-identification of the Nationalist campaign with a crusade. His pleading is pitched in the lofty tone of one who wishes to view passing events *sub specie aeternitatis* or at least with perfect detachment. He writes with his wonted distinction of style, but with something much less than his wonted clarity or logical acumen. Whole pages may be read and reread without yielding up their meaning—and this just at the crucial points of the controversy.

Like all Christian men, M. Maritain dislikes war, but does not profess a complete pacificism. He does not deny the possibility of a " holy war " ; but he distinguishes between a just war and a holy one. In civilisations which he calls *sacrales*—such as those of the Hebrews, the Moslems or the Middle Ages—the notion of a " holy war " might have a meaning, but not in civilisations such as now exist, because the temporal and the spiritual are more perfectly differentiated. Apparently, therefore, he would permit Spanish Catholics to argue that their war is just, though he would not admit the contention, What they may not do is to describe it as religious or sacred under penalty of injuring the cause of religion in general by secularising it. He reminds us that Christ was not *un chef de guerre, mais un Roi de grâce et de charité.*

This style of argument is familiar to us on the lips of men who lack the power of distinguishing between the precepts of God, binding on all men and communities alike, and the counsels of Christ, addressed only to the individual soul and even on it not obligatory—such as that of celibacy or turning the other cheek or of letting your cloak go with him who steals your purse. But one does not expect to find such mental confusion in the distinguished exponent of Thomism who has done so much to call the world back to the duty of clear thinking. M. Maritain is, of course, right in protesting against the blasphemy of invoking the victim of Calvary as patron of war or making Him another Mars. But the conclusion he draws from the fact that Jesus was not a *chef de guerre* is a complete *non-sequitur*, and least of all may he be pardoned for drawing it. Men in general hold that every individual

or community has a right to resist by force unjust aggression; and those who have the courage to do so are deemed heroic. If the aggression is aimed not merely at the temporal interests of individual or group but at religion as well, resistance even by force may become not only just but holy. Now, Catholics in Spain very emphatically believe that they are fighting *pro aris et focis*, for altar and hearth, for imprescriptible human rights and for divine law. If this belief is well founded—and the books already reviewed prove it to be well founded—then they can claim that their war is holy; and most onlookers will say that it deserves the title with as good right as any war ever waged.

C. M. Godden's *Conflict in Spain*, though brief, is really very complete in its proof that the war is fundamentally and above all else (for of course a number of lesser issues intertwine) a fight against the invasion of Spain by Moscow and the Comintern. This point, which is capital in the debate, is almost entirely ignored by M. Maritain, and not sufficiently considered by Senor Mendizabal. On it really turns whether we are to agree with them in their interpretation of events or with the Spanish episcopate. Miss Godden enables us to make up our minds in the hour or two necessary for reading the excellent documentation which she has given us from Soviet sources. From 1920 the interference of the Kremlin in Spain has been constant, cumulative, and ever more effective. Its assistance is gratefully acknowledged by its allies in the peninsula.

M. M. Jérôme and Jean Tharaud in *Cruelle Espagne* give us a very vivid account of their own experiences on both sides of the long battle front. They are keen observers and skilful writers. They make us feel the incubus of terror which weighs upon the hearts of the plain people in both areas. In this they resemble a little M. Clérisse. But they have no doubt that the nightmare is far more terrible where the Reds hold sway. They bring home to us the agony of the nation —*quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

The very important contribution of Professor Allison Peers, *Catalonia Infelix*, only arrives as I conclude my survey. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that it almost renders every other book superfluous. Taken in conjunction with his previous volume *The Spanish Tragedy*, published at the beginning of the Civil War, it makes him by far the most reliable guide we possess to the labyrinth of the Spanish question. Merely as an example of how history should be written, it merits careful study. To every student of the involved Catalan problem it is, and will long remain, indispensable.

In one respect it differs from *The Spanish Tragedy*. There his own verdict was deliberately withheld. He acted like a judge placing all the issues, with judicial impartiality, before his readers, who were

left as a jury to bring in their own verdict. Here—at least on many points—he sees that sentence is called for, and he does not hesitate to give it—yet never without ample proof. His account of the war upon religion in Spain, though restrained in manner, has the finality of a High Court decision.

One irony emerges. During the ill-starred regime of the *Frente Popular* cabinets, Catalonia was freer than any other province from the disorders and tumults which are the chief *pièce justificative* of the Generals. Indeed it was freer than that troubled territory had been for many a year. Hence, without expressly stating it, he seems to hint in one place that at least in Catalonia the action of the Army chiefs lacked legitimate provocation. Elsewhere his account of the confusion and turmoil prevailing would appear to justify some drastic action, though he does not explicitly say so. For his conception of history is to state the facts fully and fairly, leaving to the reader the task of assessing blame or praise—*O si sic omnes !* P. J. GANNON

P.S.—As this article was in the printer's hands Captain McCullagh's long-awaited work, *In Franco's Spain*, arrived. It would be an injustice to the writer—and to my readers—not to call attention to it. The only contribution from an Irish pen, it will have very special, if also very poignant, interest for Irishmen. Neither Irish nor Spanish readers will find it flattering to national vanity. But it ought to be wholesome for both. It is a candid book, but the book of a friend whose view of fundamentals is not altered by a series of highly unpleasant experiences.

The author admits in the beginning that he may have grown *difficile* with years. Yet one cannot read his narrative without feeling that he had serious grounds for complaint. His indictment of Captain Bustamente, chief of General Franco's press bureau, is merciless. After reading it, one sees a partial explanation of the bad press the Nationalists have enjoyed in France, England, and North America.

But apart from the personal narrative, perhaps a little too extended, Captain McCullagh has given us as good an insight into the essentials of the drama as any other writer in the whole group. The Civil War was begun by a military rising—in his opinion quite justified and necessary if Spain was not to meet the fate of Russia. But, in any case, the wholesale massacres and vandalism of the Reds soon changed the military rising into a national rising : a great nation, long asleep, was roused to a vivid consciousness of the immense issues at stake. It flew to arms with an *élan* that dumbfounded the Marxists within and without the gates ; and though the struggle has been prolonged, Captain McCullagh has no doubt about the final issue—and he, who has been in so many wars and revolutions, ought to know.

THE PADRE ON HORSEBACK

BY FRANCIS SHAW, S.J.

Rim of Christendom. A Biography of Eusebio Francisco Kino, Pacific Coast Pioneer. By Herbert Eugene Bolton. New York and London: Macmillan. 1936. Pp. 644. 25s.

At a time when "debunking" is much in mode in biography it is a relief to come on a book which restores to fame a forgotten hero. The name of Eusebio Francisco Kino was once famous in two continents. By the beginning of this century he lived only in the loyal folk-memory of western Mexico and Southern Arizona. His greatness was buried beneath the dust of European and American archives. From this oblivion Dr. Bolton, who is Professor of History in the University of California, and incidentally a non-Catholic, has rescued him.

Kino was born of Italian-speaking parents at Segno, near Trent, in the year 1645. At the age of twenty he joined the Society of Jesus and received his scholastic training at Freiburg, Ingolstadt, Innsbruck, Munich and Oettingen. From an early date his heart was set on the mission to China. To qualify himself to continue the work of Ricci and Schaal, he devoted himself especially to the study of mathematics. In these studies he achieved such success that he was invited by the Duke of Bavaria to become a professor at the University of Ingolstadt. But he preferred the work of the mission fields, and for many years he pleaded his cause with his superiors. At length, Kino and another priest, Father Antonio, were selected for mission work; but one was to go East, the other West. The choice was left to the fathers themselves. Neither would choose first. Lots were drawn, and Kino read on the slip of paper which he drew the single word "Mexico."

His departure for Mexico was delayed for two years; for he missed by a few days the annual sailing from Cadiz, and in the following year the ship in which he was sailing was shipwrecked before it left the harbour.

However, we find Kino in Mexico City in 1681. His missionary career began with failure. In 1683 he accompanied the royal expedition which crossed the Gulf of California to christianize the Indian natives of Lower California and to found there a royal colony. Two attempts were made, one at La Paz at the southern end of the Peninsula, the other at San Bruno further up on the eastern coast. The first attempt was abandoned after six months, when an act of brutality on the part of the suspicious Spanish soldiery had antagonised the natives. Failure of the harvest in the second year frustrated the more promising venture at San Bruno. An insight into the hearts of these missionaries and some understanding of what such failure meant to them is given us when we read in a reliable record that Father Copart,

Kino's companion on this mission, literally lost his reason as a result of the abandonment of California.

Although his heart was in Lower California just across the water, Kino now began the work for which God had destined him. From 1687 until his death in 1711 he laboured among the Pimas in what is now Sonora (Western Mexico) and Southern Arizona. With amazing energy he evangelised and civilised these peoples; civilised them, for, while it is true that these Pimas were docile and courteous, they were semi-nomads, ignorant of the rudiments of agriculture and stock-raising. The name of Montezuma was not unknown in their folklore; but the Aztecs had bequeathed them nothing of their great civilisation.

Some degree of economic stability is necessary for the success of a mission. Round the newly-founded *pueblo*, then, Father Kino gathered his neophytes, training them at once in husbandry and holiness. The progress of a mission could be judged almost as well from the number of its beeves as from the number of its baptized. One missioner—incidentally a martyr—thanks Kino in a letter for "the five spotted cows with your Reverence's brand." As the mission grew it became not only economically self-supporting, but it was made the base for new stations. In this way Kino extended his labours over the whole of Pimeria Alta. Thus we find him writing in 1710: "This first mission . . . of Dolores is at present arranging for the delivery of a decent equipment for founding the new mission of Santa Maria de Bogata; that is, new vestments with which to say Mass, three hundred head of cattle for their ranch, one hundred head of sheep and goats, a drove of mares, a drove of horses, a house in which to live, the beginnings of a church, with provisions and the necessary furnishings for a house, and the beginnings of sowing and crops of wheat, maize, etc.; . . . almost as much was given, to the value of three thousand pesos, from the stock of . . . Dolores, a few years ago, for the founding and equipment of the mission of San Ygnacio." Only the men were wanting—*operarii quidem pauci*; often the *pueblo*, church-buildings, ranch and cornfields were ready for the priest for whom Kino in his letters to Europe pleaded.

This system of colonisation, by which thriving mother-missions supported their needy daughters, was worked on an even grander scale. In 1697 a new mission was begun in Lower California by Kino's fellow-Jesuit and friend, Father Salvatierra. This mission was liberally subsidised from Sonora. As Kino writes, with a felicity rare enough in his usually very blunt and matter-of-fact letters, referring to the Californian mission as the little sister of Sonora: "We eat nothing except to divide with her. *Soror enim nostra parvula, et ubera non habet.*" Indeed the generosity of the Pimas was not confined to the New World. In 1697 we find the missions of Pimeria sending generous sums to Rome

for the adornment of the tomb of St. Ignatius in the church of the Gesu.

Dr. Bolton does not exaggerate when he speaks of Kino as " the cattle-king of his day." His unusual business ability combined with a flair for organisation made him a pioneer of civilisation. More than a score of towns and cities in western Mexico got their charters first as mission *pueblos* founded by him or directly under his influence.

But the story of Kino's life among the Pimas is no dull record of successful experiments in economics. It has in it much of the true stuff of romance. He possessed in a high degree that precious gift of winning the confidence of simple people, a gift not uncommon in missionary annals, but rare indeed outside them. He was loved and reverenced by those with whom he came into personal contact. He was clamoured for by those whom his fame reached. His word ran as the unwritten law of Pima land. He was in truth the feudal lord of the Pimeria. His journeys sometimes had the character of triumphal processions. Natives, not yet Christian, literally felled trees in their trackless country to make a way for his coming. Anticipating his arrival, they had ready " a decent little house " in which he might pass the night. They carried him in state across the Colorado on a raft which they had constructed for this purpose.

The story of this mission brings forcibly before us another phenomenon which is not rare in mission history, the boundless eagerness of simple people to embrace the Christian faith, an eagerness which in the case of the Pimas was pure and disinterested. They literally begged and cried for priests to come to them. As has been said, they built houses and churches for the priests for whom they hoped. They even learned prayers and salutations from Christian natives, so that on one occasion when Kino visited a new people he was greeted by the cry : " Blessed and exalted be the Most Holy Sacrament of the altar and the Immaculate Conception of Most Holy Mary." On another occasion, as Father Kino lay awake at night, he overheard the conversation of his pagan hosts " who almost all night kept talking of their very earnest desire to embrace our friendship and our holy faith." Other Indian chiefs made a long journey of fourteen hundred miles to beg for a priest who would come to instruct their people.

Kino's zeal was unbounded. He was sorely harassed by the shortage of priests for his own mission in Pima land. Yet, with a depth of vision and a greatness of spirit which staggers us, he writes in 1702 to Father Thirso Gonzalez, then General of the Society of Jesus : " For with the favour of Heaven, if your Reverence and his Majesty Philip V, God spare him, will give us workers and missionaries, all in good time they must go forward until they reach perhaps as far as Gran China, and nearly to Japan ; and perhaps to the north of these our lands we

may be able to find a shorter road to Europe, partly through these lands and partly by way of the North Sea." We think of Sancian and recall that at the beginning of his religious life Kino had taken the great Xavier for his patron, adding the name of Francis to his baptismal Eusebio.

But Kino was not only missioner, cattle-man, commissary, diplomat and defender of the frontier, he was at the same time scholar, mathematician, astronomer, royal cartographer and explorer. He was the first to explore large parts of Lower California and the whole of Pimeria Alta. He was the first white man to cross the Peninsula to the Pacific. His maps, which were afterwards widely plagiarised, were of prime importance in the eighteenth century. He defended the peninsularity of Lower California which Drake had impugned. His journeys of exploration (the nights were often spent in evangelising) were wonders of hardiness and horsemanship. They have earned for him the title of "The Padre on Horseback," and Dr. Bolton speaks but the truth when he says that "Kino's endurance in the saddle would make a seasoned cowboy green with envy." The map of western Mexico comes to life when studied in the light of Kino's travels. The reader assists at the baptism of a thousand places, at a truly Christian baptism; for, "travelling light but carrying as a standard Our Lady the Madonna," Kino stamped the map with Christianity and sprinkled it with names full at once of beauty and holiness—Nuestra Senora de los Dolores, Noche Buena ("because we arrived on Christmas Eve"), La Presentacion ("because we discovered them the day of the Presentation of Our Lady") and so on.

Finally, Kino's writings, with their accurate and first-hand description of the land and its people, are for the Pimeria Alta unique historical documents.

Worn out by his labours the great missioner died suddenly in 1711 while in the act of dedicating a new mission church. He was sixty-six years of age. He died with the dark shadow of the Suppression (thrown forward over sixty years) across the mission fields. After the Jesuits had been expelled, the Franciscans continued with equal zeal and devotedness the work of Kino and his Jesuit successors.

The later history of the missions in Mexico may be read in the illustrations to Dr. Bolton's book and in two sentences of the author. The illustrations for the most part portray the *ruins* of mission churches. The pertinent sentences are: "The padlocked, dilapidated old church now facing the plaza of Guepaca from the north-west corner and still bearing on its facade the symbol JHS sadly reflects the change which has overcome the land since that day when Kino and Munoz there first met" (p. 242); and "With Kino's passing, his fame at Magdalena grew. The statue of his patron saint, installed in the chapel whose

dedication was his last earthly act, became a shrine which until recently drew crowds of worshippers each year from Sonora, Arizona, and places even more remote. A few months ago the statue was removed and its veneration suppressed" (p. 586). The author was writing in the year 1936.

Eusebio Francisco Kino was a man who, *peregrinus pro Christo*, left behind him home and friends and the prospect of a brilliant scholastic career to devote himself to the service of a primitive and unlettered race. To bring to the Pimas the Faith that uplifts and liberates, to give to them some measure of culture and civilisation, he laboured and died. But the people whom he loved may not cherish his memory; they must forget the historic origins of their civilisation. For, an anti-clerical and Soviet government must not be embarrassed in its task of impressing on them the lie that the Church is not the founder and champion, but the enemy and oppressor, of culture and enlightenment.

The work of Dr. Bolton cannot be too highly praised. The publication by him in 1919 of an English translation of the *Favores Celestiales* of Kino, the manuscript of which he himself discovered, marks the beginning of a Kino renascence. The original Spanish text was published in 1922. Since 1930 three more or less popular biographies of Kino have appeared in America: the first in 1932 from the pen of Dr. Bolton himself; another in 1934 by Professor Lockwood of the University of Arizona; the third by Dr. R. K. Wyllys was published in 1935. A society has been founded in America for the purpose of erecting a monument to Kino in Arizona. His native Italy, too, is hastening to make up for years of forgetfulness. Plaques and monuments have been erected in Segno and Trent. The biography of Eugenia Ricci *Il Padre Eusebio Chini* (1930) spread his fame among Italian readers. In general the scholars have become Kino-conscious, and the work of Bayle, Stitz, Tacchi-Venturi and Weber, on this side of the Atlantic, is rapidly increasing our knowledge of Kino.

But *Rim of Christendom* is, and will remain for a long time, the definitive biography of The Padre on Horseback. It is obviously the fruit of years of patient and critical investigation. It is a work of excellent scholarship, fully documented and founded throughout on first-hand sources. It is characterised always by scrupulous fairness and sound judgment. This is true particularly of Dr. Bolton's treatment of the Kino-Siguenza y Gongora controversy, which proved a pit-fall for another non-Catholic biographer (Cf. Wyllys, *op. cit.* p. 31). The writing of *Rim of Christendom* was obviously a labour of love. Dr. Bolton has not spared himself in his task of giving us what is almost a day to day record of Kino's doings. Not only has he ransacked the archives of Europe and America, but

he has himself gone over again the long trail of Kino's wandering from his birthplace at Segno to where the Gila and the Colorado flow together into the Gulf of California. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs, facsimiles of documents, reproductions of Kino's maps, and other maps provided by the author. There is further an exhaustive bibliography of manuscripts and printed sources.

If at times the tempo of the story is slowed down by the mass of detail, and if at times we would wish to know more of what Kino was rather than of what he did, our impatience and our frustrated desire must not be laid at the door of the biographer. Kino's life was one of amazing external activity, and in his writings he did not elect to tell much about his interior life. Probably he had not time. In any case that was a secret between himself and God. As another Jesuit has said: "What we did, people may know; but, why we did it, God alone knows." FRANCIS SHAW

REVIEWS

Archaeology

LA RESURRECTION DES VILLES MORTES. Par Marcel Brion. Paris: Payot. 1937. 32 fr.

ANCIENT CYPRUS. By Stanley Casson. London: Methuen. 1937. 7s. 6d. net.

THE nineteen years since the end of the Great War have brought about an enormous expansion and intensification of archaeological work, especially in the Near East, where not only have great increases been made in our knowledge of prehistoric Egypt and Mesopotamia, but many new territories have been opened up with sometimes startling results. Archaeology has long since become a science in which information is rapidly put out-of-date by fresh theories and discoveries. It is difficult for the lay reader, in spite of the unprecedented publicity given during the past score of years to such matters, to acquire more than a hazy general idea of what is being found. The first of these two books will therefore be sure of a cordial welcome; its only drawback is that, belonging to a cheap popular series, it has no illustrations. This drawback is however offset by its wide range, for it covers more ground than any recent English book.

M. Brion is not himself an archaeologist, but a popular historian; and unfortunately accuracy in detail is not his strongest point, as will often be found from even his spelling of proper names. However his readers for the most part will hardly be specialists, and the value of his book lies in the vivid idea it gives of both archaeological method

and the results now so plentifully being achieved. It is designed as the first of two volumes, of which the second is to deal with recent Far Eastern, African, and American Archaeology. Here M. Brion, after two preliminary chapters on the aims of the science and on methods of excavation, gives us a rapid account of what has been done since the War in Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Persia, Asia Minor, and the Aegean. Where necessary, he includes of course the pre-war work which has laid the foundation for contemporary research; thus he sketches briefly the course of such explorations as those of Petrie in Egypt and Evans in Crete.

In nearly every case we find that while a great amount of fresh detail has been forthcoming in regard to previously-known periods, what is most striking is the way in which the boundaries of knowledge have been pushed back in time. The outstanding examples of this latter phenomenon are the discoveries of Woolley at Ur of the Chaldees and those of Brunton and Miss Caton Thompson with regard to the "Badarian" culture in pre-dynastic Egypt. Side by side with these discoveries and confirming them have gone the discoveries at such now famous sites as Ras Shamra in Syria, El Obeid, Warka, Tell Halaf and many other centres in Mesopotamia, and above all the decipherment of the Hittite archives from Boghaz-Keui in Cappadocia. This last achievement, whose full results are far from being yet manifest, is likely to be rivalled in the case of quantities of documents, in numerous languages, found at Ras Shamra and elsewhere. M. Brion does not confine his interest to prehistoric sites; he gives much interesting information also about Herzfeld's truly wonderful discoveries in Persia, about the Luristan bronzes which are now part of the vast Louvre collections, and about the American excavations at Doura-Europos—to mention only a few of his more striking subjects. New methods in research are another feature of the present trend in archaeology. We have heard something even in this country about aerial exploration. M. Brion describes for us the discoveries of Père Poidebard on the frontier of Roman Syria since 1926, and even briefly refers to the use of divers and submarine photography by the Russians on the site of ancient Olbia.

Mr. Casson's attractive and well-illustrated little work covers at more length the same ground as one of M. Brion's chapters, with the very important difference that Mr. Casson is a highly-qualified archaeologist. Cyprus presents peculiar difficulties; it seems to have been always an odd island, and its archaeological history is a combination of extraordinary neglect and still more extraordinary ill-treatment. Every classical scholar has heard something of the depredations committed there during the last century by the American General Cesnola. They have been almost equalled by those committed under the auspices

of the British government, whose record, as Mr. Casson points out, is only just inferior, in regard to the ill-treatment of ancient Cypriot monuments, to that of the Turks themselves. As a result of all these ministrations, Cypriot Bronze Age archaeology was a byword until about ten years ago, when first a Swede, then a Frenchman, and finally a native Greek scholar began to bring order out of chaos. The possibilities of the island can be gathered from the fact that the Frenchman, M. Schaeffer, came there to look for an answer to questions raised by the Ras Shamra discoveries.

Mr. Casson has done great service in putting together all that is so far known about early Cypriot history and civilisation. One of his most important chapters gives a very welcome account of the Bronze Age script used in the island, which was an intermediary between the Minoan script and the peculiar Cypriot characters later used for writing Greek. Another discusses the art of Cyprus, for which Mr. Casson, for once in a way, is able to speak a few good words. The Greek colonisation of the island, its early relations with the Hittites, Egypt, and Assyria, and its kingdoms, in which something like Homeric institutions lasted down till the fourth century B.C., are all dealt with in the light of the latest knowledge. There are many fascinating problems which still await an answer, and in particular Cypriot religion offers a fine subject for research. Perhaps the most acceptable tribute to Mr. Casson's work is the acknowledgment that he has opened up to students a field of inquiry almost unapproachable before he wrote.

M. T.

Biography

THE DAUPHIN. By J. B. Morton. London: Longmans. 1937. 12s. 6d.

A YEAR ago Mr. Morton gave us a notable book containing a series of studies on the most dramatic events of the French Revolution. Here is another volume on the same period from his pen, whose pages with the same clarity and distinction tell a human tale that moves one profoundly with its pathos and tragedy. Round the short career of the ill-fated young Dauphin of France a great mass of literature has accumulated since his death one hundred and forty years ago. Seldom, however, has there been presented so lucid and picturesque a narrative as Mr. Morton's on what some one has called " the most brutal crime of the Revolution."

The story opens with the birth of the heir to the French throne in 1785 amid the wild rejoicings of the populace, the singing of *Te Deums*, and the booming of guns at Versailles and Paris. Four years later the Revolution burst, the monarchy toppled, the king and queen were executed, and their little son was placed a prisoner in the Tower.

Mr. Morton gives a heartrending account of the sufferings of the young captive during his confinement. His gaoler and tutor was a *sans-culotte*, Simon the cobbler, who (as royalist authorities insist) tortured him bodily with systematic and inconceivable brutality and, warping his morals, demoralised him as well. According to these writers—and Mr. Morton quotes them with approval—the boy was taught indecent songs, foul language and blasphemies. The depth of depravity on the part of his gaolers was reached when, by terror and threats, he was forced to make infamous accusations against his mother the queen at her trial. And then he pined away in his sunless dungeon till merciful death ended his agony in the tenth year of his life. Such is the harrowing story as told by the royalist chroniclers and, despite a fine detachment and judicial outlook generally, Mr. Morton seems to have been influenced not a little by them. For more than a hundred years the nature of the young king's treatment in the Tower has been warmly debated between rival propagandists, who have exaggerated or minimised the cruelties he underwent.

Most controversy has raged, however, round the mystery of the boy-prince's death. Mr. Morton agrees with those—and they are the majority—who believe that, weakened by his environment and treatment, he died in the Tower from tuberculosis. Analysing the facts, so far as they are known, with masterly skill, he certainly makes a convincing case. Others will have it that the unhappy child was rescued and spirited away by his friends. Years afterwards various individuals were constantly cropping up throughout France, some of them impostors and some weakminded, claiming to be the dauphin and convincing some of the genuineness of their pretensions. Mr. Morton selects the more prominent of these and shows the hollowness of their claims.

Among the many stories which rose up round the supposed rescue of the dauphin from his confinement, there was one heard by the present reviewer many years ago. Vague and fantastic, it told of the bringing of the young prince to Ireland, where he lived *incog.* and, subsequently marrying, founded a family in this country. Mr. Morton regards all such stories as purely legendary—" the dramatic and mysterious death of a prominent figure," he writes, " often stirs the public imagination so strongly that a legend of survival grows up."

Mr. Morton's book is of particular Irish interest where he refers to the various plots for the dauphin's rescue. The illustrious Irish soldier, Colonel Arthur Dillon, was the leading spirit in one of these. It led to his arrest and was one of the charges on which the Revolutionary Tribunal sent him to the guillotine. An Irish actress of the time, Lady Atkyns, famed for her beauty, spent immense sums of money on conspiracies to rescue the queen and her son. With her was associated Mademoi-

selle Butler of Nantes, daughter of John Butler, a Franco-Irish count who possessed large estates in San Domingo. After some time the enthusiasm of these seems to have been used by a band of adventurers to obtain considerable sums of money—at a time when, as some will maintain, the young prisoner was safe in the hands of his friends outside. R. H.

THE ODYSSEY OF FRANCIS XAVIER. By Theodore Maynard. London: Longmans. 1936. 10s. 6d.

DAMIEN THE LEPER. By John V. Farrow. London: Burns Oates. 1937. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Maynard's study of Francis Xavier is short, vivid and admirably written. There has always been a danger that the Saint's personality gets buried beneath the mass of detail and description which is a sore temptation to biographers of the great missionary. Mr. Maynard knows the East from childhood, and gets more quickly to the point in his descriptions than any of his predecessors: he has also the art of telling a good story well and in a very few sentences. But the chief excellence of this book lies in Mr. Maynard's sure grasp of the missionary problems which the Saint was called to face. That Xavier should have been so restless and have wandered so far afield, and yet have left a work that has proved solid enough to endure through four centuries in many distant lands—that is the paradox of the apostle's life. Mr. Maynard suggests that the solution lies in the Saint's uniquely practical and mystical personality.

Mr. Farrow's study of Father Damien has the advantage of modern documentation, though it lacks the freshness of Mr. Maynard's book. Father Damien emerges from this study of his ideals and methods a very much bigger man than might appear from Stevenson's famous apologia. All his life he had to contend with misunderstanding, inefficiency and sheer neglect. He faced these obstacles, as he faced leprosy itself—and his work has triumphed, largely owing to his indomitable will-power and his heroic self-sacrifice. Mr. Farrow tells the story with full detail and from authoritative sources. P. D.

Celtica

THE COMMENTARY ON THE PSALMS. With Glosses in Old Irish, preserved in the Ambrosian Library. Collotype Facsimile, with Introduction by R. I. Best. Dublin: Royal Irish Academy. 1936. £6 6s. 0d. net.

For the study of Old Irish the great bulk of material now available consists of glosses, that is to say, of brief explanations in Irish (often liberally interlarded with Latin) written in between the lines or along

the margins of Latin texts. Most of the manuscripts thus glossed are found in Continental libraries, where, from an early period in the Middle Ages, the Irish language was not understood and where, in consequence, the manuscripts which contained it were left untouched. In Ireland, on the other hand, where the ancient manuscripts continued to be in daily use, they were thumbed and thumbed until the writing became obliterated or the very parchment crumbled into dust. Meanwhile a copy or copies had been made; but the scribes seldom retained the old linguistic forms, with the result that in the course of centuries texts written originally in Old Irish shed their ancient quality and appeared in medieval or in modern dress. For this reason the small corpus of early Irish material still to be found abroad is of exceptional value.

Of the Irish glosses the chief collections are three. The oldest in date are found in a Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul, formerly in the Cathedral Library at Würzburg and later transferred to the University Library of that city. These glosses are in three hands, of which the earliest (the so-called *prima manus*) belongs to about the year 700. This hand provides but a small number of words. The two remaining glossators—one responsible for thirty-two, the other for two pages—seem to be contemporary and to have completed their work about the year 800. A photographic facsimile of this manuscript, satisfactory in the highest degree, was prepared by the well-known Celtic scholar, Ludwig Christian Stern, in 1910 (Halle a. S.: Max Niemeyer). That Stern's edition was of great assistance to students of Old Irish goes without saying.

Next to the Würzburg glosses in date come those of Milan, attached to a Commentary on the Psalms which on its own account is of immense interest. As the Psalms are much longer than the Epistles of St. Paul, it follows that the glosses in this manuscript are more numerous than those in the Würzburg Codex. The ratio, in fact, as far as folios go, is more than four to one (146 : 34). It has been calculated, however, that while the total number of glosses in the Milan Codex is about 8,400, the corresponding number in the Würzburg Codex is 3,500. A third Codex, preserved in the Stiftsbibliothek of St. Gall and containing the Latin text of the first sixteen books of Priscian and part of book seventeen, bears another 3,500 glosses. Those available from all other sources combined number about 900. It is evident, therefore, that the Milan Codex contains more than half the Old Irish glosses known to exist. Add to this the fact that the glosses were penned soon after the year 800 (whilst those of St. Gall belong to about 845) and it will be clear that the Milan Codex has an extremely important place in the scientific study of the Old Irish language.

Nor is this all. It happens also that the Commentary on the

Psalms to which the glosses are attached, presents unusual and fascinating problems to experts in Biblical exegesis.

It is apparent, then, that the Royal Irish Academy deserves the gratitude of the learned world for its enterprise in having a collotype facsimile made of this most valuable manuscript. The execution of the work was entrusted to that accomplished scholar, Dr. R. I. Best, and the event proves that it could not have been placed in more capable hands.

Of the photographic reproduction, prepared and printed by Pezzini and Co., Milan, it suffices to say that it could hardly be improved upon. The many Irish people who, like the reviewer, had the honour of examining the original in the Ambrosian Library, will be inclined to agree that the facsimile is, if anything, more legible. And there is consolation in the thought—not out of place in days when the peace of Europe is chronically endangered—that, whatever may befall, the Codex Ambrosianus is no longer likely to be lost wholly to mankind.

To the collotype facsimile Dr. Best has prefixed a masterly introduction. He begins by discussing the authorship of the complete Commentary, that on which the main body of glosses is based. This is an intricate problem, which can hardly be said as yet to have reached solution. Muratori and Vallarsi in the eighteenth century; Mercati, Lietzmann, R. L. Ramsay, Padre Vaccari, S.J., Dom Germain Morin, O.S.B., Père R. Devreesse in more recent times, have all participated in the argument. There can be little doubt that the Commentary is inspired by the highly-suspect Antiochian exegete, Theodore of Mopsuestia and his Pelagian friend, Julian of Eclanum. Yet the actual author of the Commentary, by a peculiar stroke of irony, may be no other than that fierce apostle of orthodoxy, our own St. Columban. To dilate on this phenomenon would be, however, premature, for no theory has as yet won final victory—as Dr. Best concludes, quoting Père Devreesse, "le champ reste libre pour d' autres hypothèses."

Meanwhile some minor points of interest emerge. It is certain that the Codex, with other precious Irish manuscripts, including the Antiphonary of Bangor, passed in 1606 from the monastery of Bobbio to the Ambrosian Library at Milan, then in process of formation by Cardinal Federico Borromeo. More than a hundred manuscripts were left behind, but these had dwindled to a score of fragments in 1803, when (according to an investigation conducted by Mgr. Ratti, now Pope Pius XI) they were part of a lot knocked down for 53 francs to Citoyen Buthler, identified as an Irish physician, Edward Raymund Butler, who graduated at Pavia and lived at Stradella.

The Antiphonary of Bangor was compiled in the lifetime of the Abbot Crónán, who died in 691, whilst the Codex Ambrosianus was written about a century later, certainly by an Irish scribe and probably

in Bangor itself. One of the native authorities cited is Maelgaimrid, whom Dr. Best with excellent reason regards as the " scriba optimus et ancorita, abbas Bennchuir " who died in 839. When and how such Irish works reached Bobbio is an enthralling question easier to ask than to answer. After St. Columban's death in 615 the home connection with Bobbio was undoubtedly slight. Recruits were found in the local Langobardic territory, not in Ireland. The earliest manuscripts from the Bobbio scriptorium were written, indeed, sometimes in Irish, sometimes in North-Italian script, and the abbreviations remained distinctly Irish in form. Towards the middle of the eighth century an Irish Bishop, Cumméne, spent the last seventeen years of his life at Bobbio and died there at an advanced age, but this was obviously exceptional. In 850 the Irishman Donatus, Bishop of Fiesole, bestowed a church near Piacenza on the monastery, to which church a hospice for pilgrims was later added. From a poem still extant we learn that an Irish monk had spent some time at Bobbio in the ninth century and was anxious to return thither. Finally, the oldest catalogue of the Library, which belongs to the eleventh century, mentions twenty-nine works presented to the monastery by Dungal, " principal of the Irish." It was long considered likely that the benefactor was one of the Dungals of the age of Charlemagne and Louis the Pious, but further research suggested that he belonged rather to the same century as the catalogue. His person remains obscure, but it is not improbable that the Antiphonary and the Codex Ambrosianus, however they may have come into his hands, were included in his gift. Bangor had fallen on evil days in consequence of the Norse incursions, and Bobbio as an appropriate resting-place for its treasures would appeal to every Irishman.

To the technical study of the manuscript—the material, the gathering, the ink, the orthography, the script, the abbreviations, the different hands—Dr. Best devotes twenty-six pages. Comparison between this section of the Introduction and the corresponding section in Stern shows that the Irish editor has done his work with almost more than German thoroughness.

Moreover, there is added to the collotype-facsimile the fragment of a Commentary on St. Mark bearing Irish glosses, which was transferred from Bobbio to the National Library at Turin. The facsimile is made from a good photographic print, not from the original, which suffered badly in the disastrous library fire of 1904. Dr. Best shows that text and glosses are by the same hand and (what hitherto had been but shrewdly suspected) that the writer is identical with the chief glossator of the Codex Ambrosianus. There are thus a multitude of reasons why this fragment should be appended to the present work.

In conclusion, it is but just to emphasize that this facsimile edition

of the world-famous Codex Ambrosianus is among the finest contributions ever made to Irish scholarship. If rumour speaks true, this is to find national recognition in the presentation, through our Government, of a special copy to His Holiness Pope Pius XI, for so many years Librarian of the Ambrosian. The actual presentation, when the day to make it comes, could be confided to none more fittingly than to the distinguished editor. J. R.

POEMS FROM THE BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE. By E. C. Quiggin. Edited by J. Fraser. Cambridge University Press. 1937. 8s. 6d.

SCOTTISH VERSE FROM THE BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE. By William J. Watson. Scottish Gaelic Texts Society. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1937. 12s. 6d.

The Book of the Dean of Lismore is the name by which an important manuscript collection of Gaelic poetry, now in the National Library of Scotland, is generally known. It is so called because, on one of its pages, is the inscription "Lliber Domini Jacobi mac Gregor Decani Lismorensis."

The family of this man was a branch of the Mac Gregors situated at Tulaich a Mhuilinn beside Loch Tay in Perthshire. It had somehow become possessed in perpetuity of the vicarage of Fortingal parish and a lease of the church lands. James Mac Gregor (who does not appear to have been in Orders) is mentioned as a notary public in 1511 and as Dean of Lismore in 1514. He died in 1551.

The circumstances which led to the writing of the Dean's Book seem to be indicated in one of the poems which Professor Watson has just edited. In this poem Finlay Mac Nab, head of the Mac Nabs of Bovaine who were hereditary bards of the Mac Gregors, suggests to the Dean's father, Dugald Mac Gregor, the formation of a *Duanaire*, or song-book, containing the traditional poetry of the district. Owing to his rank Dugald would be able to get these from the wandering bards who were constantly visiting Fortingal. The advice was adopted. Mac Nab, of course, contributed his share. Duncan, the Dean's brother, wrote five poems in the Book, inserted in it a genealogy of the MacGregor clan, and was probably one of its scribes. Possibly the Dean himself was another. The Book is to be dated 1511 or thereabouts.

Its subsequent history is unknown until, at some time in the eighteenth century, it came into the possession of the Highland Society, and then in 1903 was presented to the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, now the National Library of Scotland.

Of the 230 poems in the Book the vast majority are by Scottish Bards; but Irish ones too—up to the number of twenty or so—are

drawn on. A few of the poems refer to the Cuchullin saga; a larger number (some seventy or so) belong to the Fenian cycle; most of the rest are written to Scottish chieftains of the region round Loch Tay—the Mac Gregors being of course predominant. There are poems also to Irish chiefs, especially the Mac Dermots of Magh Luirg.

In spite of the fact that this collection of poems was one of the few sources whence some light might be cast on the hidden life of Celtic Scotland in the fifteenth and earlier centuries, strangely little attention was paid to it. An attempt was made by the Rev. T. Mac Lauchlan of Edinburgh in 1864 to transpose into normal Celtic spelling and to translate into English some seventy of the poems—chiefly the Ossianic ones—but his work was of very little scholastic value.

The first competent Celtic scholar who faced the task of presenting the Book in an intelligible form to ordinary Celtic students was E. C. Quiggin. His early death, however, prevented him from carrying out the work. All that remains of it has been brought out quite lately by Professor Fraser in the first of the two books here under review—*viz.* a transcript of seventy-six poems, a catalogue of the whole Book, and a first-line index to all its poems. Whatever Professor Quiggin did in the way of re-writing the poems in normal spelling and of translating them into English appears to have been almost completely lost. Fortunately, however, another competent Celtic scholar has taken up the task, Dr. William J. Watson, Professor of Celtic in Edinburgh University. His volume, which has just appeared, is therefore the first attempt made by a skilled hand to uncover the treasures of the Dean's Book.

Professor Watson's task was a very difficult one and required a very special equipment. The whole Book is written in Roman characters, representing in an unscientific and frequently inconsistent way the local Scots-Gaelic pronunciation. This phonetic script had to be transposed into normal Celtic spelling. In dealing with those of the poems which were originally composed in the Bardic metres—whether of the strict or the looser kind—Professor Watson had his thorough command of Bardic language and metre to guide him. His task was much harder when he came to deal with the poems which were written in the later fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. These poems, though belonging to the Bardic tradition, had shed many of its characteristics and were largely contaminated by the vernacular of their authors. Fortunately Professor Watson has a native familiarity with the Easter Ross dialect, a next-door neighbour of the Perthshire ones, and can therefore discern—as no Celtic scholar not similarly advantaged could ever hope to discern—the original word-forms hidden beneath their phonetic hieroglyphics.

For each poem Professor Watson gives us a transliteration into normal

spelling—that is, the spelling which is followed more or less strictly by the best Irish scribes; where the transliteration is impossible, or even doubtful, he gives us the original text of the Book. His English translations seem to us particularly happy. They convey not merely the exact sense, but the tone and feeling of the original. His handling of the poems is reverent and kindly; it never suggests the superior sneer which spoils much of Standish O'Grady's work.

In this volume we have thirty-seven of the 230 poems in the Book. Of the rest, about forty are known to us, having been edited from other copies in Irish MSS. It is pleasant to have good grounds for hoping that such a large remainder of this rich store will be revealed to us in the near future. We shall look eagerly for the volumes to follow this one. L. M'K.

AN FHIANNUIDHEACHT. Cormac Ó Cadhlaigh, M.A., do scríobh. (Áth Cliath: Oifig Díolta Foillseacháin Rialtais. 529 ll. 3/-).

An té atá ag léirmheas an leabhair seo, níor mhór dó gan dearmhad a dhéanamh ar chuspóir an úghdair. Adeir an t-Ollamh Ó Cadhlaigh (l. 473): "Is é ní bheartuigheas a dhéanamh, do'n chéad dul síos, ná an Fhiannuidheacht go léir, idir laoithe agus sgéalta, do chnuasach is do chruinniú is do riaradh, ar chuma gur bh'fhuiriste do'n mhac foghluma teacht orra go léir le chéile i n-aon leabhar amháin, agus go bhféadfadh sé a fhoghluim agus a thuisgint ó n-a léigheamh ca h-uaisleacht agus ca laochas ba dhual dár sinnsear Gaedheal, agus ca smaointe do bhíodh acu dhá spreagadh is dá ngríosadh chun beatha uaisle do chaitheamh." Ba mhian leis an buadh fé leith atá 'sa bhFiannuidheacht a theasbáint, 'sé sin "an t-aoibhneas a gheibhtear as léigheadh na deagh-litridheachta agus an t-árdú meanman agus aigeanta a ghabhann leis" (l. 472).

Mar sin, is cuma leis an ughdar ciacu mhair Fionn nó nár mhair. Tá an oiread san taighdithe déanta ar an bhFiannuidheacht de thaobh staire agus seanchuis agus cúrsaí teangan, gur ró-bhaoghal dearmhad glan a dhéanamh gur litridheacht atá innti. Chun an baoghal san a sheachaint 'seadh do sgríobh an t-Ollamh Ó Cadhlaigh an leabhar so. Ba mhaith leis na sgéalta féin a chur os ár gcomhair i dtreo go mbainimís sásamh aigne asta agus go dtuigimís meon na ndaoine a chúm iad.

Chuige sin do bhailigh sé le chéile a bhfuil fágtha de'n Fhiannuidheacht fós idir sgéalta agus laoithe as na láimh-sgríbhinní agus as an mbéaloideas. Mar aon le gearr-chunntas a thabhairt ar gach sgéal agus laoi, do sgrúdaigh an t-ughdar an t-adhbhar go léir, agus d'á bharr san tá roinnt caibideal an-tsuimiúla ar fad aige. Na caibidil a thráchtann ar phríomh-laochra na Féinne, badh dheacair barr a chur orra maidir le beodhacht agus le cruinne. Ní cuimhin liom aistí d'á leithéid a léigheamh i nGaedhilg ná i mBéarla cheana féin. Seo iad

tuille de na h-aistí: "Clanna Mórna agus Clanna Baoiscne," (dála an sgéil, piacu fíor bréagach sgéal an eas-cháirdeasa san, is mór an chabhair é do neart drámadúil na sraithe go léir); "Seilg agus Fiadhach," 'na bhfuil roinnt de na sgéalta is deise le fagháil; agus "An Béaloideas agus an Fhiannuidheacht" mar a dteasbáintear an chuimhne chruinn a coimeádadh leis na céadta blian ar na laoithe. Níor coimeádadh san ar na sgéalta, ní nach iongnadh. Measgadh ar a chéile go minic iad, cuirtí eachtraí ó'n iasacht isteach ionnta, uaireannta, agus uaireannta, leis, bíonn eachtraí as an Rudhraidheacht féin le fagháil ionnta.

Maidir le tuairimí an ughdair de'n bhFiannuidheacht 'na iomlán, adéarfainn go molann sé go leat-tromach í. Tá a lochta féin ar na sgéalta, ar na sgéalta is deireannaighe go h-áirithe, agus ní dheineann sé puinn tagartha dhóibh. 'Sé an locht is mó, ar ndóigh, carnadh na n-aidiachtaí agus na "seorthaí cainnte." Is féidir fás an lochta san d'aithint go soiléir i bhfás na sgéalta. Níl an iomarca díobh 'sna sean-leagnacha, ach do réir mar thagann na sgéalta anuas chughainn 'sna láimh-sgríbhinní agus go h-áirithe 'sa bhéaloideas, bíd ag dul i líonmhaireacht agus i n-áiféiseacht. Ní h-aon iongnadh, mar sin, an sgéal a léightear ar l. 405, ar an sagart paróiste a mbíodh sgéalaidhe aige a shuidheadh le h-ais na leabthan gach oidhche ag aithris eachtraí Fiannuidheachta go dtagadh codladh ar an sagart ó bheith ag éisteacht leis na seorthaí cainnte is gnáth bheith 'sna sgéalta.

Ní aontuighim go h-iomlán leis an ughdar agus é ag moladh subháilcí na nGaedheal do réir mar atáid le fagháil 'sna sgéalta. Is fíor gur mhór leis an bhFéinn i gcomhnaidhe fearúlacht agus misneach agus dílse. Ach do réir mar thuigim na sgéalta, subháilcí "nádúrtha" ab' eadh iad san. Ní raibh aon tuisgint aca do na subháilcí críostúla, mar atá umhluíocht agus fulaing agus ceannsacht. Féach mar a bhíodh Oisín ag fonóid fé na smaointe sin agus é ag agallamh le Pádraig Aspal. Tá fírinne an sgéil ag Dom Gougaud agus ag Thurneysen adeir ná raibh puinn de'n "anima naturaliter christiana" ag ár sinnsear págánach. 'Sna sgéalta is sine 'seadh is soiléire atá san le feisgint, agus má tháinig buige agus míne ar na tréithre borba 'na dhiaidh san, b'é an meon críostúil fé ndear an t-atharrú. Mar sin, ní dóigh liom gur ceart áird a thabhairt ar "mhoráltacht" na sgéalta, agus dearmhad a dhéanamh ar an bpágántacht atá ionnta. Táim cinnte gurb'é sin tuairim an Ollamhan Uí Chadhlaigh, leis, ach do b'fhéidir an tuairim eile a tharrac as roinnt d'á bhfuil ráidhte aige.

Mar chríoch, 'sé mo ghuidhe an méid a léightear i ndíon-bhrollach an leabhair: "B'fhéidir, le congnamh Dé, tar éis é léigheadh, gur fearr an tuisgint a bheidh di mar litridheacht agus go dtiocfaidh malairt chéille dóibh siúd adeireann ná fuil aon ní do b'fhiú a léigheadh i bhfuirm litridheachta againn 'sa Ghaedhilg." S. Ó C.

Classics

PLATON. Par Léon Robin (Les Grands Philosophes). Paris: Alcan. 1935. 35 fr.

M. Robin is the foremost French Platonic scholar, which means of course that he is among the three or four greatest authorities on Platonism now living. His editions of the *Phaedo*, *Symposium*, and *Phaedrus* are indispensable to students of these dialogues, as is his *Greek Thought* to students of philosophy in general. But it is especially his more "esoteric" works on the Ideas and Numbers and on the Platonic theory of Love that have earned him a lasting place among modern interpreters of Plato. The present monograph, which has been greeted with universal admiration, is certain to enjoy a long life as one of the most successful efforts at a synthesis of the whole complex and dazzlingly variegated subject. Its appearance is a little forbidding and, as not uncommonly happens with such French works, its bibliography and index have several gaps: Taylor's monumental commentary on the *Timaeus*, for example, is not mentioned; and although the index refers to "Prudence" under the word "Sagesse," there is no entry for "Prudence" itself. These slight defects are compensated for both by the book's remarkably low price and by its still more remarkable combination of completeness, clarity, and brevity.

M. Robin's view of Plato departs in certain important respects from the well-known theories of Burnet and Taylor, and is more in harmony with those recently formulated by Cornford in his *Plato's Theory of Knowledge* and in his book on the *Timaeus*. In fact the most successful criticism of the "Burnet-Taylor hypothesis" was that offered by M. Robin as long ago as 1916. It is here summarised, and seems to dispose finally of the idea that in his earliest dialogues Plato meant principally to give a historical account of Socrates and his teaching. The proof that this is not so resides simply in the obviously literary and artificial construction of the dialogues themselves. Nobody, for example, who reads the *Phaedo* with any care can believe that whatever passed between Socrates and his disciples just before his death, the argument could possibly have taken that course. It is clearly an entirely imaginative reconstruction, though of course the ideas of the historical Socrates must have contributed largely to its content. What these ideas were seems to remain still to be fully established, and to this task, in spite of their exaggerations, Burnet and Taylor have made a highly suggestive and valuable contribution.

A second point which M. Robin seems to have fully proved, once more as against the two Scottish scholars, is in a sense a corollary to this. It is that there is really no violent break in Plato's thought after the *Parmenides*, but a gradual yet consistent development from beginning to end. The Forms do not disappear, to be replaced by

Pythagorean numbers, in the later dialogues. All that happens is that, after the *Parmenides*, there is no longer the old distinction—so marked in the *Phaedo*, for example—between the worlds of appearance and reality; there is now only one reality and one world with different degrees of order and confusion. M. Robin shows how this later development in Plato's thought is anticipated as early as the *Gorgias*, how the *Sophistes* is already anticipated in the *Phaedo*, and how the provisional character of the early teaching on the soul is clearly indicated by Plato himself at the end of the *Republic*. Again, he points out to what an extent the teaching of Aristotle is implicit in much of the final Platonic doctrine: the ontology of Aristotle, he says in a striking phrase, is a shamefaced and unavowed Platonism.

The pregnant exposition of all Plato's principal ideas, followed out with masterly system through the dialogues and expressed with the most skilful brevity, does not always make easy reading; but then the subject is not an easy subject. M. Robin prefaces his book with a valuable chapter on Plato's life and work, on every page of which some stimulating hint or generalisation may be found. On one point M. Robin is perhaps disappointing. He shares the distrust for the *Letters* which seems to characterise French scholars as against those of England and Germany. His scepticism is directed entirely against arguments based on their style or consistency with Plato's other writings, and he does not seem to have felt the force of Meyer's contention that if Letters VII and VIII be rejected, all our knowledge of Plato's Sicilian adventures must go along with them, for they are its ultimate sources.

M. T.

A HISTORY OF CYNICISM. From Diogenes to the Sixth Century, A.D. By Donald R. Dudley. London: Methuen. 1937. 12s. 6d. net.

THE MIND OF THE ANCIENT WORLD. A Consideration of Pliny's Natural History. By H. N. Wethered. London: Longmans. 1937. 12s. 6d. net.

The Cynics were for long ages not merely the popular philosophers but in a sense the confessors and intimate advisers of antiquity. Their movement, which had its real origin with two very remarkable men, Diogenes of Sinope and Crates of Thebes, during the last quarter of the fourth century B.C., was a derivative of the moral teaching of Socrates. In them we find a sort of perversion of the doctrines set forth in Plato's dialogues, and as these doctrines were destined for centuries to form the basis of pagan religiosity, the interest of the Cynics for students of the social conditions in which Christianity had to make its way is very great indeed. Their more respectable counterparts were the Stoics, whose influence on the Roman world, and

especially on Roman literature, is well known. While the Stoics have been at least fairly adequately studied in English, there has existed so far no general work on the more popular teachers with whom they always felt a certain kinship. Mr. Dudley has thus done a very great service in producing this brief and convenient but well-documented and up-to-date study, which is evidently based on thorough and independent personal research.

His first chapter deals with the enigmatic figure of Antisthenes, the disciple of Socrates, to whom Diogenes Laertius attributes the foundation of the Cynic way of life. Mr. Dudley shows convincingly that while Antisthenes was indeed the precursor of the Cynics, he had nothing to do with the invention of their name, their peculiar garb, or their very characteristic and pungent formulation of their teaching. These are all to be attributed to Diogenes, whose coming to Athens can now be dated, by means of an ingenious piece of numismatic research, the work of Mr. Seltman of Cambridge, to some time later than 340 B.C., whereas Antisthenes must have died soon after 366. Diogenes announced as his mission in life a kind of "transvaluation of all values," adopted the single garment, the wallet, and the staff as his dress, and made an abiding impression on later ages by his freedom of speech and action, his shamelessness, and his independence. In these qualities he was undoubtedly only carrying the Socratic virtues to excess, and in fact Socrates always remained one of the "saints" of Cynicism, the great model (along with Heracles) of the Cynic hero.

Mr. Dudley follows the fortunes of the sect during the third century, when it reached the zenith of its expansion, provided counsellors for kings and statesmen, and produced an entirely new type of literature, the diatribe, whose imprint, both on Roman satire and later on the Christian sermon, was to be very marked. Curiously enough, the one Cynic of the time who seems himself to have engaged in active politics was a man whose works have of late been partially recovered—Cercidas of Megalopolis, the contrast between whose pride in his writing and that of Aeschylus in his active service at Marathon Mr. Dudley significantly draws. After 200 B.C. we hear much less of the Cynics till their revival in the person of one Demetrius at Rome under Caligula and again under Nero. Now begins their new career as a kind of official opposition to the Caesars, which they even kept up when the Caesars prided themselves on being Cynic sages, as did Marcus Aurelius. An interesting aspect of this phase was their relationship with the Christians. Peregrinus, whose suicide by fire at the Olympic Games in 167 A.D. is so maliciously described by Lucian, was a Christian for a time, and a still more interesting case much later was the curious charlatan Maximus, whose intrigues caused so much trouble to St.

Gregory Nazianzen and who actually had himself elected Bishop of Constantinople. Mr. Dudley ends very suggestively with a sketch of Cynic influence on modern thought, especially on Romanticism. His book is enlivened by many flashes of wit, as when he says of Menippus of Gadara (whose works are famous but lost), that " like the Cheshire cat, he has faded away to a grin," or when he compares the " Cynic philosophy " of a later age to a hereditary collection of well-worn gramophone records. It is all the more to be regretted that his proof-reading has been extremely careless, and that his Greek accents are enough to make Porson rise in wrath from his grave.

The *Naturalis Historia* of Pliny the Elder, whose death in the great eruption of Vesuvius in 79 is movingly described by his nephew, was a kind of scientific encyclopedia, compiled by a man of no particular scientific attainments but of great industry. Although Gibbon has called it " that immense register where Pliny has deposited the discoveries, the arts, and the errors of mankind "—with due emphasis on the errors—and although its Latin, in the opinion of a modern scholar, is easier read than construed, it remains a valuable storehouse of material for the student of ancient science, religion, and above all folklore. Mr. Wethered has had the brilliant idea of presenting his readers with selections from its more interesting passages in the stately and curious English of Philemon Holland, the " translator-general " of the Elizabethan age, along with a running commentary of his own. His book contains eighteen chapters of excerpts ranging from anthropology, biology, and botany to medicine, magic and art (on the history of which Pliny is often our only source of information) and is rounded off by a very interesting chapter on ancient science in literature, which suggests that Shakespeare had access to Holland's work. Amateurs of curious lore could ask no better reading for winter evenings.

M. T.

History and Geography

DEUTSCHE GESCHICHTE IM NEUNZEHNTEN JAHRHUNDERT. Von Franz Schnabel. Band IV. Die religiösen Kräfte. Freiburg im Breisgau : Herder. 1937. 13.80 M.

As indicated in a previous review, Professor Schnabel's unique and truly monumental work aims at giving the history not of one phase of German activity in the nineteenth century but of all important phases, and of these not as isolated domains of life but in their extremely complex interrelation. It is doubtful which should more attract our admiration—the boldness of the conception or the extraordinarily successful achievement which we have before us in the first four volumes. In its huge scope and in the ability of treatment it is a truly imposing piece of historical work, the best and most comprehensive picture of the soul of modern Germany in its many manifestations.

This fourth volume fully maintains the high level of its predecessors. We have the same inexhaustible industry, the same thoroughness, the same ability to single out the important and to connect details and minor issues with it, the same appreciation of the relative importance of the different parts. The author's judgment is hardly ever at fault, and his work displays a balance and calmness all too rare, especially in works touching the very debatable ground of modern history. We have at last a comprehensive and satisfying religious history of the Germans down to the middle of the century, of the efforts to save as much as possible of the essentials of Christianity in the face of the victorious march of mechanism, materialism, secularism and the general spirit of the bourgeois century, of the fate of these efforts, of the difficulties that they had to encounter.

In keeping with the author's general conception of his task, religious, theoretical and ecclesiastical affairs are treated not in isolation but in intimate association with the ever changing richness of politics, literature, philosophy, economic life and general culture. To preserve such a connected vision of the whole is his great aim and outstanding achievement. The result is a volume which for many must surpass in interest even its three predecessors. The four volumes which have so far appeared, though not coming down beyond the middle of the century, form a contribution the value of which cannot easily be overestimated, both to the understanding of the varied and complex problems that confronted the Germans in the generations that followed Waterloo and of the Germany of to-day. Fully to understand the Germany of to-day it is advisable, even necessary, to question the Germany that is no more. History knows no mere repetition; over a century rich in achievement and in untoward events has intrevened; since Napoleon's defeat the whole tempo has greatly increased and the relations have in many ways shifted; yet in many respects we can see the same forces struggling for existence or for domination. History emphatically does not enable us to foretell the future, but it does help us to a better insight into the present—and this few discerning readers of this volume, so rich in material and ideas, will be inclined to question.

Each of the two great denominations—perhaps we are guilty of over-simplification in thus suggesting a grouping of the Protestant Churches—found themselves face to face with a very menacing situation due to the radical changes that had taken place in the outlook of large numbers of the educated public of all classes—not excepting a number of the clergy—as a result of the Enlightenment. But in the policies adopted to meet this situation, as well as in their attitude to the dominant spirit of the age, the Churches differed very characteristically. At one time indeed there seemed possible, in the case of Catholics and some of the Protestant bodies, an alignment against the

common foe: incredulity and the denial of the supernatural. But any such consciousness of a common cause paled before another force—the growing strength of German national feeling, between which and certain aspects of Protestantism strong links were forged, whilst by successful propaganda a wedge was driven between it and Catholicism, denounced as something un-German and even anti-German. One of the many interesting problems treated is the effect of nationalism on the Church herself and her organisation and on the popular attitude to her and her claims.

But apart from this, the attitude of the Catholic Church and of Protestantism to the spirit of this and the subsequent age could not but be materially different. The former met that spirit by better consolidation of its forces, by the clearer definition of its own position and those of its opponents, whilst the latter adopted in varying degrees an attitude of accommodation. An analogous difference is to be found in other spheres—e.g. in the attitude adopted to German Idealism, to the efforts of State Domination, and so forth. On these and a great variety of other questions the general reader and the more specialised student will find here an unusual amount of inspiration coupled with a uniformly masterly treatment.

The strategically weak position of the Catholic Church in Germany at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the lack of leadership, the prevalent uncertainty in many vital matters of Church discipline and government, the inroads made by the twin spirit of rationalism and secularism, the too compliant accommodation to the prevailing intellectual fashions, the readiness, even in some high places, to subordinate the interests of the Church to the claims of the State, the evil effects which these brought in their train, are all clearly set forth—as are also the firm grip which the masses still had of the essentials of the Faith, the coming of leaders, the steady increase in confidence and earnestness, the adoption of an unequivocal attitude on the questions mentioned. All this advance is so well based and expounded, the new forces so properly assessed, that one is inclined to regard the very different position reached by the Church in the middle of the century as something inevitable. But the reader is also made aware of the price that this acquisition of strength through consolidation for purposes of defence demanded.

The various divisions of Protestantism, to which the second and somewhat larger part of the volume is devoted, were faced with a like problem and a like dangerous situation. But they met it with different methods—different from those of the Catholic Church and different *inter se*—according as they were further removed from or closer allied to the dominant forces of the age. The same sureness of touch is here displayed, the same objectivity, the same mastery of detail.

Both parts contain many truly admirable vignettes and masterly characterisations and summaries. This and its sister volumes are of such excellence as to whet the appetite for what is yet to come. We especially look forward with eagerness to the fifth volume, which is to deal with the reverse of the coin of which this fourth volume is the obverse. Dr. Schnabel's eminently sound appreciation of the full effects of the Enlightenment and of the manner in which it shackled and largely nullified the German Idealistic movement is an excellent harbinger of what is yet to come. J. M. O'S.

ROME AND THE NEAPOLITAN REVOLUTION OF 1820–1821. *A Study in Papal Neutrality.* By Joseph H. Brady, Ph.D., S.T.D. New York : Columbia University. London : King. 1937. 11s. 3d.

General Pepe's abortive revolution in Naples little more than a hundred years ago made some stir at the time, but has since been forgotten by the great majority of students. Dr. Brady has made a most suggestive study, from the point of view of papal neutrality, of the few months during which the crisis lasted. Two figures dominate the scene : the papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Consalvi, and Metternich. That the sympathies of both Pope VII and the Cardinal were on the side of conservatism and orthodoxy, as understood by the great Austrian minister, needs no explanation. Apart from the general principles involved, there was the awkward fact that the Kingdom of Naples bordered on the Papal States, and revolution in the one might only too easily, if successful, encourage revolutionary plans in the other. All that Pepe demanded in Naples was constitutional government ; but that, according to the ideas of the day, was just what the Pope and his Secretary had most reason to dread. " If any government in its elements is in contrast with those of a constitutional government," wrote Consalvi in September 1820, " it is the Papal government . . . The fundamental principle of constitutional government, if applied to the government of the Church, becomes a principle of heresy. If it were introduced in the government of the States of the Church, men would soon desire that it be extended to the government of the Church itself."

But the Pope and the Cardinal were caught in a dilemma ; for it was equally true that the Church's policy has always been, and must always be, indifferent to the forms of internal government in Catholic countries. If King Ferdinand, under pressure from the revolutionary elements in his kingdom, granted a form of constitutional government to his subjects, it was not for the Pope to use force against him—all the less so, since at this very time the Pope had recognised the new Spanish Constitution of 1820. Metternich pressed hard, and at first

took it for granted that the Pope must necessarily act on his side. Castlereagh denounced the Neapolitan movement as an act of unprovoked and ungrateful treachery; and the other governments of Europe held much the same view. But Dr. Brady has shown, by his detailed study of the diplomatic correspondence of these two years, that Cardinal Consalvi held firm in an hour of great difficulty.

Certain concessions had to be made. Austrian troops were allowed to pass freely through the territory of the papal states; and the Cardinal refused to admit an ambassador to Rome from the new revolutionary government. But Consalvi was not to be drawn into a formal approval of the Austrian intervention, and he refused to allow Austrian troops to garrison Ancona. As a result of these measures of compromise, friendly relations were maintained with Naples, much to the indignation of Metternich at Vienna; and the incident closed in 1821 without any sacrifice of the principles for which Consalvi had contended from the first. These principles were the principles of neutrality—to which the Cardinal clung with a "strange inflexibility," to use Metternich's phrase. It is fitting that this sympathetic study of papal neutrality should come from a country which has learned, during recent years, that the ways of neutrality are often difficult and open to much misunderstanding. The volume is a model of work in this field of research. A. G.

SOVIET GEOGRAPHY. The New Economic and Industrial Distributions of the U.S.S.R. By N. Mikhaylov. With a Foreword by the Right Hon. Sir Halford Mackinder. Second Edition revised by the Author. London: Methuen. 1937. 10s. 6d.

The first edition of this work appeared in 1935 and was the first of its kind, I believe, to be published in England. The second edition is practically a reprint of the first save that the statistical tables have been brought up-to-date. Announced as a compendium of "exact information" about the vast economic and industrial changes now taking place in the U.S.S.R., it would mislead, by its distortion of facts and its debonair suppression of pertinent if unfavourable detail, any reader personally unfamiliar with the Russian scene. In an all too short preface Sir Halford Mackinder deals very deftly with this political pamphlet of the indirect order, but highly praises the attempt to draw attention to the changes being made in the new Russia—which, he says, we can only neglect "at our peril."

Since the Soviet Revolution the whole basis of life in Russia has been transformed with terrific and ruthless energy. New towns have been built in the tundra and the desert. Enormous reserves of minerals have been discovered in remote places and worked for the first time. New maps of the country have had to be made to chart

the results of exploration and the growth of towns and industries in more familiar zones. All this complex of ideology and achievement is undoubtedly of the greatest interest to the outside world. A book which would accurately describe the course of development, showing what has been done and what current plans are aiming at, would be invaluable. This is the ostensible purpose of *Soviet Geography*; but it is so lyrical, uncritical, unreliable that it cannot be taken seriously. Fact and fiction, the dream of to-morrow and the reality of to-day are only to be distinguished here by the few who have personal knowledge of Russia. In carrying out plans of the magnitude now envisaged by the Soviet Government, delays and miscarriages are more or less inevitable (especially with the kind of human material available for industrialisation in the U.S.S.R.). There is not a word of this in Professor Mikhaylov's story, which does not mention a hitch or a difficulty from beginning to end.

The section dealing with the redistribution of the flora and fauna of the U.S.S.R. makes excellent reading, but the picture to be accurate must be slipped into the framework of the laboratory and not presented as the ordinary daily record of the countryside, as is done here. Soviet soil scientists now hold a leading place among the scientists of the world, many indeed claim the first place in them. It is exciting to hear from Professor Mikhaylov that, as a result of their efforts, the apricot spends the winter in the open near Leningrad, that the Arctic Circle has its vegetable supply, and that hot-house flowers are blooming near the North Pole. But it is also true (as I know from personal experience) that neither for love nor money could one buy an apricot in winter in Leningrad, and that millions of Russian housewives still regard a lemon or a head of salad as a very rare treat. (Every reader of *Soviet Geography* would do well to glance at the same time at another book, *I Speak for the Silent*, by Professor Tchernavin, where certain aspects of Soviet economic planning are discussed from the realist angle of a specialist engaged in putting them into practice.)

There is a note of triumphant vitality in the style of *Soviet Geography*, which recalls the tremendous creative energy now transforming the face of old-time Russia. This may be a stimulating text book for Professor Mikhaylov's students at the Central House of the Red Army —their feet are too well planted in Russia to be misled by fairy tales— but it needs many glosses before it should be accepted as a *vade-mecum* to the new Russia by the man in the street abroad. VIOLET CONOLLY

SOVIET TEMPO. By Violet Conolly. London: Sheed and Ward. 1937. 7s. 6d.

ANYONE who desires to know what common everyday life in Soviet Russia is like should read this book. It tells the story of a sojourn in

Moscow and of quiet travels and intervals of leisure on the Black Sea coast, in Baku, in Georgia, Armenia and elsewhere. There are no dread stories of trials, prisons or executions; there is not one spy in the whole book and very little of the sensational. Indeed, the most extraordinary thing about the book is that it is grippingly interesting while only describing the common folk and the common business of daily life.

Miss Conolly herself knew Russia too well to expect anything very revolutionary. But she tells of some English artisans she met in Moscow, full-blooded socialists, who seemed to have received a shock. "They were disturbed by the sight of so many miserably poor people in the streets side by side with another class, well attired and well fed. They did not like the arrogant air of the big cars in which the bureaucrats moved about the city, while the poorer people were herded together in the trams." Unlike Miss Conolly, these tourists from England and America did not go out of their way to visit the market places of Moscow. Had they done so, they would have found "cold, ragged, under-fed men and women" sitting on the stone floor all day trying to sell their goods. But there is a credit side to Moscow life as well, and it is clearly brought out.

There is a chapter dealing with Nizhni-Novgorod (now Gorki) and Charkow as samples of the new industrialisation of Russia. Yet another chapter describes the Black Sea riviera with its rest-homes and villas. We are, then, brought to Baku and Tiflis, on to Erivan and back to Moscow. There are excellent descriptions of these places and of their inhabitants and life. But the most valuable feature of the book is, perhaps, the conversations which the authoress had with all sorts of people. Especially, in her long train journeys—she always went third-class to come in contact with the right people—she managed to acquire much information, explicit and implicit, on life in Russia.

Of the numerous travel books on Soviet Russia, the present reviewer knows none better than *Soviet Tempo*. It is moderate, balanced, sane, and reads too unexpectedly not to be true. Some people may still look to Russia, as the Irish peasant used to look to America, as a land where there is food and work for all. Others may think of it as a shambles and a nightmare. It turns out to be neither, but only a very ordinary country with most of the major and minor troubles of every land and many peculiar to itself; with rich and poor; with happiness and suffering; with virtue and vice. "I had gone to Russia," writes Miss Conolly, "hypnotised by the misfits and misery of capitalistic society. Now what I had seen of Russia had taught me to count my blessings as never before." Her book convinces one reader, at least, that salvation is not to be looked for from Russia, from Marx, Lenin or Stalin. It is a demonstration of the failure of

Socialism that will appeal more forcibly to most readers than any sociological proofs or economic statistics. E. J. C.

Philosophy

DESCARTES. Par Léon Brunnschvicg. Paris : Rieder. 1937. 25 fr.
ARCHIVES DE PHILOSOPHIE. Vol. XIII. Cahier II. Autour du " Discours de la Méthode." Ed. J. Chevalier. Paris : Beauchesne. 1937. 45 fr.
DESCARTES' DISCOURSE ON METHOD. By Leon Roth. Oxford : Clarendon Press. 1937. 6s.

Almost every school of thought to-day acknowledges some relationship to Descartes—whether as to a prodigal son or to a conservative father. Here are three good and typical books to honour the tercentenary of the *Discours*. The first would have it that Descartes wrought more modern than he knew ; the second slightly rebukes him for insubordination ; the third apologises for his backwardness. M. Brunnschvicg's study is lucid and popular, sound in fact and exposition, but questionable in its idealistic standpoint. Descartes' study of the *ego* was avowedly not an end but a means to the " philosophy of nature," as Professor Roth shows clearly in his work ; to retort that the ego *is* nature is to beg the question for the idealist. None more disconcerted than Descartes had he discerned that his principles logically converted self-knowledge into a blind alley. As M. Chevalier in the second book on our list rightly insists, Descartes' *cogito* means not merely thought but the *ego cogitans* ; he is not therefore by conviction an idealist, but begins in the realist way not with thought but with *being*.

The rest of this symposium, every article of which advances in some point the knowledge of Cartesian philosophy, comprises studies by M. Verneaux of Descartes' " critical sincerity " or the adequacy of his grasp of the critical problem ; by M. de Corte on *La Dialectique poétique de Descartes* ; by M. Mesnard on the spirit of the Cartesian physiology ; by Père J.-M. Le Blond on the Cartesian concept of " simple natures " ; and by M. André Robert on the geometrical analysis of the Greeks in relation to Descartes' philosophical method. The only criticism to be made of this volume is that Père Le Blond's article would more logically follow that of M. Robert ; for M. Robert explains the genesis of the method of the analytical philosophy, whose aim was to analyse reality into those simple ideas or " natures " treated of by Père Le Blond.

Pleasant writing, wide sympathies, and scrupulous accuracy in the establishment of facts distinguish Professor Roth's scholarly essay. It is even more exclusively than Descartes' own work a discourse on Cartesian method. Yet Professor Roth does not seem to have ex-

pressed the specific characteristic of that method so clearly as M. Robert. To say that it comprises " a self-guaranteed first principle from which all knowledge can be derived " and aims at precision and order hardly distinguishes it sufficiently from older philosophies that are systematic. The novelty of the Cartesian method lay in its analytical process. The scholastics, according to Descartes, were content to argue to a cause from a given effect by means of certain principles already accepted on their own merits. Descartes however commenced with universal doubt. Then, just as in his analytical geometry he arrived at " understanding " of his figures by reducing them to their constructive elements, so in his philosophy he studied the hypothesis to be examined by reducing it to its logical elements. These are the simple " natures," ideas, or propositions on which all judgments not immediately evident are founded. But the universal doubter requires logical guarantees even for the simplest propositions ; so Descartes by a further analysis claimed to find all propositions whatever logically constructed from and guaranteed by the indubitable truth of the *cogito*. He could now reverse the process by a synthesis, deduce the truth of the simple ideas and hence their validity as explanations of the object of study. Indeed, since the *cogito* is as it were the logical cause of everything, the cause of knowing anything and everything with certainty, he could now go beyond any object of study and discover any truth whatever by combining ideas. This was the advantage claimed for reversed reasoning—for reasoning from cause to effect. A. L.

CAUSATION, FREEDOM, AND DETERMINISM. An Attempt to solve the Causal Problem through a Study of its Origins in Seventeenth-Century Philosophy. By Mortimer Taube, Ph.D. London : Allen and Unwin. 1936. 10s. net.

Intensive studies of this kind into special problems as developed in a particular period are always stimulating. In this work we have a detailed analysis of the views of seventeenth-century philosophers—Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Descartes, Malebranche, Spinoza, Leibniz—regarding causation, determinism and freedom. The author thinks he has discovered an important confusion in their discussions, and that this confusion is responsible for a pseudo-problem in Kant and later philosophy. The confusion is between causation and necessary connection. The latter, also called the reign of law, is the basis of determinism and involves logically the denial of freedom. Such determinism, though based often on an analysis of causation, is not at all involved in it, but follows, rather, from another consideration—*viz.* the foreknowledge and preordination of God. Determinism, accordingly, is based not on any analysis of experience but on a speculative consideration ; whereas causation is certified by immediate experience.

The immediate experience in question is the introspection that emotional tone is transferred from one psychic occasion to the next; and when this transfer is modified, we get the experience of freedom. Causation and freedom are not opposed; in fact, no sharp distinction is drawn between them. The domain of freedom is widened to include events generally. In cases like " the billiard-ball situation " we cannot say there is transfer of emotional tone, but something analogous takes place. Causation and freedom are, accordingly, certified by the strongest evidence, that of immediate experience; whereas " the most careful introspection discloses no idea of God's omnipotence and omniscience," which are the root argument for determinism.

The philosophical background of the book is derived from Whitehead and is a sophisticated Idealism. The view that all causes are free is connected with the view that all substances are sentient: which seems to mean, that events and objects are necessarily part of some experience; apart from such experience they are " meaningless."

The use of this adjective as an offhand way of disposing of a doctrine is a characteristic of some of the rising schools, and is not infrequent in this book. Beside much that is scholarly and acute, there is much that is arbitrary and dogmatic. The general argument is unconvincing. Necessity is interpreted as strict logical necessity, involving inconceivability of the opposite; whereas the nexus between cause and effect need not be regarded as necessary in that way. That the belief of the seventeenth-century philosophers in determinism was based only on the Divine Omniscience and Omnipotence is improbable. That these are inconsistent with freedom is assumed without much proof; and no knowledge is shown of the classical discussions on this question. The definition of freedom is arbitrary; and discussions about it, when it is taken in such a wide and unusual sense, lose much of their interest. J. S.

LES SOURCES DE L'IDEALISME. Par Régis Jolivet. Paris: Desclée de Brouwer. 1936. 15 fr.

In this work Professor Jolivet gives a rapid analysis of the leading Idealist systems, and shows that in each case the presupposition of Idealism is an extreme empiricism and nominalism. Such empiricism gives us a world without essences, without metaphysical unity, without the *intelligible in sensu* of Thomism. Such a world is philosophically unsatisfactory, and the remedy is to take it over into the mind. Lacking principles of intelligibility in itself, it becomes intelligible only to a mind which makes it its object, posits it, formalizes it, or even produces it.

Thus, Occam's nominalism, though apparently strongly realistic,

is shown to have Idealism implicit in itself; and Occam's pupil, Nicholas of Autricuria, develops a fully-fledged Idealism. The analysis of Descartes' system is very interesting. The starting-point of his thought was not his methodic doubt, but his aversion to the Scholastic essences, forms, etc.—the " universals of the dialecticians " ; in other words, a decided nominalism, a replica of that of Occam. Realising clearly the sceptical consequences of this view, Descartes formulated the Idealist hypothesis as the way to their solution.

The same thesis is defended in a briefer analysis of the doctrines of Locke and Hume, Berkeley, " Stuart Mill " (as the French writers insist on calling him), and Bergson ; also those of Kant, Hegel, Gentile, Lachelier, Husserl.

Professor Jolivet's well-reasoned and well-informed book brings out what is undoubtedly a central factor of Idealism. His analysis is probably too simplified to apply to all cases ; thus, some Idealists have been strongly anti-nominalist ; and in the case of an Idealism such as that of T. H. Green, its whole animus seems antithetic to empiricism. J. S.

ACTA PONT. ACADEMIAE ROMANAE S. THOMAE AQ. ET RELIGIONIS CATHOLICAE. Nova series. Vol. I. Anno 1934. Romae : Marietti. 1935. Pp. 214. 10 lire.

The Papal Roman Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas is an extremely select body of learned philosophers and theologians. Three Cardinals—their Eminences Gaetano Bisleti, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities, Michele Lega, and Camillo Laurenti—form the Consiglio di Presidenza. There are twenty Academicians resident in Rome and eighteen outside Rome—among the latter Maritain, Grabmann, Pègues and Gilson. Indeed, hardly a single name of note in the world of Catholic philosophy is absent. In addition to the " ordinary " (the inverted commas are apologetic) Academicians, there are a certain number of *Emeriti* and some twenty-five or so Honorary members. It was on the 15 October 1879 that Pope Leo XIII, by his Encyclical on St. Thomas's teaching, started that movement which to-day has produced and is producing such splendid results. In that Encyclical Pope Leo XIII stressed the importance of " academies " and announced his own decision to set up the Roman Academy of St. Thomas—and, incidentally, to promote the critical edition of St. Thomas's works, the Leonine Edition, which has, after fifty-six years, hardly reached one-third of its total number of volumes.

The Roman Academy published its " Proceedings " from 1880 to 1889 in a periodical entitled *L'Accademia Romana di S. Tommaso*

d'Aquino, appearing every six months. In 1890 an amalgamation was formed with the Bologna Academy and the periodical became *La Scienza Italiana*. In more recent years, the revival of interest in Thomism all over Europe and the appearance of a large number of brilliant philosophers gifted with exceptional powers of analysis, exposition and literary style, led to the first "Thomistic Week" being held at Rome (19–25 November 1923). The Roman Academy undertook the publication of the *Acta* of this meeting. In 1925 the Academy issued invitations to the First International Thomist Congress, which was held at Rome, April 15 to 20. In 1930 (April) an Augustino-Thomistic Week was held, and its *Acta* also were published. The present volume is the first of a new series of annual publications, which will make available to a wider public the papers and discussions of the Academicians.

The first dissertation is from the pen of Professor Amato Masnovo, of the Catholic University of Milan, written in Italian on the Historical Significance of St. Thomas Aquinas. This is followed by a restatement of the Thomistic doctrine of potency and act, written in Latin by the Benedictine, Professor Joseph Gredt. It is mainly occupied with a clear and simple, almost elementary, exposition of very familiar ideas, but it professes to be an answer to the late Fr. Lorenz Fuetscher's able work *Akt und Potenz*. An answer it certainly is not; and we think that Fr. Fuetscher's ability and erudition are sadly under-estimated by Dom Gredt. A cognate subject is handled in a third essay by Dr. Martin Grabmann, the History of the Distinction of Essence and Existence. Jacques Maritain contributes a paper, "Philosophie de la nature et sciences expérimentales," on perhaps the most actual of philosophical questions for this generation. Professor Mills, O.S.M., has a rather slight few pages on "De Valore Objectivo Cognitionis Sensitivae": a defence of the "doctrinam veterum scholasticorum de formali existentia qualitatum sensibilium in ipsis objectis transubjectivis," which he well and convincingly maintains has in no way been refuted or weakened by modern physical science or technical investigations. An extremely fine discussion of Bertrando Spaventa comes very *à propos* with the publication of Bosanquet's Letters and the account of his contacts with Italian idealism. It is by Fr. Tommaso Bartolomei.

The "Relationes et Discussiones" are the weakest part of the volume, though even here numerous useful points may be found. There is, finally, the appreciation of the late Mons. Salvatore Talamo, delivered to the Academy by Fr. Cordovani, and a sympathetic notice of the late Fr. de la Taille by Professor Xiberta, O.C. The volume is worthily brought out at a singularly low price. This and future volumes will be indispensable in ecclesiastical seminaries. E. J. C.

Scripture

THE PSALMS AND CANTICLES OF THE DIVINE OFFICE. *A New English Translation based selectively on the Hebrew, Greek and Vulgate Texts.* By George O'Neill, S.J. Milwaukee: Bruce. 1937. Pp. xvii. 311. 12s. 6d.

Father O'Neill tells us that his purpose in this book is "to make at least one important section of the Scriptures more prized and more frequented . . . to promote the wider, more prayerful, and more profitable use of the Psalms and Canticles." With that end in view he has striven to set them forth in an English form worthy of their poetic beauty and deep spiritual significance. To that task he brings the knowledge of a scholar and the taste of a man of letters. And both are needed, for the man of letters might produce a pleasing version that did not faithfully represent the original, while the scholar might produce a rendering accurate, indeed, but bald and clumsy.

The mention of the Divine Office in the title of this work may mislead some prospective purchasers, as at first it misled the present reviewer. The book is a translation of the entire Book of Psalms as it stands in the Bible and of certain poems or canticles, from various parts of the Scriptures, which are incorporated in the Breviary. It has no other connection with the Breviary and is intended as much for layfolk as for the clergy.

The principal features of the work may be summarized as follows: First, a concise and pithy introduction tells the reader just what he needs to know about the Psalms so as to use the book to advantage. To each psalm is prefixed a brief introduction giving its setting and indicating its significance. Then comes the translation of the psalm. There is nothing else save an occasional footnote pointing out where the author's version departs a little more than usual from a literal translation of the Vulgate Latin. The author's translation is based in the main on the original Hebrew. But as that Hebrew original is known to us to-day only in a text not older than 916 A.D., the translator is free occasionally to depart from it and to follow the Greek or the Latin versions, both of which were made from much earlier Hebrew texts. Of this freedom Father O'Neill has, as his subtitle indicates, availed himself. The result is a translation which, in the first place, is intelligible (whereas the Vulgate is at times quite unintelligible) and, in the second place, is readable, in modern English, free from affectations and archaisms. Only the quotation of passages of some length could make this clear to the reader. One sample must suffice; let it be the familiar twenty-second Psalm:

> The Lord is my shepherd, and nothing is wanting to me;
> He makes me rest in green pastures,

He leads me beside refreshing waters,
He revives my spirit,
He guides me by safe paths for His name's sake.
Even, then, if I should walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me.
Thy rod and thy staff give me courage.
Thou, O Lord, preparest a table for me in the sight of my enemies;
My cup overflows;
Thy pure goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I shall dwell for length of days in the house of the Lord.

It may not unnaturally be objected that we already possess English versions of the Psalms that answer to the above description. There are, for instance, to say nothing of excellent versions by non-Catholic scholars, the translations published by Father McSwiney, S.J., Dr. Bird, and Canon Boylan. It may be said that all of these are the work of scholars produced for scholars or at all events for students. Father O'Neill's is for everyman. Again these works, when not out of print like Father McSwiney's, are both bulky and expensive. Canon Boylan's great work, for instance, runs to 770 pages and does not include the Canticles. That his new translation supersedes that work, Father O'Neill would be the last to think. His aim and scope are different.

It would be a pity were one to be deterred from using this fine version of the Divine Song Book—or let me say from using the Westminster Version of the New Testament—by feelings of loyalty towards the translation found in our "Douay" Bible. After all, we do not dishonour a good translation by preferring a better. Long ago Cardinal Wiseman wrote: "To call it any longer the Douay and Rhemish version is an abuse of terms. It has been altered and modified till scarcely any verse remains as it was originally published." And he goes on to say that, as regards style, the changes made are often for the worse.

We must add that, like all the Bruce publications, this book is faultlessly produced. S. J. B.

Miscellaneous

THE WAY THAT I WENT. By Robert Lloyd Praeger. Dublin: Hodges Figgis. 1937. 21s.

Dr. Praeger has written a remarkable book. For the past forty years and more he has been the acknowledged leader in Irish botanical studies; and this record of his life's work shows that his interests have been very much wider than the interests of a professional botanist.

Geology and archaeology are only second to botany in his choice of scientific study, if we may trust the space which is allotted them in this book. But Dr. Praeger has an interest which is very much keener and more living than his interest in any of these technical sciences; his sheer love for the hills and lakes of Ireland, the seas around our shores, and the clouds in the sky above us. To all those who love Ireland chiefly for the natural beauties which abound in our midst, this book will be a source of endless pleasure. For the author, old man of seventy though he is to-day, can still walk our mountains and face the discomforts of a wet day in our fields—and he writes with zest of the days when he could swim to the caves that lie beneath our cliffs, and venture on a week's seafaring in some small launch, for the chance of picking up fresh observations about the fauna of the ocean bed or about some lonely rock in the rough seas between Antrim and the coast of Scotland.

For those to whom Ireland is essentially the home of Irish men and women, the scene of so many tragic struggles, the storehouse of so much that is partly legend, partly history, Dr. Praeger's book will come as a reminder that men can live their lives in Ireland and remain strangely aloof from the life of our Irish people. This naturalist from Northern Ireland has been in a sense a stranger all his life: in a very human passage of his record, he admits that he has chosen Dublin as the place in which to live and work; but Belfast is still for him the place in which he would wish to rest when work is over. This sense of isolation is very notable in a book which takes us from shore to shore of Ireland, and yet so seldom gives us any real sense of the people whose lot is cast within these shores. There is, I think, something very much more real than the sense of absence from one's home. Dr. Praeger has that queer gift of the naturalist which allows him to see life mainly as the presence of nature all around us—with little or no active interest in the more human problems of this world. For him, the discovery of some new flower on our hills or in our bogs is more attractive than most other pleasures; and the relics of man's activity in some pre-historic past interest him more vitally than the sayings and doings of men to-day. That is a quality which is rare in Irish life; and it has enabled Dr. Praeger to concentrate on his naturalist's task as few other men or women in Ireland would have been willing or able to concentrate. Is it perhaps a quality more easily found in Co. Antrim than in Dublin? Dr. Praeger pays striking tribute to the group of Belfast naturalists from whom he learned his technique when he was young. How many of our young naturalists in Dublin have this detachment from the interests of ordinary life? This passion for the observation of nature for her own sake? Many who read this book will ask that question.

A. G.

PIERS PLOWMAN: An Interpretation of the A-Text. By T. P. Dunning, C.M., M.A. Dublin: Talbot Press. 1937. 8s. 6d.

Those who are sceptical as to the value of research work done for our higher academic degrees, should read this book and re-consider their judgments. The author has been working for the past two years under the direction of Professor J. Hogan, of University College, Dublin; and his book shows plainly that he has been wisely directed. Taking as his subject the allegory which forms the plot of the *Vision of Piers Plowman*, the author has confined himself rigorously to the shorter but very much more vivid A-text. As a result of this self-imposed limitation, he has been able to prove beyond all doubt that Langland (assuming for the moment that the poet of the A-text was indeed Langland) has constructed an allegory that is extraordinarily clear and definite, not only in its general plan but even in the most minute details of its plot. This conclusion is the result of a very careful, and indeed masterly, analysis of the moral teaching of the poem. Taking, on the one hand, the recognised traditional teaching of the Church on moral questions, as illustrated not merely by the writings of the Fathers and the *Summa* of St. Thomas Aquinas, but also by the contemporary sermons and catechetical literature of the period; and taking, on the other hand, the actual teaching of Langland's poem, as it is worked out first in the *Vision* (with its amazingly vivid *Prologue*) and then in the earlier form of the *Vita de Do-Wel*, as contained in the MSS. of the A-text: the author of this thesis has been able to show that Langland never for an instant loses hold of his clue; and that what appear at first sight to be digressions or irrelevant, though picturesque, details, are part always of the central theme.

That is no mean achievement for a beginner's work, and the success of this first effort at interpretation makes us hope that Father Dunning will have much more to say about *Piers Plowman* in the future. After all, it is inevitable that a Catholic student who has been trained in the traditional philosophy and theology of the Schools, must be very much nearer to the thought and imagery of a poet such as Langland than most of the modern experts in philology or social history, who have so often failed to grasp the central theme of his great poem. Professor Hogan should be congratulated on the courage he has shown in proposing so difficult a subject for a post-graduate thesis; but he has been fortunate in his student. At the end of his book, the author outlines certain conclusions as to the authorship of the two main versions of the *Vision of Piers Plowman* (the A-text and the B-text) which are suggested by his interpretation of the allegory, as worked out in the earlier poem. Few scholars are better equipped to face this much-debated problem of literary criticism. We trust that this short volume, into which so much learning and scholarly criticism have

been condensed, will be followed by a more substantial work, in which Father Dunning will work out his theories to their very interesting logical conclusions. A. G.

THE FARM BY LOUGH GUR. By Lady Carbery. London: Longmans. 1937. Pp. 282. 10s. 6d. net.

This book will be somewhat of a puzzle to bibliographers; for (as Mr. Shane Leslie points out in a pleasant Introduction) it is not a novel nor an agricultural tract nor a collection of folklore, but a little of all combined. It is cast in the form of an autobiography, yet cannot be said strictly to belong to that *genre* of literature, for the lady whose life it describes is not the author. She sent, we learn, rough notes from her home in Co. Limerick to a desk in London, where her friend, Lady Carbery, compressed or expanded them and finally wove them into a neat, elegant pattern. How much of herself she added in the process remains unsaid. If the farm thus comes into its own, it does so in a slightly artificial manner. Every turnip is spotlessly clean; every cow fit to ruminate in the best bovine company.

The heroine of the tale, Sissy O'Brien, was born on a holding by Loch Gur about the year 1857. Her father and grandfather held a large farm as tenants from the Counts de Salis, whose picturesque castle beside the storied waters is still used by the family. The Counts never acquired that attitude towards their tenants so balefully characteristic of the Irish landlord class. The O'Briens were thus well treated and the young generation grew to maturity in comfort—almost, it might with truth be said, in affluence.

It was a life of great simplicity and contentment. Both father and mother worked on the farm with a host of labourers and maids, intimate with all, yet elevated above all on invisible social pedestals. The economy of the household centred in the dairy, for milk in foaming streams is nature's gift to that rich Limerick countryside. Each night at nine the day ended with the recital of the Rosary. On Sunday the family drove in state to Mass at Patrick's Well or Grange. Neighbours dropped in to discuss the latest news. Beggars exercised their acknowledged right to a kindly reception and to generous alms. The visit of a wandering piper or fiddler became the occasion for a grand evening's dancing on the flagged kitchen floor. Uncle Richard—a venerable figure, cultured, wise and holy—was Parish Priest a few miles away at Knocklong, and great was the flurry when he called. Nor must we forget that indispensable appendage to every respectable Irish home, the multitude of fussy aunts, whose appearance was necessary to give a major crisis due solemnity. Lynx-eyed guardians of the family honour, their pungent criticism made them objects of terror, as well as of affection, to their young nieces.

There were two happy circumstances for which the O'Brien girls had excellent reason to be grateful: the proximity of romantic Loch Gur and their mother's interest in literature. The Enchanted Lake stirred their youthful imaginations. Round its shores were a number of pre-historic monuments, which could not but impress, for they rank among the finest in Europe. And then there were such thrilling stories—of Áine the Fairy Goddess and of Fer Fi, her brother, whose daughter, carried on the ripples of the waves, brought good fortune to the hearer. Nor did every eerie phantom belong to the pagan past. Garret Fitzgerald, too, the ill-fated Earl of Desmond whom Elizabeth ruined, was reputed to have developed lacustrine tastes in the world of shades. Once in every seven years he gallops round Loch Gur on his milk-white steed, silver shod, and the rides must continue till the horse's shoes are worn away. He failed, alas, to inform the children beforehand when about to do his turn. But amateur antiquarians were always pottering about, exciting interest and providing fun. Their efforts were much appreciated, though we may suspect that Professor O'Riordan, who is now engaged on a scientific investigation of the same sites, would be better pleased if well had been let alone.

Thanks to their mother the girls were introduced at an early age to the masterpieces of English literature. Very soon the reading of classical prose and poetry became with them a passion. Here, we may justly think, is an echo from the days, still vividly remembered, when every well-to-do Irish family was deeply versed in Gaelic letters. How strongly that tradition was implanted in the Co. Limerick is seen from the work of Seán O Tuama and his friends beside the Maigue in the galling penal years of the eighteenth century. Irish was now dying, if not dead, and interest in *belles-lettres* had passed to writings in the English tongue. The picture of the O'Brien family sitting round the cosy fire at the close of day, engrossed in some book which one of the girls was reading aloud, may seem far-fetched; but the custom was widespread in Limerick farmhouses and survived into the present century. In recent times, no doubt, the blare of the loud-speaker has superseded the human voice.

A few false notes are struck, obviously with an eye to the English reading public. Miss Sissy O'Brien entered the convent school of the Faithful Companions at Bruff, a rustic little maiden with an elementary taste in literature. She left the convent at the end of her course, well-educated for her years and with many useful accomplishments. Her sister, trained by the Brigidine Nuns at Mountrath, became the cultivated wife of a prominent Serbian statesman. Yet the author does not hesitate to make nuns look slightly ridiculous, and the silly statement is repeated that only weak and timid girls receive vocations.

The place which superstition holds in the life of the people is also grossly exaggerated—but frankly with great adornment to the tale.

In general, however, the narrative rings true. Some of the dialogue is marvellously reproduced. Here, in fact, is traditional rural life in all its happy fulness, as it was lived in one of the most intensely Irish parts of Ireland. The reading of this book suggests the grave question: if rural life collapses, as it now threatens to do, is the tough fibre of the Irish people likely to collapse with it? Countless centuries contributed their strength to that natural, healthy life on the farmland of Limerick. This the the carpenter's son realized when he brought his boy and girl back from America to be educated near Loch Gur. "I'm thinking, ma'am," said he, "they'll learn the best things in their holidays, when they stay with my father beside the lake." And when asked what in his mind were the best things, he answered: "I'd say contentment with simple things, and living kindly among the neighbours . . . like yourself, ma'am," he added with his charming smile.

J. R.

SCIENCE AND COMMON SENSE: AN ARISTOTELIAN EXCURSION. By W. R. Thompson, F.R.S. London: Longmans. 1937. 7s. 6d.

Having read Dr. Thomson's book, one agrees that what he has said "needed to be said"—and to be said by someone who can speak with his authority. The present-day tendency among scientists—and especially physicists—to detach scientific theory from reality aims a deadly blow at human reason. Dr. Thomson's general thesis is that the methods to be applied to scientific reasoning ought not be different from those used by intelligent people in their ordinary life. Mathematics can never of itself arrive at a new fact, any more than a syllogism can produce a fact which was not there all the time. Many of the illustrations, though taken chiefly from biology, are applicable to other sciences, and show how incapable a mathematical equation is of dealing with problems which may contain an unknown number of "unknowns." One of the puzzles of modern times is to explain the enormous demand for books on abstruse subjects by writers such as Einstein, Eddington, Jeans . . . The number of such books sold in England alone must reach seven figures, and one asks how many of their readers have any real appreciation of what they are all about! It shows any way that there is a demand for abstract science, as a corrective, and Dr. Thompson's book will be of immense service.

It is to be feared, however, that many readers love a "stunt" and like to be in the fashion. At the time of the Great War the blessed word "evolution" had gone out of the news, but "into the post-war world the mathematical physicists hurled the Theory of Rela-

tivity, like a giant shell from the greatest of all Berthas. The effect was instantaneous and immense. As a stunt the Theory of Relativity was almost equal to the Theory of Evolution. It did not hit the self-respect of humanity in such tender spots as the affirmation that what we conceive to be our distinctive and unique attributes are merely permutations or combinations put together by the play of chance on instincts, tropisms, and chemical reactions. But to an age itching for something new it offered some really prodigious novelties in regard to the texture of everyday thought" (pp. 95–96).

This book deserves to be read by all—and especially by those who, without being specialists, follow with interest the trend of modern scientific progress. H. V. G.

Books Received

ATTWATER, DONALD. The Dissident Eastern Chnrches. (Bruce, $3·50).
BRADY, Joseph. Rome and the Neapolitan Revolution of 1820. (King, 11/3).
BRADY, ROBERT A. Spirit and Structure of German Fascism. (Gollancz, 12/6).
BRILLANT, MAURICE. Apologétique. Raisons de croire—Réponses aux objections. (Bloud & Gay, 120 fr.).
BRION, MARCEL. La Résurrection des Villes mortes. (Payot, 32 fr.).
BROKER, TIMOTHY. Sráid an Mhuilinn. History of its People. (Millstreet: Author).
BROOKE, DOROTHY. Pilgrims were they all. Studies in Religious Adventure in the Fourth Century. (Faber & Faber. 12/6).
BUTLER, ELENOR. The Irish Student's Geography. Part III. (Educational Co., 6/6).
CALLEWAERT, C. De Missalis Romani Liturgia. (Beyaert, 22 fr.).
CARBERY, LADY. The Farm by Lough Gurr. (Longmans, 7/6).
CARR, EDWARD J. Michael Bakunin. (Macmillan, 25/–).
CASSON, STANLEY. Ancient Cyprus. Its Art and Archaeology. (Methuen, 7/6).
CERIANI, GRAZIOSO. L'Ideologia Rosminiana nei rapporti con la Gnoseologia Agostiniano-Tomistica. (Soc. Edit. "Vita e Pensiero," Lire 25).
CHAMBERLIN, W. False Utopia. Collectivism in Theory and Practice. (Duckworth, 7/6).
CHAPMAN, JOHN. Matthew, Mark and Luke. A Study in the Order and Interrelation of the Synoptic Gospels. (Longmans, 25/–).
CHAUVIRE, ROGER. Le Secret de Marie Stuart. (Colin, 30 fr.).
CHEVALIER J. Descartes. (Plon, 20 fr.).
CLEUGH, M. F. Time and its Importance in Modern Thought. (Methuen, 12/6).
CLONMORE, LORD. Pope Pius XI and World Peace. (Robert Hale, 12/6).
CONOLLY, VIOLET. Soviet Tempo. (Sheed & Ward, 6/–).
CONRAYVILLE, MARIE. Keep Troth. (Talbot Press, 3/6).
CURTIS, MYRA, and HUGH TOWNSHEND. Modern Money. (Harrap, 7/6).
D'ARCY, M. C. Christian Morals. (Longmans, 5/–).
DUHOURCAU, FRANCOIS. Bonaparte peint par lui-même. (Editions Spes, 18 fr.).
DENING, B. C. Modern War. (North Hants Printing Co., 8/6).
DUNNING, T. P. Piers Plowman. Interpretation of the A-text. (Talbot Press, 8/6).
EGLINTON, JOHN. A Memoir of A E. (Macmillan, 7/6).
ENGERT, J. Wohin geht Amerika? Kulturphilosophische Reisenotizen. (Coldwell, 2/–).
FINDLAY, ALEXANDER. A Hundred Years of Chemistry. (Duckworth, 15/–).
FULOP-MILLER, R. Power and Secret of the Papacy. (Longmans, 7/6).
GEMELLI, AGOSTINO. Metodi Compiti e Limiti della Psicologia nello Studio della Delinquenza. (Soc. Edit. "Vita e Pensiero," Lire 12).
GIBBON, MONK. The Living Torch: A E. (Macmillan, 12/6).
GIERENS, MICHAEL. Pohle: Lehrbuch der Dogmatik. Band II. (Schoeningh, 11 M.).
GIACCHI, O. Giurisdizione ecclesiastica nel Diritto italiano. ("Vita e Pensiero," L. 25).
GIGON, H. Thunder over Europe. (Sands, 3/6).
GODDEN, G. M. Conflict in Spain. (Burns Oates, 1/6, 2/6).
GOODWIN, ASTLEY. Communication has been established. (Methuen, 10/6).
GOYAU, GEORGES. Sa Sainteté le Pape Pie XI. (Plon, 3 fr.).
HALLET, MGR. P. St. Thomas More's Utopia. (Burns Oates, 6/–).
HAWKINS, D. J. B. Causality and Implication. (Sheed & Ward, 5/–).

HAYWARD, FERNAND. Léon XIII. (Grasset, 35 fr.).
HUMPHREYS, A. R. William Shenstone. (Cambridge University Press, 6/–).
IORDAN, IORGU. An Introduction to Romance Linguistics. Revised and translated by John Orr. (Methuen, 21/–).
ISWOLSKY, HELENE. Femmes soviétiques. (Desclée De Brouwer, 9 fr.).
JACOB, ROSAMOND. Rise of the United Irishmen, 1791–94. (Harrap, 12/6).
JAMESON, H. G. Illustrated Guide to the Trees and Flowers of England and Wales. (Simpkin Marshall, 3/6).
JORET, F. D. Dominican Life. (Sands, 7/6).
LARGE, DOROTHY. Talk in the Townlands. (Talbot Press, 5/–).
McCABE, LEO. Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen. (Heath Cranton, 7/6).
McCANN, JUSTIN. Saint Benedict. (Sheed & Ward), 7/6).
McCULLAGH, FRANCIS. In Franco's Spain. (Burns Oates, 12/6).
McGOWAN, JOHN P. Pierre D'Ailly and the Council of Constance. (Catholic University of America).
McGRATH, MICHAEL. Diary of Humphrey O'Sullivan. Part IV. (Published for the Irish Texts Society by Educational Co. of Ireland, 16/–).
McMAHON, JOHN T. Liturgy for the Class-Room. (Browne & Nolan, 1/6).
MacMANUS, FRANCIS. This House was mine. (Talbot Press, 7/6).
McNABB, VINCENT. God's Good Cheer. (Burns Oates, 3/6).
MAHIEU, H. Vitae Sanctitate excellatis oportet. (Beyaert, 14 fr.).
MALBOIS, EMILE. L'Imitation de l'Enfance. (Aubanel Ainé, 8 fr.).
MARC, P. Pages d'Evangile. Méditations. (Lethielleux, 12 fr.).
MARITAIN, JACQUES. An Introduction to Logic. (Sheed & Ward, 8/6).
MARTINDALE, C. C. Does God matter for me? (Rich & Cowan, 3/6).
MARTINDALE, C. C. Wedlock. (Sheed & Ward, 2/6).
MASCHI, CARLO. La Concezione naturalistica del Diritto e degli Istituti giuridici romani. ("Vita e Pensiero," Lire 30).
MENDIZABAL, ALFRED. Aux Origines d'une Tragédie. La Politique espagnole, 1923–1936. (Desclée, 20 fr.).
MESSENGER, E. C. Know your Faith. A Refresher Course. (Burns Oates, 2/6).
MOLDENHAWER, J. V. Fairest Lord Jesus. (Putnam, 5/–).
MORTON, J. B. The Dauphin. (Longmans, 12/6).
MOTHER ST. PAUL. Nativitas Christi. Meditations for Christmastide. (Longmans, 5/–).
O'CONNOR, JOHN. Father Brown on Chesterton. (Burns Oates, 5/–).
O FAOLAIN, SEAN. Autobiography of Wolfe Tone. (Nelson, 5/–).
OLGIATI, FRANCESCO. Cartesio. (Soc. Edit. "Vita e Pensiero," Lire 20).
OLGIATI, FRANCESCO. La Filosofia di Descartes. ("Vita e Pensiero," L. 40).
ORTEGA y GASSET, JOSE. Invertebrate Spain. (Allen & Unwin, 7/6).
PLASSMANN, THOMAS. The Priest's Way to God. (Paterson: Franciscan Monastery, pp. 368).
PEERS, E. ALLISON. Catalonia Infelix. (Methuen, 10/6).
PHELAN, GERALD. Jacques Maritain. (Sheed & Ward, 2/6).
PRAEGER, ROBERT. The Way that I went. (Hodges Figgis, 21/–).
RIGAUX, MAURICE. La Formation de la Pureté. (Editions Spes, 18 fr.).
ROBERTS, STEPHEN. The House that Hitler built. (Methuen, 12/6).
ROBIN, LEON. PLATON. (Alcan, 35 fr.).
ROCHE, ALOYSIUS. Apologetics for the Pulpit. Vol. III. (Burns Oates, 6/–).
RONAN, MYLES V. Erasmus Smith Endowment. (Talbot Press, 1/–).
ROONEY, MIRIAM T. Lawlessness, Law, and Sanction. (Catholic University of America).
ROSE, WALTER. The Village Carpenter. (Cambridge University Press, 8/6).
ROTH, LEON. Descartes' Discourse on Method. (Clarendon Press, 6/–).
ROUTH, H. V. Towards the Twentieth Century. Essays in the Spiritual History of the Nineteenth Century. (Cambridge Press, 21/–).
RUSSELL, W. H. Christ the Leader. (Bruce Publishing Co., $2.00).
SERGE, VICTOR. Destin d'une Révolution. U.R.S.S. 1917–1937. (Grasset, 18 fr.).
SINCLAIR, W. A. Traditional Formal Logic. Account for Students. (Methuen, 4/6).
SMITHSON, A. M. P. The White Owl. (Talbot Press, 5/–).
TORNA. "You may revive the Gaelic Language . . . " (Gaelic League, 3d.).
THOMPSON, W. R. Science and Common Sense. (Longmans, 7/6).
THURSTON, HERBERT. Butler's Lives of the Saints. Vol. VI: June. (Burns Oates, 7/6).
VILLER, MARCEL. Dictionnaire de Spiritualité. Cabasilas—Cassien. (Beauchesne).
WALSH, PAUL. Genealogiae Regum et Sanctorum Hiberniae. Edited from the MS. of Michél O Cléirigh. (Gill, 5/–).
VIATOR. He is Faithful. Short Meditations for the Sundays of the Church's Year. (Burns Oates, 5/–).
VONIER, ANSCAR. The People of God. (Burns Oates, 5/–).
ZELLER, RENEE. Christmas. Translated from the French by Mary Russell. (Burns Oates, 2/6).

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